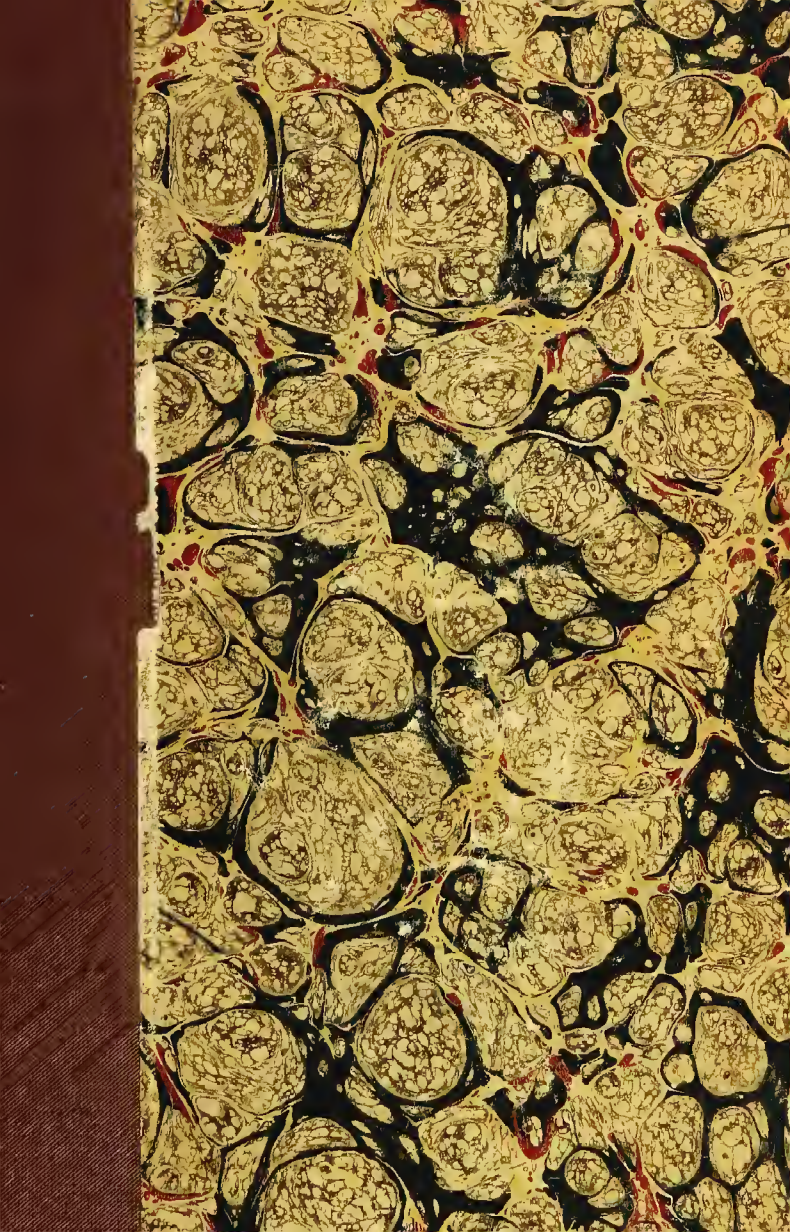




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The life of Schiller,



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ERRATA.

- Page 27, line 36. For *beside* read *besides*.
,, 44, ,, 31. For *Glaotti* read *Galotti*.
,, 127, ,, 9. For *Schloszlatz* read *Schloszplatz*.
,, 174, ,, 2. For *Kahrsdorf* read *Kahnsdorf*.
,, 185, For *Axton* read *Anton*.
,, 262, ,, 24. For *Karl* read *Kalb*.

BOOK I.

LIFE AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

THE LIFE OF SCHILLER

CHAPTER I.

FROM 1723 TO 1759.

IF we would have knowledge of the ancestry of our ideal poet of freedom, we must, for the first, turn to Bittenfeld, a parish of some importance, situate north-east of where the Neckar is joined by the Rems. There, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, lived John Caspar Schiller, by trade a baker, but also holding legal office; he migrated thither, it is thought, from the village of Groszheppach, which lies to the south-east of Bittenfeld, on the vine-clad banks of the Rems. It may be that he was son to Ulrich Schiller, whose father, James George, was born at Groszheppach in 1587. The name Schiller was a widely-spread one. In South Germany, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, a master-singer, one Jörg Schiller (Schilher, Schilcher), won himself a name; his so-called "notes" or "tones" were specially admired. The name literally signifies *squint-eyed, squinting*. Farther on we shall see that the Rems Schillers were probably related to a Tyrolese family of rank. John Caspar Schiller, of Bittenfeld fame, died in 1687, aged thirty-eight. John, his son, who keeping to old custom, had followed in his father's trade, rose to the rank of mayor. On the 30th of October 1708, at the age of twenty-eight, he married; and on the 27th of October 1723 was born to him his eighth and youngest child, John Caspar, the father of our poet. It was intended that he should enter the Church,

his elder brother succeeding to the business. From a private tutor he had already gained a first knowledge of Latin, when, at the age of ten, his father died. This event robbed him of all hope of receiving a scholarly education; his parent was but of slender fortune, and had to leave many of his children without provision. The boy's mother would have made a farmer of him, but his aims being once set on something higher, he did not rest until, at the end of five years, she had apprenticed him to a monastery barber of the hamlet of Denkendorf, with whom he was to study surgery. Nor could the most menial duties crush out his love of learning; contact with the pupils of the lower monastery school brought what little Latin he knew into use, and from the provost himself he gained no slight acquaintance with botany. At the close of his apprenticeship, he took service with a barber at Backnang, in this way to earn for himself means of travel. At length, after journeying about, he found employment at a surgeon's in Lindau, on the lake of Constance. Soon, however, his master died, when he went to Nördlingen, where he became apprentice to one Cramer, a surgeon of the town; together with the son of his employer, he studied French, and also took lessons in fencing.

When, upon the death of that unfortunate monarch Charles the Seventh, the Frangipani Hussars passed through Nördlingen on their way to the Netherlands, Schiller was suddenly seized with a desire to join their ranks as regimental surgeon. No vacancy offered itself; nevertheless he was permitted to accompany the regiment. Of the money paid to him for provender, he managed to save somewhat; the fees for two successful cures served to support him while in Brussels. Between that place and Charleroi he fell into the hands of the invading French. Being fortunate enough to escape execution as a spy, he was forced at Ghent to enter their ranks as a private soldier. Thus he once more came to Brussels; upon the cession of Antwerp and Bergen, he was among those who advanced on Charleroi. So far had he won the trust and confidence of his superiors, that to him was allotted the duty of collecting rations from the surrounding villages. Fortunately, while thus en-

gaged, the Austrians took him prisoner; they at once gave him a free pass to his regiment, which, after much peril and hardship, he reached, shortly before the disastrous battle of Rocoux. Now at length, after many a misadventure, the post for which he had longed became his; he was appointed regimental surgeon, with a salary of thirty gulden, besides two ducats medicine-money. At the outset, however, the cost of horse and uniform necessitated an expenditure of two hundred gulden, a loan that he was able to repay with the proceeds derived from extraneous practice.

In April 1747 the regiment was again under orders.

"My inborn love of incessant activity," he himself relates, "led me on to ask official permission whether, in common with the sergeants, I might conduct different expeditions and reconnaissances. Under the command of an officer, this was accorded to me, and many were the rides I had, often returning with booty, of which, however, I was now and again despoiled."

Once, when the regiment was attacked, Schiller's horse was shot from under him. He remarks: "Wounds received in action or in single combat, if they do not prevent the use of one's limbs, should not be heeded, much less bragged of; the case is simply one of give and take."

The Rittmeister of his troop became so attached to the brave and enterprising surgeon, that he would not part from him, even making him his companion on a visit to the Hague. Maastricht was at that time closely besieged by the French, when, on 30th of April 1748, the peace-preliminaries were published at Aix-la-Chapelle. Schiller, then at Oudenbosch with the so-called Little Army, was afterwards quartered with his Rittmeister at Borckel. They came to London together, returning whence, they spent a short time at Amsterdam, at the Hague. In this way John Caspar managed to see a good bit of the world. Most of his regiment was now disbanded; he felt a longing for home, where in Neckarrems his sister was anxious he should marry the daughter of the resident surgeon there.

On the 4th of March 1749, riding his own horse, he left

Borckel, and ten days later reached Marbach, a pretty little town situate on the vine-clad slopes that stretch down to the Neckar. It was here that his married sister lived, Eva Margareta Stolpp. He put up at the sign of the "Golden Lion," an inn near the Niklasthor, now No. 260 Niklasthorstrasse.



Schiller's Father, from a portrait done by Frau Simanowitz in 1793.

Georg Friedrich Kodweis, the landlord, a man of fifty summers, followed the trade of his fathers; he was a baker, but likewise held the appointment of overseer on the ducal estate. His wife was still living; Elizabeth Dorothea, their sole remaining daughter, born on December 13, 1732, was then a slim yet sturdy damsel, as active as she was vivacious. Her hair was red in colour; she had a broad forehead, with large,

soft eyes ; nor could freckles rob her countenance of the charm that lay in its expression of gentle, kindly benevolence. The army surgeon, now in his twenty-sixth year, was strong and stalwart, with eyes that sparkled beneath a lofty brow ; his soldierlike bearing, his downright, decided manner, the



Schiller's Mother, from a portrait done by Frau Simanowitz in 1793.

evident honesty of purpose with which he sought civil employment—all this could not but tell in the young man's favour. After a visit to his mother in Murr, his brother in Bittenfeld, and his sister in Neckarrems, and finding that the bride chosen for him was already another's, John Caspar determined to settle in Marbach, where a marriage with the gentle and discreet daughter of the innkeeper—who seemingly was most

thriving and well-to-do—offered every prospect of a happy future. Shortly before his wedding, which, as one of determined mind who forbears to trifle with his feelings but presses to his goal, he made every effort to hasten on, he went to Ludwigsburg. On the 11th of July he successfully passed a government medical examination held in that place. Eleven days later he was married. His wife brought him no money as her dower—merely property to the value of 188 gulden. In hard cash John Caspar possessed 215 gulden, 24 kreuzer; this sum he made over to his father-in-law. As among the silver ornaments of his household he reserved those given to him by his mother—a silver-mounted walking-stick, a silver scarf-ring and seal. Upon this latter was engraved the family crest and coat of arms. In the left field above the helmet is an arrow pointing upwards; in the right, a unicorn, beneath which is a bar. To right and left of the coat of arms are some leaves, which, judging from the berries, are intended for laurel-leaves. When Schiller had his crest engraved after that of his father, many laurels of quite another kind were added to both sides of the shield, as also to the helmet. We find that a coat of arms precisely similar to this was possessed by the Schiller von Herdern family, of the Tyrol; their name figures in the peerage as far back as 1601; possibly, therefore, the two Schiller families were in some way related. Indeed, if the leaves engraved on the seal belonging to Schiller's father are intended for laurel-leaves, one might almost believe that the Rems Schillers retained the crest of their ancestor the master-singer, who, naturally enough, could have had laurels on his scutcheon.

But to return to the poet's father. Among the nine books he possessed, most of them medical ones, are cited "*Erkenntniss sein selbst*" and a *Württemberg Hymnal*, while the list of his surgical instruments includes a tin basin for shaving purposes, four good razors, a pair of tweezers with which to draw teeth, and two lancets. The spirits of wine, tinctures, and other "*specie*," together with the bottles and phials containing them, were valued at seven gulden thirty kreuzer. He had sold his horse; nevertheless he kept "*the Hungarian saddle, with saddle-cloth and trappings.*" Among his clothes we

notice a wedding coat made of "steel-coloured cloth," an entire suit, less new, of the same material, a pair of silk stockings, a hat for best, besides an old one with edging round it.

He took up his residence at the innkeeper's house, where he practised as a surgeon; but it was not until the end of September that he became a Marbach citizen. All too soon it came about that, owing to improvident speculation and expenditure in connection with the ducal property, his father-in-law contracted debts that his entire fortune scarcely sufficed to discharge. By various small loans, as also from his son-in-law's small capital, he for a time was helped. But within three months the affair became public. Schiller purchased part of the house, in such way lessening the amount owing to him. Yet matters grew from bad to worse, and residence in Marbach became for him, as a man of honour, less and less tolerable. Since the finding of a post as regimental surgeon would be no easy task, half in despair, and being merely anxious to get quit of the place, he joined the newly-formed battalion of the Prince Louis infantry regiment, under Colonel Camaigre, as quartermaster. This was in the early part of 1753. Thus, though continuing to keep a home for his wife under her father's roof, he was mostly away from it himself. But before long the inn had to be sold, and Kodweis, with his daughter, took lodgings at a baker's named Pressel; the house they occupied is now No. 280 Niklasthorstrasse. It was soon Schiller's lot to be driven far from family and home.

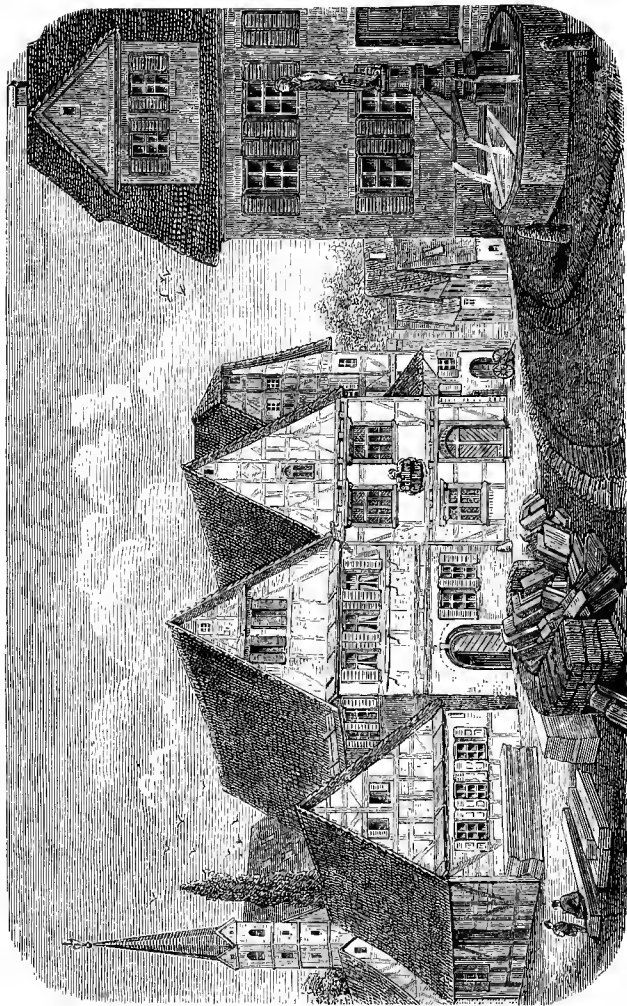
The dissolute Duke Karl Eugene, swayed by a twofold thirst for power and plunder, in a treaty concluded on March 31, 1757, with France, offered to put five regiments at her disposal, wherewith to oppose Prussia, whose great King had once shown for the Duke such friendly feeling. In vain did the States implore him not to lead their soldiery against the Frederick, whom they held in honour; prayers went up in the churches for the Prince's enlightenment; it was sought to spur on the troops to open rebellion. On the 20th of June, at Stuttgart, they mutinied during parade; of three thousand recruits there remained but four hundred. Schiller, being solely bent upon advancement in the service, remained firm in

his allegiance to the Duke, although it was against his co-religionists that he had to fight. The Duke's mainstay was one Colonel Rieger, Privy Councillor of War, and son of the once so favourite Stuttgart divine—a hard, inflexible man. Already on August 10, under the Duke's guidance, the troops left their encampments between Ludwigsburg and Pflugfelden, which they had occupied for more than a month. While here, Schiller had had easy opportunity of visiting his wife. Risen by this time to the rank of ensign and adjutant, the parting was of added bitterness to the earnest man, now that first, after many a year, he could look forward to the joy of fatherhood. Disturbances took place already on the 14th, between Plochingen and Geistingen, as it was a religious war that people dreaded. On September 6, signs of revolt were again manifest at Linz, whither Ensign Schiller was gone with a section of the troops. His wife, two days before, had given birth to a daughter, named Christophina Friderika after her father's comrade, Christoph Friedrich Gerstner, and Elizabeth after her mother. Burgomaster Hartmann, Justice of Marbach, stood godfather; as godmothers, the infant had the widow of Ehrenmann, the *collaborateur*, and a Fräulein Sommer of Stuttgart.

From Linz the march lay in the direction of Silesia. At the storming of Schweidnitz on November 12, the Bavarians and the Würtembergers won for themselves distinction. After a triumphant encounter, Breslau capitulated. Not so at Leuthen, however, where Frederick himself attacked his enemy's left wing, composed of the Würtemberg, Bavarian, and Würzburg troops. The Würtembergers made but a sorry stand; all fled; Schiller lost his horse, and was like to have lost his life in a swamp near Breslau, in which, on awaking at early morning, he found himself frozen above the knee. Wellnigh half of the troops had perished ere they took up their winter quarters in Bohemia, where soon a fearful pestilence broke out. Here, in Leonberg, Schiller filled the post vacant by the decease of the regimental surgeon; and, chaplains being scarce, he likewise undertook, by order of the general, the reading of certain prayers, and the singing of such hymns as were suitable. By

dint of great moderation in diet, as also by taking continual exercise, he guarded himself against infection. Shortly previous to the army's retreat on April 1 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in recognition of his faithful services. It was a gloomy home-coming for the soldiers; of six thousand men but nineteen hundred were left. Vainly had the States meanwhile protested against universal conscription; Rieger and Count Montmartin, the newly-made Cabinet Minister, carried through their measure by sheer force. That the Duke had broken solemn treaties gave but slight concern to Lieutenant Schiller; nor did the country's distress trouble him; he failed not to serve his powerful leader faithfully and unswervingly, thanking God, who had brought him home in safety from the fight, and who had blessed him, likewise, with a little daughter. With his father-in-law, however, things grew worse and worse; and Frau Schiller must needs suffer bitterly thereby. Their abode was again changed to a house owned by one Schölkopf, beyond the Niklasthor (now 256 Niklasthorstrasse). Here the street widens into a small quadrangle that, with its fountain surmounted by the figure of a fabulous wild man, almost gains the dignity of a Square. We give an illustration of the house, which, on the side facing the street, has six windows, three on the ground floor and three on the first storey. Schiller's wife occupied the lower room.

Only for a short time could the lieutenant enjoy sight and speech of those he loved. The Duke had been hoping that the Empress would entrust him with the supreme command; but she refused all dealings with the mutinous, heretical troops of one who, in default of an electorship, would claim Ulm and Nürnberg as reward for his services. She bade the Württembergers turn to the French. They encamped at Kornwestheim, near Ludwigsburg; this made it easier for Schiller to visit Marbach. Meanwhile he had been transferred to another regiment—to that commanded by General Romann. On July 9, the Duke, who, shortly before, by his brutal treatment of States-Consul Moser, had given terrible proof of his abuse of justice, led the first brigade from the encampments, which fell in with the French, under Soubise, near Cassel. After General



The House in Marbach where Schiller was born.

von Oberg's defeat at Lutternberg, on October 10, the troops went into quarters for the winter. Schiller accompanied the Staff to Winnenden, and from this town he frequently came over to Marbach. The country hoped—but in vain—now, at last, to be freed from the burden of taxation for fresh levies. Though the treaty with France had come to nothing, the Duke nevertheless doubled the number of his forces, believing that a day was not far distant when they would be wanted in the field. And, after the battle of Minden, on August 1, this actually was the case. The troops, on the 20th, encamped at Ludwigsburg, whither Schiller's wife and child came now and again.

The Duke had reserved for himself the supreme command of those twelve thousand men, who were to be led into the Fulda district. His troops left camp on October 28; among their ranks was Lieutenant Schiller, heavy-hearted yet still hopeful, having secured distinguished godfathers for the son that would soon be his. One of them was the commander of his regiment, and a chamberlain as well, Colonel Christoph Friedrich von der Gabelentz. Learning likewise found its representative in the lieutenant's cousin, Johann Friedrich Schiller, with whom during that year he had first become acquainted. This cousin was born on July 15, 1731, at Marbach, being the son of Johann Caspar Schiller, a baker, who had come from Waiblingen, where his father Johann Georg—probably the lieutenant's uncle—had followed the same trade. Johann Friedrich had with his parents been early removed to Steinheim on the Murr. Despite his eight and twenty years, he at the time professed to be studying philosophy at Halle. He also busied himself much with the science of history and of finance; moreover, he had won the Duke's confidence to such an extent, as to be employed by him in a diplomatic capacity. The Duke, so it seems, had to furnish troops for Holland's Indian possessions, as we find this same *philosophia studiosus* writing to a friend in Halle that since the autumn vacation he had been in Holland, whence he had been sent "on the Duke's affairs to Hessen, thence to Stuttgart, and then back again to Hessen, returning a second time to Stutt-

gart at his Grace's request." He adds that in a day or two he will know whether he is to leave that place or to remain there. He speaks of the Duke as "our dearest Karl," whose schemes if all too daring were still upright and honourable, and so far those of a man who had succeeded without the help of cabals, albeit that men of standing had felt afraid to make him their foe. Lieutenant Schiller set great store by this cousin of his in the diplomatic service, with whom he, too, corresponded. Yet, in speaking of him, we are losing sight of the son and heir whose birth is soon to be. Among the child's godparents we shall find the Burgomaster of Marbach and Vaihingen, the daughters of the Ex-Prefect of Marbach, with those of the warden of Vaihingen—a goodly list of sponsors to figure at the baptism of a lieutenant's son.

On the 11th of November the Duke led his troops across the Maine in order to join the French. At early morning on this day, or on the one before it, great good fortune came to Germany, for in that ground-floor room at Marbach village a son was born to the lieutenant, christened Johann after his father, and Christoph Friedrich after his chief sponsor. The name he would be called by was that of the great king, against whom his father with the Duke was now about to fight. Dating from the summer of 1755, the parish register at Marbach, with but rare exception, notifies the days on which christenings took place. But in the poet's certificates of baptism of the years 1773 and 1792 (the oldest one of 1769 states the day merely) it is specially remarked that the child had been born upon the same day. According to the certificates, November 11 was always looked upon as the poet's day of birth. Not until 1787 do we find it changed to the 10th, which date Schiller, on coming to Saxony in April 1785, must have stated to his friends as the correct one, although no proof exists of his having in the meantime learnt aught to the contrary from those at home. Certainly, in his *Autobiography* of May 1789, the father mentions the 10th; but then he is also mistaken as to the birthday of his second daughter and of his wife. Louise, the sister, writing a letter dated November 11, 1796, in her mother's presence speaks of "my dear brother's birthday."

Again, on the other hand, we shall find the poet's eldest sister Christophine with her husband celebrating the event on the 10th. As christening regularly took place either on the day of birth or on the one immediately following, there is always the possibility that the child was really born before midnight on the 10th, while its birth, in error, was registered as occurring on the 11th. Schiller himself, when at the summit of his fame, was wont to celebrate Luther's birthday as being also that of his own; and, considering the existing uncertainty, we may confidently follow his example. Despite the father's absence, and although the chief sponsors were not present, the babe's christening was yet a notable one. Fritz was, moreover, additionally honoured when, later on, the great and powerful Colonel Rieger announced his wish to stand godfather to the boy. When the birth-news reached Lieutenant Schiller amid the ranks, he besought God to bestow upon his son "those gifts of mind and soul to which he himself through lack of education had never attained." This he did with firm trust in God's goodness, who "had suffered him to rise from low and needy station to the rank of officer, who had ever given him food in abundance, and who had saved him from many perils." His most ardent wish was that, as herald of the Protestant faith, his son might attain to that which was denied to him; yet, how could he have guessed that, by paths, like his own, toilsome, perilous, and still so wholly different, nay, so utterly at variance, his Fritz should reach a higher, a sublimer goal! How could he foresee that his son was to become great Germany's favourite bard, an enthusiastic combatant against the base despotism that crushed him, a despotism that, partly through need of a livelihood, and partly, maybe, through an innate sense of conservatism, he himself had courted!

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1759 TO 1766.

DURING this same November in which our poet was born, the Duke had won for himself no laurels. At early morning on the 30th, as he was giving a ball at Fulda, the Prince of Brunswick attacked him unexpectedly; and, though the Würtembergers made a gallant defence, most of them, after a protracted struggle, were driven back across the Fulda, the remaining companies being taken prisoner. Schiller and the Duke got away with other fugitives, who, by devious routes, found union behind the Rhone mountains. Karl Eugene, who was not remiss in publishing victorious news, quarrelled with the other generals respecting the winter quarters. On 13th of January orders were given to occupy those in the Würzburg district, but so disgraceful was the conduct of the troops as even to provoke complaint from the French. So it came that discord was brought about at the very outset of the campaign. Being loth to submit to Broglie's leadership, the Duke, on May 15, withdrew his troops; and Schiller, with the Staff, was transferred to Vaihingen, which is close to Marbach. Now first could his heart rejoice at the sight of his little son, whose deep-blue eyes looked forth upon the world; yet it was brief, this joy. He had to quit Vaihingen on the 20th, feeling more keenly than ever before, the anguish of parting, of being compelled to leave his wife and two children behind in increasingly distressful circumstances. Fritz, too, was a weakly, delicate infant, liable to convulsive seizures now and again.

With troops and baggage the Duke moved leisurely and

at ease through a land groaning beneath his cruel oppression. While on the march to Hohenstein, through Meiningen, Gotha, and Langensalza, he spent five weeks in the Harz, until compelled by the Imperial Court to turn thence towards the rich meadowlands of the Saale. The Prussians retreated before the superior strength of the allied armies; Torgau and Leipzig were evacuated; before this latter city Schiller was now stationed. At the news of the King's approach the Duke, who, as a rule, acted merely in accordance with his own wishes, removed to Anhalt; thither his brother, Friedrich Eugene, fighting on the King's side, despatched Colonel von Kleist, who, at Köthen, on October 25, routed a section of the Würtemberg troops. Hereupon the Duke left the Imperial army and withdrew through Thuringia to the winter quarters. Schiller, with the Staff, was now transferred to Urach, near Reutlingen. In February 1761, by moving to Cannstadt, he was first brought somewhat nearer to his home. As the French would have no further dealings with the Duke, who had proffered them a force ten thousand strong, he was obliged to forego his projected sale of the Würtemberg troops. For Schiller this was no slight advantage, who had on August 17 received his captaincy, a rank equal to that possessed by those of noble birth. He was now able to stay near his children, and to exercise some influence upon their education. His leisure he devoted to mathematics, at the prompting of his cousin, the student. The family took other and more commodious apartments in a house now occupied by Aufrecht, the baker, No. 192. In 1762 Captain Schiller came still nearer home; his regiment moved to Ludwigsburg, and thence, for a time, to Stuttgart, being at length permanently quartered at Ludwigsburg. To this town, therefore, he brought his family. Now first could the parent, with his deep sense of duty, have influence upon the early character of his child, whose talents gladdened him the more, the greater his hopes grew respecting this long wished-for son.

The father's main characteristics were a strict earnestness, an undaunted perseverance that for ever keeps its goal in view, a strength, an inflexibility of will, pushed to the verge of

harshness, righteous honesty, great desire for action and for self-improvement, unchanging zeal and fidelity in the service of his master the Duke, and a sincere and humble trust in a Being set above earthly effort, at whose hands he calmly bore all ills, holding them as those trials through which we must pass in the attainment of eternal welfare. The prayers for family use drawn up by him testify to his strict piety, prayers that are plain and conventional withal. Even his hymnal, too, the so-called *Morning Offering*, of which he each day read a portion, is in no way a peculiar one. Public worship, however, was so deeply a matter of the heart with him that in his own house family prayer was made a special and a permanent institution. Fritz inherited his father's indefatigable energy, thorough earnestness and ceaseless endurance, his integrity and dauntless determination to get on in life; from his gentle, sweet-tempered mother, pattern as she was of a good housewife, he gained his thoughtful temperament, his kindly heart and generous warmth of feeling. But in addition to these qualities nature had endowed him with the germs of a keen self-consciousness, an ardent passion for freedom, lofty idealism joined to great depth and penetration of thought—gifts which, despite the opposing pressure from without, reached their very highest development. Yet for him it was great fortune that in his early years he had had the guidance of his mother's love, his gentle, tender, pious, patient mother, who brought all her children up in obedience, in virtue, and in the fear of God. So, too, he gained in having an elder sister, with her kindly good-humour, at his side, while not until later was brought to bear upon him the stern influence of his father, whose military rigour made him more feared than loved. Though as faithful vassal of the Duke he suffered no word of blame to be spoken against his lord and leader, he could still not shut out his family from a knowledge of the country's suffering and woe; and the abominable treatment of the once powerful Rieger, his son's godfather, who, untried, unjudged, suffered barbarous imprisonment at Hohentwiel, where Moser, by a like tyranny, still languished—this utter abuse of justice made the boy's heart throb with indignation. Montmartin

played the despot in a land wherein the States were listened to no longer, while the Duke heeded nought save the gratification of his own desires, so that, despite all oppression, money was still wanting. However, a sale of the subjects of the realm would always form a rich source of revenue.

At Christmastide, in 1763, Captain Schiller was sent on conscription duty to the Catholic town of Gmünd in Suabia. He did not bring his family until the spring. It was a mournful business, this, upon which he and his two subalterns were now engaged; the Duke, being anxious to have it done thoroughly and efficiently, was careful to make use of all those who could serve him well. At the time it was not known that these levies were intended for Holland's Indian colonies; no doubt that cousin of the captain's, Fritz's godfather, had had the arrangement of the affair. Schiller's pay was to be three gulden daily for board and lodging, and the two subalterns living with him were each to receive a third of that sum. But, in consequence of the terrible monetary panic then prevailing, nothing was paid to them. Schiller asked leave to transfer his quarters from Gmünd to Lorch, the former town being too expensive a place for him. At Lorch, which is situated on the Würtemberg frontier, lived Bailie Scheinemann, an old friend of Schiller's, who was delighted to see again his quondam comrade in arms. They established themselves at the "Sun" tavern. Beside Scheinemann, in the two clerics Moser and Kapff, the rector and curate of the parish, Schiller found firm friends. It was here, at Lorch, that his son's mental qualities first found development. For the boy, just past the early stage of childhood, felt the influence of nature and of friendship with all a first keenness, and showed strong desire for the learning and understanding of things. Here he could watch the Rems, winding its way past gloomy woods of oak and pine. On a hill hard by stood the convent with its time-honoured linden-tree, its ancient Suabian ruins, its grand old portraits of the Hohenstaufen, its sad mortuary chapel. Before him stood Rechberg, topped by a shattered castle; from the meadows around there rose majestically the *Hohenstaufen Kegel* or cone, whose relics spoke so powerfully to him of Suabia's long

vanished days of chivalry and song—sad records, as they were, of the ruin of a noble line of princes. Although history had small attraction for the father, he could not wholly avoid those questions touching bygone history put to him by his son, upon whose imagination, belike, full many an old legend and folk-ballad may already have strangely wrought. Keen was the impression made on his religious sense by the so-called Mount Calvary near Gmünd, with its chapel at the summit, towards which twelve stations of the cross led up, where Catholic pilgrims were wont to offer prayer. Family worship was held both morning and evening, in which the boy took an earnest part; on each occasion portions from the Bible or from some devotional work were read. Attendance at church on Sundays was strictly enforced. Fritz did not only receive religious instruction; Rector Moser also taught him together with his own son the rudiments of Latin. Even Greek was to be commenced by this clever lad of seven. Joined to him by study and by play, Fritz grew more closely linked to his graver comrade, who formed the first object of his boyish friendship. The individuality of the worthy Moser, strict though he was, so deeply stamped itself upon his memory that, in the *Robbers*, the youth has paid his teacher a graceful and a lasting tribute. His parents' wish that he should enter the Church, in which Moser filled such an honoured place, seemed to him at this age the ideal of all possible desires. If the little fellow liked playing at being clergyman, dressing up in cap and cloak and mounting a chair as pulpit, this was but a childish pastime, albeit he was serious enough over the matter, running off indignantly if any one presumed to laugh at him. More noteworthy, however, were his great love of truth—a love fostered by his parents, and which led him to make voluntary confession to his mother of all his wrong-doings—and his exceeding generosity, a quality that he possessed in common with his sister, and to which his father was forced to set bounds. Captain Schiller had been meantime transferred to the Von Stein foot-regiment, and busied himself much with agricultural matters in the cause of Würtemberg's weal; of these things the boy learned somewhat, although to have heard some of his parent's war-

reminiscences had doubtless been more to his taste. In January 1766 a daughter was added to the family, named Dorothea after her mother, and Louise Catherine after one of her sponsors. As godparents the child had also Rector Moser, the wife of Kapff the curate, and Frau Ehrenmann. Later on, the boy formed a friendship with the son of Deputy-Clerk Conz, his junior by nearly three years, who in a subsequent ode addressed to Schiller mentions that they had already at that time enjoyed much of nature's loveliness together.

Meanwhile, with Montmartin, the new Premier, and his gang, the Duke pursued his reckless course. During the spring of 1764, in a manner quite unheard of and totally without regard to the States, a poll-tax after the Austrian system was imposed. When the representatives of Tübingen made complaint to the Duke of this injustice, and sought to lay before him the utter destitution of the country, he angrily exclaimed, "Bah! Fatherland, Fatherland—I am the Fatherland!" The tax was enforced at the sword's point, and Chief Bailie Huber and the leading burgesses of Tübingen were, by their opposition, brought to the Hohenasperg. At length, indeed, the voice of Frederick the Great prevailed at Vienna; the Council of State gave orders for Moser's release, and called upon the Duke to make his peace with the States within two months. Moser was set free, and the Duke now treated him with the utmost kindness, he having been surrendered by the States; towards these latter, however, Duke Karl still showed insolence; he even broke off all connection with the ambassadors who sought to remind him of the State Council's decree. He transferred his quarters to Ludwigsburg, in order to punish Stuttgart, that had likewise risen in opposition to the tax. Yet, despite all extortion, despite the most shameless sale of offices, money was still always wanting wherewith to pay his functionaries. Among these Captain Schiller was also a sufferer, not only receiving no stipend himself, but having to support subalterns as well, thus frittering away over this thankless business the slender fortune that was his. In despair he turned to the Duke with the request for payment of the two thousand gulden due to him; he also asked for leave to resign. Regarding the former, he was referred

to the army funds, which, however, were at so low an ebb, that nine years went by before he obtained all that was due to him. Nor could the need into which the family thus fell long remain hidden from Fritz; he must have had a good idea of how the country was being governed. After three years his father received permission to resign, who accordingly, at Christmas 1766, rejoined his regiment then stationed at Ludwigsburg.

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1767 TO 1772.

CAPTAIN SCHILLER took up his dwelling in the house of Cotta and Co., the publishers and printers; this brought him into closer connection with the owner of the business, Christoph Friedrich Cotta, who himself, under Laudon, had likewise trod a soldier's path. Cotta published during the years 1767 to 1769 his anonymous work, issued in four parts, entitled *Reflections on Agricultural Matters in the Duchy of Würtemberg, by an Officer in the Ducal Service*, a work that the editor twenty years later stigmatises as extremely imperfect, yet which was nevertheless well received, partly through its style, and partly from its being a strange production to have fallen from an officer's pen. Thus the publishing house through which Schiller was to reach world-wide fame had already brought out his father's writings. Cotta was among the sponsors of Maria Charlotte, the daughter born on December 21, 1768, together with a Captain von Hoven and several friends from Lorch and Marbach. It was no small delight to the father to have a large plot of ground at the back of his house, which with quite special zeal he converted into a nursery garden. So he himself tells us, hitherto he dared not indulge his passion for agriculture, without in a way lowering his position as officer in the eyes of a certain clique. Now, however, this garden of his gave him a pursuit which none surely could condemn. He had likewise special cause for contentment when at length, in the September of 1770, he was appointed to his own company.

For three years Fritz attended the classical school at Ludwigsburg, preparatory to entering a so-called lower monastery school for those students of theology only, who had already passed a threefold examination at the Stuttgart gymnasium. In this school he got to know Captain von Hoven's son Friedrich William, who was also intended for the church. Fritz grew increasingly intimate with him, particularly as they both lived under one roof. The fathers were alike anxious that their sons should devote themselves to study as a help to future fame. Upon this they both set great count, Hoven being anxious that through his son honour might be regained for his family, an old and noble one; while Schiller longed for Fritz's brilliant achievement of what through domestic trouble had been denied to him. The lad's ambition was thus fired anew; in this way his *amour propre* was fostered, heightened. Although for his father's sake he showed great diligence, giving to his masters such satisfaction that he ranked beside the best of their scholars, his strict, unbending parent was still of opinion that he did not work sufficiently hard. He thought the merry, reckless boy was too much given to play. Hoven tells us that it was Fritz who generally gave a tone, an impetus to the oftentimes boisterous games of his schoolfellows. The younger boys were afraid of him; the elder ones respected him for his pluck and fearlessness. The strict discipline of his father, who sought to make him hardy and well used to self-denial, aroused his powers of endurance. Yet it must have saddened the boy that his parent should be little more to him than just a chill preceptor of morals. For this he found amends in his mother's deep affection, in the tender love of Christophine his sister.

Each of the three classes had one master only, who was called Preceptor. Over the lowest presided a tutor, who, if strict, took much interest in such of his pupils as were diligent. Latin was the sole subject taught, except on Fridays, which was devoted to the study of the mother-tongue. Lessons, lasting in the morning four, in the afternoon three, hours, were always prefaced by prayer; and on Sundays the scholars attended church, and were likewise required to repeat their

catechism. Fritz, in the autumn of 1768, was removed to the second form; and here, too, Latin was the chief subject of instruction; translation from this tongue into literary German was, however, also largely insisted on. On these Fridays the master, a man of puritanical notions, suffered only the reading of strictly evangelical works, and the repetition of psalms and hymns; he even improved the occasion by catechising the scholars after his own pedantic fashion.

We still possess a New-Year's greeting in German verse written by the boy for his father in 1769. The hymn-books, containing writings by Gellert and Uz, must have made him familiar with rhyme in its simple form. To show his skill in the foreign language, he added to his lines a translation into Latin prose. At Easter he passed his preliminary examination, winning the assurance that he was a lad of promise, whom nothing debarred from reaching success. He accepted his clerical calling as a matter of course, being ignorant of any more worthy one, albeit he could find scant spiritual refreshment in the arid, soulless formulæ by which religious instructors then sought to inculcate the doctrines of Protestantism. How far more grateful to him was the gentle fervour with which his mother would bring home to her children the gospel lessons and the stories of our Saviour and His disciples! We have good proof of this in an anecdote told to us by his elder sister. At Marbach the grandparents were sunk to such poverty that the quondam timber-merchant had been forced to accept the post of gate-keeper at the Niklasthor, a small cottage being granted to him to live in. Schiller's mother failed not to visit her parents now and again, taking the children with her; and Fritz, at these visits, could not stay his feelings of compassion. It is said, too, that he was ashamed to enter the humble little dwelling from the street; he crept in at the back-door, across a ditch. One Easter Monday, as towards Marbach, she told them the story of the gospel for that day, how Jesus appeared to His disciples at Emmaus. So vividly did she put it before the children, that with tearful eyes they knelt down upon the ground to pray.

Brought up hitherto in the quiet seclusion of Lorch,

the lad must have been singularly impressed with the sparkle and movement of life at Ludwigsburg. Justinus Kerner, writing of his own young days, says :—

“The broad streets, the alleys of chestnut trees and lindens, were filled with silken-coated courtiers wearing sword and periwig, and officers in glittering uniform. The splendid castle, with its spacious squares and gardens, the adjacent park, whose shady groves led down in many lines towards the town, the broad market-place, with its arcades—all these were frequently the scene of gaiety and merriment.” On a lake near by *fêtes* were held, and fair damsels from Ludwigsburg competed for the honour of being “Lady of the Lake.” At Shrovetide a Venetian Carnival was held, at which all—even children—had to appear masked. Of special attraction was the opera-house, built within the castle precincts, the largest and handsomest in all Germany, its boxes and walls beset with mirrors, which, when lit up at night, had a most dazzling effect. The elaborate machinery, the gorgeous scenery and costumes, the distinguished actors and singers helped to heighten its grandeur and magnificence. The Duke made it a point that the officers with their families should regularly attend the opera ; so that Captain Schiller, although well aware of the ensnaring effect of such sights upon his son, who was intended for the Church, could yet, like Hoven his friend, not refrain from sometimes taking the children there as a treat. Italian opera and ballets, it is true, were all that were performed there, so that the boy understood nothing of the language ; still, the scenery, the dresses, the music, and the acting worked powerfully upon his mind ; he was all eyes, all ears, for the stage. In this way, with his sister’s help, he was led to make a mimic theatre of his own, where, with tiny card-board figures, dramatic performances were given to an audience of empty chairs. Schiller himself has confirmed his sister-in-law’s statement that he used to play with these card-board figures until he was fourteen, when he left Ludwigsburg. If his sense for the stage and for things theatrical was less keen than Goethe’s, this was owing to his stern parent, who put a rigid check upon what he deemed childish waste of time.

At Easter 1770 Fritz passed a second examination with success; he seemed to be making good progress along the road of learning. That autumn he was transferred to the first class, under the tutorship of the Principal, Johann Friedrich Jahn—a sound and thorough philologist, and a distinguished scholar. In this form, besides Latin, pupils were taught both Hebrew and Greek. Though Jahn was in orders, he never chose to fill the pulpit; he devoted himself to the study of those languages of which he had mastery, as also to the exposition of the old writers. It was his method of teaching and his regard for the peculiarities of his scholars that enabled him to bring them on further in their studies than the pupils of any other classical school in Würtemberg. When expounding the Greek and Latin authors he gave to his hearers many a piece of geographical, historical, or technical knowledge. He also taught them Latin verse-making; and for this Fritz soon showed great skill. Hardly had Fritz passed his third examination when Jahn accepted a professorship at the newly-founded military school in connection with the ducal residence, Solitude Castle.

On February 27 the Duke had at last established a sort of amity with the States; Montmartin had been dismissed as well, although continuing to stand in high favour with the Duke. Shortly before he had established on the estate of his chateau "Solitude," some few miles from Ludwigsburg, a training-home or institution for the sons of gardeners and artisans, under the superintendence of a Captain Seeger, son of a clergyman, and who, before entering the army, had visited the monastery school. This establishment, owing to the pressure of famine, was that same year converted into a military orphanage. Yet the Duke, delighting as he did to stand in close relation to the youth of the land growing up beneath his eye, rested not until, on his next birthday, the 11th of February, the "Military College for the Sons of Officers" had been established, with three classes now, where before there had been but two. Jahn was appointed Professor there. Besides him, Fritz lost his friend Hoven, who, against his father's wish, was obliged to enter the Military College. Upon those officers

having several sons the Duke made it incumbent to send one of them to this institution. To avoid displeasing his Grace, Captain von Hoven resolved to give in his youngest son's name as a candidate ; but, when taking him to the College, he incautiously brought his eldest son also. When Duke Karl heard of this he asked to see the boy. He was in great glee at the lad's answer to the question as to whether he too wished to enter the College. "Oh ! yes, very much, if I were not going to be a clergyman !" "There," quoth his Grace, "the boy has distinctly said what he would like ; so he can stay with his brother, can he not ?" And with this speech he left the unfortunate father to his bewilderment, who, after long consultation with Professor Jahn, had to yield to the Duke's will.

Fritz greeted Winter, the new head master, with Latin distichs, in which he made playful allusion to the Principal's name, by expressing the hope that, for himself and his school-fellows, the new Winter might prove a beauteous spring. Winter was a good-natured man, though of violent temper ; once, under misapprehension, he was led to requite poor Fritz's lines of welcome by thrashing him with a stick. The boy, who had certainly irritated his master by contradiction, said nothing of the matter at home, fearing his father's anger ; but after some days Winter came to apologise for having beaten his son without cause. That autumn Fritz, in Latin distichs, expressed to Principal Zilling the thanks of the school for holidays granted by him. In this art of verse-writing he had already become wonderfully skilful. And thus early, in a foreign tongue, did his great talent for form and style undergo development. Yet in other work besides this, his performance ranked as first-rate. Nevertheless, on passing his second examination at Easter, he was informed that, though he had worked well and profitably at the necessary subjects, he must be pronounced inferior in general knowledge to the other candidates who stood before him on the list. This, of course, his father was ill able to brook. According to Petersen, who shared his friendship later on, he had then already lost all taste for boyish sports and pastimes. "In his leisure time, with some chosen companion, he strolled about

the enchanting plantations of Ludwigsburg, or wandered at will in the delightful country surrounding the town. Laments at fate, at destiny, speculations as to the thickly-shrouded future, plans for his later life as citizen, these were his favourite and his usual topics of conversation." Thus early, then, had he been touched by a sense of the seriousness of life; thus early did he have foretaste of his coming sorrow.

In this year, too—in 1772—we have to record his confirmation. The formal, frigid process of preparation, before renewing his baptismal vows, served but to chill him. When upbraided by his mother for his indifference to an act of such solemnity, he withdrew himself in silence, startling his parents shortly afterwards by a poem in German, in which the religious sentiments within him found utterance in all their depth. "Fritz, are you crazy?" cried his father, wondering. If we except those trifling rhymes for New Year, this was his first German poem, the first in which he summoned the forces of his mind to give vivid portraiture of his feelings.

It was in this autumn that Fritz, after successfully passing his further examination, was to enter the lower monastery school at Blaubeuren; for this institution, alternately with that of Denkendorf, was wont yearly to admit twenty or five-and-twenty pupils, of whom the guarantee was demanded that they would accept such posts, either clerical or scholastic, as might be offered to them. But Providence had already mapped out the roads along which, after keen trials, he was to move onward towards the calling that was his. And even had he held on to this monkish life, becowed and buried as he was in the seclusion of a convent school; even had he pursued the path of a Tübingen theologian, Schiller must at some date have broken with his profession. Yet the yoke of despotism and the consequent struggle with external misery—these were still needed to rouse his dramatic powers in all their depth and fire.

BOOK II.

THE DUKE'S PUPIL.

CHAPTER I.

FROM 1773 TO 1775.

AMBITION gave the Duke no rest ; his establishment was now to have many departments of study. "Military Academy" was the name he had fixed for this now enlarged institution. As it had need of apt and clever students, the classical schools were called upon to furnish lists of their best and most promising scholars. And so it came that Captain Schiller's son was mentioned by Winter, who acted, probably, upon a hint of Jahn's. The father's excuse that Fritz was destined for the Church helped as little as in the case of young Hoven ; against the Duke's will his faithful servant had not the right to raise a voice. Fritz now first had personal knowledge of the Duke's despotic arbitrariness ; the case was one of kidnapping, though without any external show of violence.

On January 16, 1773, Captain Schiller brought his son to Solitude Castle. He was just turned fourteen, this red-haired ex-theologian, standing nigh five feet in height, dressed simply and plainly in "a blue jacket and sleeveless camisol," and carrying fifteen Latin books and forty-three kreuzers, which latter he had at once to give up. Jahn, his former tutor, gave Fritz, after a preliminary examination, the credit for translating the *Collectio Autorum Latinorum* and the Greek New Testament with fair skill ; he also declared him to be well grounded in Latin verse, though his handwriting was none of the best. The day following he was formally admitted, after the list of rules had been read out to him, of which each scholar had to have a copy. The number allotted to him was four hundred and

forty-seven. In this "Military Academy" of the Duke's all holidays were unknown; the pupils might never visit their homes, and fathers could never see their sons except by special



Duke Karl Eugene von Wurtemberg, from a painting in the
Royal Palace at Stuttgart.

permission from the Duke. Such interviews always took place in the presence of an attendant, and parents could only obtain them at the close of the annual examinations. All letters

addressed to or written by the pupils were invariably read through ; if anything objectionable were found therein they were withheld. Thus all free speech was forbidden, both to



Franciska, Countess Hohenheim.

parent and to child : home letters brimmed over with eulogy and admiration for the Duke ; at Solitude this was the strain in which all joined ; nay, on certain occasions such homage

was enforced. How sad must all this have been for poor little Fritz, torn thus cruelly from his family, pressed into a service quite new and strange to him, he whose joy had been in the love of mother and of sister, who had delighted to roam at will through the fair fields and woods that circled his home :

His father's severity had only served to heighten his love for liberty ; now, together with the bitter prospect of total isolation from his home was joined the irksomeness of rigid military discipline. Those of the students who intended to enter the service were arranged in two sections—the gentry and the bourgeoisie ; this latter class was again divided into the sons of officers and those children whose parents paid less (*Honoratiorensöhne*). Among this latter class were included many scholars of humble birth. The silver shoulder-straps of the “gentry” or *Cavaliersöhne* were not their sole distinguishing mark ; they were privileged as regarded their sleeping apartments, and dined in common at a horse shoe-shaped table set apart for them in the upper part of the hall. More exasperating even was the arrangement by which, at the annual distribution of prizes, the “*Cavaliersöhne*” were suffered to kiss the Duke's hand, while the rest might only salute the hem of his coat in a like way.

The scholars, all of them, wore a military uniform. This consisted of a short, light blue cloth coat with black facings, silver buttons, and white shoulder-straps, a waistcoat and hose of white cloth, and a three-cornered hat bound with white cord. To this was added a black leathern stock, white woollen stockings, and silver-buckled shoes. Boots were worn only in winter, together with woollen stockings drawn up over the breeches. The hair was cropped from the centre of the head and curled on each side with a *queue* behind ; the “gentry” wore theirs powdered ; and on high days and holidays they had a more elaborate coiffure. Young Schiller must have felt the more uncomfortable in this strange costume in proportion to the want of skill that he had in button-polishing and wig-curling, a failing that often brought upon him harsh reproof.

Then how narrow, how cramped, how dismally monotonous

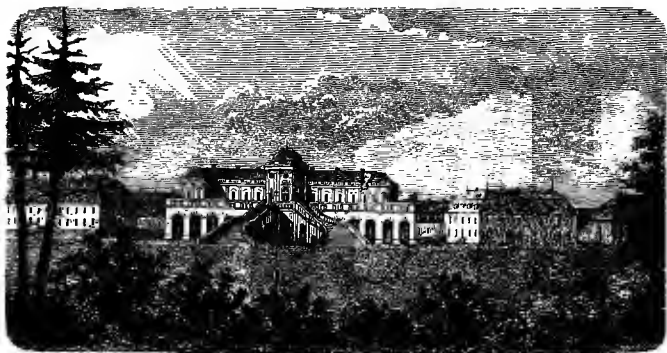
was the whole routine of the college! Each dormitory was occupied by fifteen scholars, together with an officer and four ushers. Solitude Castle was a building oval in the centre and flanked by two wings and circled by an arcade; above were galleries up to which two splendid staircases led. On each side six little houses adjoined the main structure in which the masters and officials lived. Behind the castle in crescent shape



Silhouette of Schiller, belonging to his sister Christophine.

stood twenty buildings; among these were the ducal residence, his theatre and chapel. The so-called "Hall of Laurels," of which use was made on festive occasions, was also a separate building. At the rear of all these houses was a garden of some nine acres. After a while, a section of the scholars was transferred to another building, at the back of which was an extensive garden, where each pupil had a small space of ground allotted to him for cultivation. Here, in this house, was the

dormitory of the first division of the pupils, to which Fritz belonged. The beds were ranged in order round the walls, and by each bed stood a little stool and table, above which was a book-shelf. The hour of rising in summer was five, in winter, six o'clock; and after washing and dressing, the pupils marched in pairs, according to height, to the dining-hall, where they breakfasted, after grace had been said by one of the scholars. Thence they went in to class, where lessons lasted until eleven. Then the dormitories were revisited; beds were made and uniforms donned, for at breakfast and during



Solitude Castle.

lesson-time one could wear what clothes one liked. After this the Duke himself or the Chief of the College held an inspection of the entire scholars. Those who had been guilty of any misdemeanour had then to produce the so-called note or ticket wherewith in each case the master had furnished them; here-upon the Duke or his deputy administered reproof and fixed punishment. Then, at the word of command, the pupils marched to the large hall, where they dined. His august majesty the Duke was generally present during the meal, talking and chatting with the chief officer and ushers; sometimes, too, with the pupils, who afterwards filed past him on their way to the dormitory, where they changed into their clothes

of the morning. Only those stayed behind who had some punishment to undergo. In fine weather, they were taken out in twos for a walk, or else they went into the garden, where each boy could busy himself in cultivating his own little plot of ground. Fritz took no delight in his scrappy piece. In bad and rainy weather the pupils remained in the building, where gymnastics and drilling offered them amusement. Lessons were resumed at two o'clock; they lasted until seven. At this hour uniform had again to be put on, and a repetition of the formal meal-parade of the forenoon took place. In the dormitories, lit by three lamps only, the scholars were obliged at once to go to bed, silence being strictly enforced. On some nights the Duke himself came hither and paced up and down the room.

And to this monotonous military life, begetting in many a disgust for all discipline—to this, one was obliged to submit, simply because it happened to be the Duke's "Military Academy." If he took a keen personal interest in the scholars, if he posed as a loving father among loving sons, he was yet to most but a hard taskmaster, not averse to dispensing grand ducal boxes-on-the-ear now and again; his condescension was felt to be condescension and nothing more; it was powerless to impress noble natures, who saw that he sought merely to be admired and revered.

At times, leaning upon his arm, there appeared the Baroness Leutrum zu Hohenheim, a lady of high grace and charm. She was tall and shapely, of dazzlingly fair complexion, with luxuriant blonde tresses and handsome neck and arms which she wore bare, showing her taste as *femme de mode* by her varied and brilliant toilettes. The pupils knew well enough, though, in what unlawful relation Franciska stood to the Duke. After suffering bitter treatment at the hands of the rich yet cross-grained Baron Leutrum, whom at the age of sixteen she had been forced to marry, the Duke Karl Eugene told her of his love, and by his declaration drove the jealous husband to yet grosser violence, which caused her to flee from his roof. The Duke, hearing from her how matters stood, himself took steps to effect her divorce, and when this had been legally decreed,

Franciska came to Solitude Castle as his recognised mistress. It is true, she distinguished herself from the many who had preceded her by conduct in every way more worthy of respect; she had also a good influence upon the Duke; nevertheless, his lawful wife still lived, who had left him many years before. He founded for Franciska at Solitude an *Ecole des Dames*, corresponding in arrangement to his own Academy; of this institution she was the lady superintendent. Thus the Duke did everything possible to raise her position, but the stain of her unlawful relations with him could not but repel such as were not dazzled by outside glitter, even though many were glad at her presence among them. Sunday formed a break to the eternal monotony, when the pupils attended church, receiving the Sacrament every three months. On this day they had to occupy themselves with the reading of pious and edifying works; and, if the weather allowed, they were taken out walking in the evening. It is true that from the heights of Solitude they could enjoy a most magnificent view of the many hamlets and villages round about, nor was there any lack of charming spots within easy reach; yet, in looking upon the vast expanse of country, the boys were but reminded of how dismally they were shut out from the world; nor, with an usher ever at their elbow, could they rightly and thoroughly enjoy God's air and the beauty of fields and woods. In summer-time, on some days in the week, they were taken to bathe. They were not stinted in the matter of diet, yet the food was not always properly cooked or prepared with cleanliness; small matter for wonder, this, in the absence of a good kitchen and of those to work in it. Breakfast consisted of soup, served in tureens holding enough for six boys; the plates were of earthenware, the spoons of lead. For dinner there was soup, beef, and vegetables, and twice a week a ragout of game, the so-called "extra," much loathed by all. The first and second divisions were served with half-a-pint of wine, and at the close of dinner each boy received a piece of bread to be eaten during the afternoon. Soup and a milk pudding, or else ragout and bread, formed their supper, water being their only drink. On this fare Schiller did not thrive; he became sickly, whereas since his

fourth year he had always been sound and strong in health. The lack of proper exercise, the unwonted diet, the wearisome monotony, the chills caught from bathing, the longing for home, all worked together in a most unfavourable way. The more he pined for a mother's and a sister's love, the closer became his attachment to some few comrades. In the Academy he found his friend Wilhelm von Hoven, who had already been there a year and a-half, and whose younger brother, also a pupil, was distinguished by extreme industry and talent. At this time, too, he grew intimate with George Frederick Scharffenstein, son of a goldsmith at Mont-beillard, to whom, on August 29, 1771, together with twenty-two compatriots, the Duke had given admission. Despite his taste for art, he had been forced to follow a military calling. Seemingly it was their utter difference in character that drew Fritz to make Scharffenstein his friend, who but slowly responded to his companion's advances, and who in behaviour was such a paragon as always to gain the foremost prize for conduct.

Besides the advantage of daily life among so many comrades of different character, all smarting under a like yoke, the best to be gained from this Academy was the tuition, it being the more effective from the fact that the Duke periodically added to and modified its strength. Thus, to the subjects with which Schiller was already familiar, were in brief time added geography, history, mathematics, and French. In Greek he stood higher than most of the others, so that at the end of the year he took the first prize, owing, as was stated, to his "excellent abilities" in this branch of study. But this prize was the sole one that he gained in six years, although annually a goodly proportion of rewards was distributed. That year Hoven took three prizes, among these the second one for Greek. In a school report, dated November 16, 1773, speaking of the "conduct and general behaviour" of the first division, Rittmeister Faber said—"Schiller has abundance of good-will, and shows great desire to learn; his negligence and lack of alertness, however, call for repeated reproof. He is sensible of his faults, and strives to correct them." A certain unconquerable disgust for study had crept over him,

a disgust which he dared not display; in addition to this, he was ailing in body. Whilst on the sick list he gave reins to his poetic fancy. His father asserts the *Ode to the Sun* to have been written during this year, a poem that appeared later on in an amended form. Also *The Christians*, a drama, composed, so his parent tells us, at the age of thirteen, may at this time have had its beginning. We can but surmise that a description of the heroic self-sacrifice of the first professor of the Christian faith must have been of powerful attraction to the young poet. On December 15 there came to the Academy John William Petersen, a lad of sixteen, son of a clergyman at Bergzabern. Schiller's intimacy with him soon ripened into friendship. Petersen had special leaning to literature and philosophical meditation. Through him Fritz first made acquaintance with Gerstenberg's *Ugoline*, a work which, despite its ghastliness, has won by its power the admiration of Lessing, Herder, and Goethe. Less close was the friendship existing between Schiller and his Ludwigsburg acquaintance Elwert, who entered the college some two months later.

In 1774 the Academy was enriched by a legal department, to which Schiller, with the most of those who had taken up scientific lines of study, was accordingly transferred. But the law students had also to occupy themselves with the general sciences; only eight hours per week were allotted to them for special study: three for common law, as many for the history of law, and two for Roman antiquities—a subject begun by them two years previously. Neither in law nor in the other subjects did Schiller show any proficiency (in Greek alone he was usually fourth): he was more prone to indulge in poetic reveries; and for this his ill-health may stand as excuse. Before Jahn returned to Ludwigsburg in November, he categorised Schiller, Von Hoven, and two others as “second-rate geniuses;” excelling only in languages, but failing to make any great progress in the general subjects, wherein, with the exception of Hoven, they none of them had had previous teaching; in Schiller's case, too, illness had served to keep him back. Praise was given to their industry and general conduct. Rittmeister Faber's report of Schiller, written in

December, runs thus : "He has grown three inches of late ; is devout in his religion, dutiful and respectful to his superiors ; nor is he less sociable and friendly with his schoolfellows ; is possessed of good abilities ; has been seven times on the sick-list—the last time, from September 2 to October 7. It is owing to these repeated illnesses that, despite all his diligence in comparison with others, he seems to stand fairly far behind."

Two of Schiller's works remain to us which were completed in this year. That January the Duke had demanded of the first division of the pupils a written reply to the question as to who was the most inferior among them all. The intention was, not only that such an one should confess to the title, but also that it should be given to him by all his companions. The majority acquitted themselves of this most disagreeable and thankless task by more or less brief answers in French or in Latin prose ; the scholar in question had to write himself guilty in his own mother-tongue, asking at the same time for pardon. Schiller chose to express himself in the form of Latin distichs. If these verses show strong repugnance to the practice of informing against others in the flattering praise given by Schiller to the Duke's gracious care and benevolence, we can plainly detect the inevitable tone of an Academy student. During that autumn each pupil of the first division had to write a statement of the characteristics of himself and of his companions, making particular mention of their disposition towards God and the Duke—of their contentment with their position—of their industry and cleanliness. From Schiller's fulfilment of this strange task we may gain a glimpse of the boy's mind and feelings, which were well beyond his years. Despite occasional clumsiness, his verses show a noteworthy sense for diction and for form ; there is the sweep, the glow of rhetoric in them as well. If he expresses the deepest reverence and admiration for the "sublime" prince, the source and founder of all their happiness and well-being ; if his epithets are strongly stamped by youthful exaggeration, it was from his father that he got this manner of speech—his father, throughout whose writings, whether official or private, there reigned that tone of ultra-loyalty, of hyper-devotion.

What must not his feelings have been when writing as follows: "I see before me the father of my parents, whose graciousness and bounty I can never repay. And as I look upon him, I sigh. This prince, who has set my parents in a position to do me good—this prince, through whom God is minded to work his will with me—this father, who aims at my happiness, is, and must be, far, far dearer to me than my parents, who wholly depend upon his grace, his favour." It is by "a religious standard," he further argues, that the Duke should judge of him. "Often," says he, "you will find me rash and often thoughtless; yet why need faults and errors cancel that which has been built up by a trust in, and a love for, God, and which forms the fundamental law of a naturally sensitive heart?" From these his own words the Duke might judge whether he did not love, honour, adore him. Was there any need to declare this upon oath? Were the Duke to question his companions about him, they would answer that he was obstinate, hot-tempered, and impatient; yet his uprightness, his honesty, his good heart they would praise. Further, he admits that he has not made right use of his good abilities, and that this causes him dissatisfaction; yet in some degree his ill-health must serve as an excuse. He would own to a fault for which he had often been blamed—that of a neglect of personal neatness; the polishing of buttons, buckles, and shoes, the cleaning of clothes, the elaborate hair-dressing—all this was alike repugnant to him.

As Schiller was often confined to the sick-room, he had abundance of time to devote to reading poetry and to the forming of poetic schemes. Klopstock stood first among the poets of his choice, yet he was very fond of Haller and of Goetz; in Lessing's *Emilia Glaotti* he also found intense delight. At this time, too, he had become familiar with Shakspeare, whose stupendous power amazed him, though it was revolting to his sympathies that the poet, in moments of the sublimest pathos, should be able to jest. The confidants of his muse were Petersen and Von Hoven; through him they too felt drawn to poesy. Like his master Klopstock, Schiller at the first kept to Biblical subjects. Later on he himself cites

Absalom as his first drama; and before this he had essayed to produce an epic poem entitled *Moses*. Nor was there lack of lyrical effusions at this period.

Already, in September, at the Duke's request, Schiller's parents had signed the formula which obliged their son to devote himself wholly and entirely to the service of the ducal house, not quitting it unless allowed to do so. Naturally enough, he was not consulted in the matter; of what avail, forsooth, would his dissent have been! At first he had to study law, for which he had small liking. In 1775 nine hours were set apart for this, while fifteen more in the week were allotted to philosophy and rhetoric. According to the periodical reports, Schiller's progress in these subjects was but middling; in Latin, however, and in Greek he stood high. And if it was only in subjects begun at Ludwigsburg that he made advance, the cause, among others, lay in the fact that the new ones had slight attraction for him, and that poetry had seized him with all her force. Goethe's *Clavigo* and *Werther*—these filled his soul, his imagination, which was brooding withal upon creations of its own. His friend Hoven drew his attention to a magazine article containing the story of an unnatural brother—a tale that seemed well fitted for dramatic treatment. Schiller at once seized the idea, but ere long another and more powerful one came to him after reading an account of the suicide of a student at Nassau. He at once resolved to immortalise this new Werther in a drama, and accordingly he wrote his *Student of Nassau*, which, however, on completion did not content him. Later on he was sorry to have destroyed the play, as many of the situations in it, conceived and worked out with all the fire of youth, might perhaps in later years have been useful to him. Doubtless, he also produced many lyrics at this time, flung off hastily, in competition with his poet-friends. He had to take care, indeed, that the books he read and the verses he wrote were not discovered when the ushers and masters made their periodical visits of search and inspection of the private belongings of each pupil.

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1775 TO 1779.

SCHILLER had just reached the age of sixteen, having been three years at the Academy, when it was transferred to Stuttgart. For long past the drawbacks of distance from the capital, as also the need of sufficient accommodation, had been subjects of annoyance to the Duke, who, however, while spending all upon the Hohenheim estate, never thought of adding to or of enlarging the building at Solitude. The offer made to him by the town of Stuttgart, of excellent and capacious premises, in every way fitted for his Academy, was therefore a highly desirable one. Since the court had left Stuttgart, the new barracks at the back of the castle had remained tenantless. To this building, on the 18th of November, the cadets, some three hundred and thirty in number, marched, together with their principals, masters, and ushers. At ten o'clock on that day the Duke betook himself to the Hasenberg, where he held a parade of the town-soldiery; here, too, he received the pupils, and rode into Stuttgart at their head, amid universal acclamation. Outside the Academy he was welcomed by the scholars' parents; within it, by the masters and professors. After a short service, he, in person, led the several divisions to their respective dormitories, showing to each boy his place in bedroom and in dining-hall. Many of the parents were present, and Captain Schiller was, doubtless, among their number. He had left the service, receiving the appointment of Intendant at Castle Solitude. Thither, from his own well-stocked and well-tended orchard, he transplanted some four thousand apple and

pear-trees; as a recompense, he for three years claimed the profit derived from all the adjacent grass-land. This brought him in the sum of a thousand gulden. Owing to his most careful treatment of the soil, the forest-school, that hitherto had failed to thrive, was carried by him to its highest point of excellence. Meanwhile, another daughter had been born to him, while he had had to mourn the loss of his second child. Fritz, alas! could but share at far distance in both these family events.

The final examinations were held in the new building; but the prizes were distributed at the Duke's chateau, as the hall intended for that purpose was not yet finished. Their removal to Stuttgart gave to the pupils not only healthier rooms to live in and better food to eat; it brought them likewise into closer contact with the life of a town. In particular, they found it easier to smuggle in forbidden articles, especially tobacco. As a consequence, Schiller began to take snuff; and later on he learnt to smoke. There was a cadet who, during lessons with a short-sighted professor, was most adroit in escaping from class by the window, and in fetching things for the others. Schiller dubbed him "The Omnipotent."

Six faculties were now formally instituted—the legal, the philosophical, the military, and the financial, together with a department for the fine arts and another for medicine. As one was rather at a loss to find students for this last-named subject, the Duke asked which of his pupils had a mind to take it up—Schiller, Von Hoven, Elwert, and six others gave in their names. To this resolve the first two were specially helped by the fact that they were backward in their present branches of study. New and nearer relation to nature, and to human life, would serve, so they thought, to shape and strengthen their poetic tastes. The Duke notably approved of Schiller's choice, as he seemed to him to have special aptness for the science. Anatomy was zealously studied, and lectures in medicine attended with great diligence. The intimacy between the poetry-loving friends grew closer than before; each enthusiastically seeking to outrival one another in original composition,

and in the choosing of fresh themes for poetic treatment. For Schiller, Klinger's *Zwillinge* and Leisewitz's *Julius von Tarent* were of powerful interest. In his enthusiasm he formed the project of dramatising the grim story of the Grand Duke Cosmo de Medici and his two sons, Garsias and John. It never struck him that this was in effect the basis of plays by Klinger and Leisewitz. Hoven meditated upon a novel in the Werther style; Petersen was busy with a soul-stirring tragedy; Scharffenstein, with a drama of chivalry. But lyrical poetry was not wanting. In this Klopstock was their model; Bürger, Hölty, Miller, Vosz, and the Counts Stolberg won also their admiration. Schiller was linked to Scharffenstein by enthusiastic friendship; this had been specially fostered by the courageous way in which Scharffenstein had refuted an unjust imputation of Intendant von Seeger. Schiller, mightily stirred with a thirst for liberty, celebrated Scharffenstein's action in a high-flown ode. From that time he loved his friend ardently, passionately, in whom he had found his other self, the completion of his identity. Vows of eternal amity were exchanged, and besung by Schiller in many a line of verse. One ballad of the friendship between Selim and Sangir ended thus:—

“ Sangir loved his Selim tenderly,
As thou lovest me, dear Scharffenstein;
Selim loved his Sangir tenderly,
Even as I love thee, dear Scharffenstein.”

And after these two Eastern friends they accordingly named themselves.

“God knows it, I forgot everything, everything, when with you,” writes Schiller, later on. “I was proud of your friendship, not because by it I felt myself set higher in the eyes of men, but in the eyes of a more lofty world, towards which my heart so glowed, that beckoned me, as it were, saying—‘Tis he, he alone whom thou canst love!’ As I was saying, in your presence I expanded, yet I was never so humbled as when my eyes were on you, when I heard you speak, and saw how you felt what language could not utter; then a sense of my unusual littleness came over me; then I likewise besought God to

make me like you. You can easily recollect how in this foretaste of a blissful time I breathed naught else but friendship ; how all, all, even my poetry, was lit up and vivified by the spirit of friendship. Oh ! a friendship formed as ours was formed, had been able to outlast eternity ! Where could you have found another to feel with you that which our eyes told us we felt on quiet starlit nights, when at my window or during the evening walk ! We two were the sole ones whose characters were alike ; believe me, in our friendship there were glimpses the most glorious of heaven ; its basis was of the firmest, the noblest ; it foretold for both of us but one paradise. Had you or had I died ten times over, death should not have tricked us of a single hour. I chose you for my friend because you have more sagacity, more experience, more ballast than I ; because, before all others, you have come wholly close to my heart's feelings, and have equalled them ; because, other than you, I have no friend ! This, too, I told you in the hour when first our friendship had birth."

With Haug Schiller soon became more intimate. Haug was a friend of Schubart's, to whom, for the October number of his magazine, he sent Schiller's poem *Evening*, a pendant to Haller's *Morning Thoughts*. It was signed with the letters *Sch.* Haug spoke of the author as a youth of sixteen, who, as it seemed to him, was already versed in the writings of good authors (poets, of course, he meant), and who might with time possess *os magna sonaturum*. In this poem the influence of Klopstock and Haller is but too plainly perceptible ; it is more than influence ; it becomes imitation. But Schiller had not yet conquered the technical difficulties of the ode ; faulty rhymes abound throughout ; the editor notes more than one grammatical error as well. The young bard rejoices at the "blissful emotion" known only to the lowly born, being of small worth to princes and the great :

" O God, 'tis Nature that thou gavest me ;
Part worlds among them—only, Father, yield me song."

Quite in the Klopstock manner is his ending, with the wish

that in the great Hereafter he may come to a clearer, juster judgment of things :

“ No evening there, no darkness, no obscurity ;
There the Lord God holds reign eternally.”

On October 3, the anniversary of the Countess Hohenheim, Schiller, in fulfilment of a task set by the Duke to the pupils, presented her with two congratulatory addresses, the one in the name of the Academy, the other in that of the *Ecole des Demoiselles*. In the first of these he makes a point with Franciska's name-day, a feast, as he puts it, ordained by Nature for the joining together of the virtues and the graces. Her he celebrates as Virtue radiant with the lustre of a thousand righteous deeds, the benefactress of the sick and needy. In the other poem of the *Ecole des Demoiselles*, Franciska is termed the gentlest, worthiest, best of mothers, a “very pattern for youth,” whom to imitate it is their “ardent” desire. The sole times that the cadets met this *Ecole* were at public theatricals and dances, which both schools were ordered to attend. For Schiller such enforced amusement was all the less amusing from his being a bad dancer; in the school reports his dancing was always mentioned as being bad; once only is it styled “middling.”

Probably it was for the Duke's next birthday, for the 11th of February 1777, that Schiller wrote his little play, entitled *The Fair*, which was acted by some of his companions. According to Petersen, “it already gave evidence of the genial brain that, with the magical force of a Proteus, knew how to transform itself into all and every shape.” A year before this the Duke had permitted the pupils to attend the Stuttgart fair.

The friends pursued their poetic studies, continued their poetic effusions until Scharffenstein, less gifted than the rest, was led to the utterance of a frank, unsparing criticism of Schiller's work, that, while leaving his talent unnoted, touched merely upon his faults. His poetry was stigmatised as hollow and fantastic, as imitation in its crudest form, lacking the soul, the core that alone constituted the real poet. In this verdict

Boigeol, another friend, concurred. Scharffenstein's unsparing judgment made Schiller so unhappy that at length he would have nothing more to say to him. Scharffenstein taxed his friend with indifference—charged him with having fallen from his allegiance. We still possess Schiller's reply, written in the utmost agitation during the early part of 1777. Scharffenstein's later statement, that their estrangement took place at the close of 1778, when he left the Academy, is contradicted by what Schiller says in a later letter to Boigeol, written a few days after: "Farewell! I will read it in your face—will not question you; let us not embitter our few remaining years of durance." Judging from the context, the "few remaining years of durance" can but be those spent at the Academy in seclusion from the world; Boigeol, however, was to quit the college at the end of 1778.

Listen how Schiller, in the following passionate letter, that ever harks back to the same point, sets forth his feelings:—

"Why am I grown indifferent? Because I loved you, because I was your friend and saw that you were not mine; is it for this that the thought has seized you? You were not my friend! You must have had respect for me, as I for you; for in a friend there are traits that make you respect him; but, but—may it not strike your heart like a thunderbolt!—in me you found nothing to value, no qualities that could help to cement our friendship. *In me you found nothing to value!* How often (yet only when you were angered: at other times you simulated reverence, admiration), how often, often have I had to hear from you and from that Boigeol, that my whole existence was just one poem; my sensibilities, my conceptions of God, of religion, of friendship, of the imagination, according to you, sprang, one and all, from the poet, not from the Christian, not from the friend. Ah me! ah me! how my heart was seized by all that you said! You told me this—God knows it, and is witness—you told me this with deceit written upon your features, with the gravest, the most earnest mien—ah me! ah me! How it pains me, this that you, *you* did! Do you still remember how, if I found fault with some book, some poem, or the like (Kleist's *Amynt*, for instance), you used

to say that it certainly wanted swing, it lacked idyllic charm; yet it contained sentiment, a sentiment different from that found in *my* poems, while in the workmanship there was none of *my* colouring; it was heart that *I* had, or words to that effect."

To the charge that in his odes everything was traceable to Klopstock, he answered that he had certainly much to thank him for, but that it had sunk deep into his soul—had become his own property; in death this would serve to comfort him.

"My faults caused you merriment," he continues. "You knew my self-love. Oh, Heavenly Father, I feel that of vices this is one of the most odious; oh, root it from my heart. Heavenly Father, I confess to it, I repent me of it—and you, you knew my self-love; now, before God let me say it to you, you laughed at, you ridiculed it; you, my friend, put me to shame in others' eyes, you who in secret hid it from me and were silent! How often (yet once let me add it), how often have you given glowing praise to my poems—how often have you raised up my soul to heaven—how often, when we sat together upon my bed, have you lent ear in truly marvellous fashion to my senseless self-glorification, saying no word that in warmth might have escaped you, or that Boigeol could have whispered to you; yet you never chid me for this. Do you still recollect how we were once standing by Gegel's bed, and how you asked me to measure my height with yours, and when I did so, with a wicked smile you showed to others your astonishment by saying: 'He waxes both in body and in mind,' etc., and then turning to me you said, 'Clever fellow!' Oh, saw you not, too, how I reddened then? Did you note nothing else? When you snubbed me thus, making my egotism the laughing-stock of all, when I stood there—God, what feelings were mine! Heaven knows it, I was penitent for my great sin of self-love; yet such scorn,—such a moment,—from you,—in the eyes of—Oh! I could not weep; I had to turn aside; rather destruction than another such instant from you! Oh that this tear may not fall hot upon your soul? Then, too, you never showed pleasure at the thought of soon seeing me nearer to you in school rank. Forgive me, Scharffenstein, if in this moment I prayed God to grant me the very opposite of that;

yes, and there were times when it was my one, my only wish to advance until I should stand near to you."

It had grieved him, too, that Scharffenstein was become intimate with one Grub, whom he could not abide, being a youth of bad, petty disposition. At the close of his letter he remarks that after long unrest he had now found a source that could fill his heart and bring it blessing—a grand, grand, noble friend; and for this reason he pardoned him, and would ever show him kindness; only, for many a day he must turn aside his face from him that the tears be hidden.

"See, just now in the Bible I have been reading the story of David's life. He and Jonathan loved each other as my Selim and Sangir; in heaven, too, I shall be loved by them, because I love them! There have been noble friends in the world; and I—I sought myself one for eternity——But in heaven above, there I shall find hearts that are noble and true!"

In vain did Scharffenstein attempt to convince his friend, wounded as he was to the quick, that the whole matter rested on a misunderstanding; for Schiller, any closer friendship was impossible, even though in outward bearing towards him he remained unchanged. And Boigeol, stung by Schiller's frigid reference to him in his letter as "that Boigeol," was still less successful in making him think otherwise. Not till three days after did he reply to his charge of indifference, of pride, and hate. With Boigeol he had never been on so intimate a footing, and his mode of study, his sensibilities were of another order; he had never trusted him frankly and nobly, as one would trust a real friend; nay, Boigeol had injured him by acts that bring torture to the undying soul.

"I am one of finer stuff than most; it was seldom that I struck the right mark—often, often I missed doing so, as latterly in this instance; yet here—here I have the right mark; God will be with me and will guide me."

In lively intercourse with other friends and acquaintances, his soul-felt grief soon lost its first poignancy. Among these were Dannecker the sculptor, Heideloff the painter, and Zumsteeg the musician.

In the meantime Haug had inserted Schiller's ode *The Conqueror*, signed with the letters *Sch.*, in the March number of his magazine. When accepting it, he remarked that the lines were by a youth who to all appearance read, felt, and almost thought as did Klopstock. He would on no account damp his ardour, yet, when rid of all nonsense, incoherence, and exaggerated metaphor, he might some day rise to full excellence—might with time take a place among the great, and bring honour to his country. In the choice of subject alone, yet even more in the execution of the poem, we are led to recognise Klopstock's influence. Haug rightly laid his finger upon its blemishes. Yet despite exaggeration and want of finish, it plainly shows poetic strength and an effort to work in accordance with a definite theory. But besides Klopstock, there were other authors from whom Schiller received powerful impressions. He read Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*; he wept over Miller's *Siegwart*; too readily, too easily were all his heart-strings set vibrating. Both these books formed his favourite reading; he had, besides, Wieland's *Agathon*, *Idris*, even his *Comic Tales*, together with other volumes. Ossian's mist-creations left, likewise, their effect upon him; and a collection by Ursinus of *Ballads and Songs in the Old English and Old Scotch Style* (1777) was notably prized by the friends.

Scharffenstein's place was ere long filled by Haug's son, who, at the close of 1775, had gained entry to the circle of poets. Born epigrammatist as he was, he brought to it life and spirit; he helped greatly to counterbalance the rhapsodical element. The band of bards strove with each other in the composition of a truly ethereal poem about one "Rosalind at the Bath." Schiller's ode *The Triumph Chant of Hell* and another poem in the Klopstock manner were likewise produced at this time. Schiller also grew intimate with the son of Schubart the poet. The Duke having enticed Schubart to Würtemberg, forthwith put him under arrest without trial, without justification. On the day of his imprisonment, about which Franciska was quite callous, the Duke granted the unfortunate wife an annuity of two hundred gulden, admitting her son into the Academy and her daughter into the

Ecole des Demoiselles. But to the noble dame's petition for the release of her husband his Grace replied that she might go her ways, as for her and the children provision had been made. Here again all the young student's noble sense of liberty must have been roused at the Duke's cruel revenge.

Schiller gave less attention to medicine and was more diligent in the study of philosophy and the liberal sciences, for the young poet divined that, to gain perfection in his art, it behoved him to master their laws, while from history and from the works of great poets and sages he must widen his knowledge of human nature. He became deeply absorbed in Ferguson's *Moral Philosophy*, with Garve's shrewd annotations, besides the writings of Mendelssohn and other psychological works. Ferguson's axiom that morality does not depend upon religion, but forms part of the essence of humanity, which therein alone can find its end and solace—this ever took firmer root in his mind. The doctrine, too, that man's highest aim is self-distinction worked powerfully upon the cadet, put in durance by grand ducal grace. Ferguson remained his text-book and manual of philosophy, just as Schlözer's broadly-written *General History* served to shape his historical views. Plutarch's *Lives*, bepraised by Rousseau, gave strength to his sense of liberty and freedom. Thus it grew ever less tolerable to him to be shut off from the world; and yet, if he would soon reach that world, he well saw that he must apply himself to his studies with greater zeal. Five years was the term fixed for those studying medicine; by special diligence this might be reduced to four; the others, however, were far in advance of Schiller and Hoven. So these two mutually resolved to devote themselves wholly to their work, in order that at the end of four years they might escape from their academical prison.

Wilhelm von Wolzogen now became one of Schiller's more intimate friends, the second son of Privy Councillor Ernest von Wolzogen, whose death occurred in 1774. He was the only pupil of rank—*i.e.* "Cavalier"—to whom Schiller was attached; Hoven, on the other hand, had many with whom he was on terms of close friendship. To Wolzogen, by many years his junior, Schiller's relation was a brotherly one; he became

even more closely drawn by the remarkable talent, particularly for philosophy, possessed by another pupil, one Albrecht Friedrich Lempp, who came from Stuttgart, and on the 4th of April 1778 had joined the other law students.

The Duke's famous manifesto, issued on his fiftieth birthday, and read aloud from every pulpit, could make but little impression upon Schiller, however much Karl Eugene might pride himself upon candid confession of regret at any act of injustice, while promising his "faithful and beloved" subjects to devote his remaining years of life to their real welfare. Yet Schubart still languished in confinement, and Schiller yearned for his deliverance. He was little touched by the world-stirring conflict between the North American colonies and England, although Schubart had sided vigorously with the colonists, had denounced the base sale of German subjects to England by their own princes, and had, moreover, spread the report that the Duke of Würtemberg had in this manner disposed of 3000 men. Whether Schiller ever read Schubart's *German Chronicle*, aflame with the love of fatherland and freedom, we do not know. Sickness having broken out in the Academy, some of the elder of the medical students were appointed to wait upon patients. Naturally enough, Schiller here gladly spoke of what lay at his heart; and to Heideloff, who was much busied with theatrical scene-painting, he confided his close-cherished dramatic scheme.

At the last examination Schiller had taken no prize, although in anatomy he ranked in equal merit with three others. The lot fell to Elwert; Hoven also gained two prizes. As, however, Schiller's progress satisfied his superiors, he was commissioned to prepare a competition essay for the following autumn, which, if successful, would, so he hoped, secure his dismissal. The subject he chose was one dear to him—The Influence of the Body upon the Soul. Nevertheless, neither he nor his comrades were suffered to leave the Academy in that year; the Duke decreed that they should remain there for another twelve months. It was soon after this mandate of the Duke's had been issued that the Academy was honoured by a visit that, for Schiller, could have had no greater fascina-

tion. He had certainly felt keen pleasure when, on April 7, 1777, the Emperor Joseph came to see the college while travelling to Paris, assisting at the prize-awards and conversing with some of the scholars. It was the first great man that he had ever seen; how, then, must it have rejoiced his heart when the famed author of *Werther*, *Clavigo*, and of *Goetz*, in company with the Duke of Weimar, visited the Academy, where they received high honours at the hands of "The Anointed," as Karl

Eugene loved to term himself. They appeared in the dining-hall one evening, where the Duke, in the course of his usual post-examination speech, made allusion to the distinguished guests. On the following night, when the prizes were given away in the salon, his Grace stood as usual under a gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold, with the Duke of Weimar on his right and Goethe on his left. At farther distance from

"The Anointed" were four other guests of

high rank, among them, Chamberlain von Wedel and Wolfgang Hexibert, Reichsfreiherr von Dalberg, director of the national theatre at Mannheim, he who, later, was to be so remarkably connected with the events of Schiller's later life. He seemed a man of high importance to the young poet, full of keen passion for the stage, even though he dared not dream to see his *Robbers* put upon the boards. Schiller's heart swelled within him at the sight of Goethe, the favourite of the muses receiving such homage, though it was not for his poetic fame that



Goethe, from the painting by May, done in 1779.

it was shown to him, for Karl was far from having either acquaintance or sympathy with poetry; it was because Goethe had risen to be the friend and confidant of his prince. The names of the prize-winners were read out from the chair, and each pupil advanced in turn to the table before the Duke, on which were the sceptre of office and a row of silver medals. These the Intendant handed to



Wolfgang Hexibert, Baron Dalberg.

his Grace, who as *rector magnificentissimus* bestowed them upon the fortunate scholars, whereupon those of rank were suffered to kiss his hand, and the rest his coat-hem in sign of thanks. There, at that time, Goethe must have seen a tall, red-haired lad of twenty, well set-up, and in slovenly dress, pass thrice near him to kiss "The Anointed's" coat for three prizes gained in practical medicine, in *materia medica* and in surgery. For the fourth, the *German Language and Composition* prize, Schiller had to draw lots with Elwert, Hoven, and two others; in this, fortune did not favour him. There was nothing extra-

ordinary in getting three prizes; yet during the past five years Schiller had not received even one. Goethe himself saw how others had carried off five or six. The great man could not foretell that this pupil would rise to be a gifted poet of his country; Schiller, on the other hand, must have drawn deep encouragement and inspiration on seeing the man whose voice had rung so stirringly in the cause of liberty and the pure instincts of humanity, yet who had thus early reached so high and honoured a place in life.

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1779 TO 1780.

WITH fresh zeal our poet again took to dramatic composition, which for two years he had laid aside. From the materials of an unfinished play begun at Solitude he now produced his *Robbers*. The plan of the piece was rapidly sketched out; Karl, his hero, must live and die like a noble robber. Some of the scenes most interesting to him he worked out in wild haste, repeating them to his schoolfellows at evening time or when out for a walk. Thus in Bopser Wood he is once said to have treated them to a grim recital of the famous scene between Karl and his father. For some of his portraits he was indebted to fellow-pupils: Karl's character was modelled upon his own; while the sketches of the villains, the old father, the lover, and others came from plays familiar to him, figures whose identity he had seized with singular acumen. Often he would put himself on the sick-list, in order that he might the better court his muse; specially at night-time, when his imagination was most vivid, he could write down his thoughts, patients being allowed a light. If ushers or even the Duke himself surprised him, the paper was instantly hidden beneath a medical book kept ever at hand. As student of practical medicine, he had often to visit and attend upon other patients, and on these occasions many a scene would be read out or declaimed. While composing or reading his poetry he was always at a high level of excitement; there were times even when he would stamp and rage in frenzy. His medical duties did not debar him from taking an interest in literature and in

the general sciences. During this year, besides Virgil, with the aid of Bürger's translation, he read Nast's Homer; he also attended Abel's philosophical lectures. He pursued his studies relating to the influence of the body upon the soul; the paramount question for him was that of man's mental and spiritual freedom, he feeling himself to be in such thorough thrall. When reading the poets and notably the dramatists, he took accurate note as to how characters were developed and passions portrayed; in his *Robbers* this proved of great service to him.

Yet despite all effort to render bearable his dismal life of seclusion, he grew ever more melancholy, more disconsolate, until he at last felt utterly weary of existence. While in this state he lost his friend and companion Von Hoven the younger, whose death occurred on June 13. During the last two years he had developed "into a frank, intelligent, sensitive youth, such as are rarely found." In his letter of condolence to the bereaved father, Schiller points out that his son had left the world all soon, bearing none of its stain, and was come to a place which those following after would reach later in life, when more heavily burdened by sin; for him there had been naught to lose, but everything to gain. A thousand times he had envied him struggling with death, that he himself would have met as peacefully, as calmly as were he going to his bed.

"I am not yet one and twenty," wrote he, "but I tell you frankly that for me the world has no further charm; it yields me no gladness, and the day on which I leave the Academy, a day that, but few years ago would have been to me a joyful festival, will not even win from me a smile. With each step that I advance in age I ever lose something of my contentment; the more I approach riper years, the more I would that I had died when a child. If my life were my own, a death such as your beloved son's is what I should covet; yet it belongs to my mother and to three sisters who, without me, were helpless; for I am an only son, and my father's hair begins to grow gray."

On September 7, 1777, Schiller's family was increased by the advent of a daughter, who had Professor Abel and the sisters

Elwert as godparents. More decided is the note struck later, in this letter to his sister Christophine :—"Life was and is to me a burden. I long for it, a thousand times I long for it [*i.e.* to die before leaving the Academy]: I find no longer any pleasure in the world; and I should gain all if I could quit it before the time. Pray, sister, if this should happen, be wise, take comfort, and console my parents. . . . Unlike a thousand others, I have the fortune, the unmerited fortune of possessing the best of fathers; and here there is another excellent man to call me son [this was Professor Haug]. I have many friends in the Academy, who love me much. I have you, dear sister; and yet all this can bring no lasting gladness to my soul. You know not how great is the change, the wreck within me. Nor indeed shall you ever learn what it is that saps the forces of my soul."

In this one is reminded of Werther's lament: "My heart is undermined by the devouring power that lies hidden in the universe of Nature." Yet this was not the cause of Schiller's unhappiness; it was the dread reflection that throughout his life he must be the dependant of a despotic prince. This was a thought that he dared not reveal to his parents. One can see that he was not far from adopting Werther's melancholy resolve to throw aside life's burden; yet now, as often after, he was held back by his genius from the chasm's brink.

Two days before the death of Hoven, with altered voice and manner, and "a mien of fearful calmness," Schiller's friend Grammont had come to him to ask him for a sleeping-draught. On closer questioning he confessed that he wished to quit the world, in which he could not have happiness. As already before this he had vainly disputed with Grammont upon the subject of suicide, he saw no better way to arrest matters than by counselling his friend to speak first to Professor Abel, and in the meanwhile to go to the sick-room, where he could more fully state his reasons to him. Thus things were delayed, while Schiller, owing to Von Hoven's death, was himself seized by desperate weariness and disgust of life. At this time the awful poem *Leichenphantasie* must have been written, in which the burial and notably the fearful

anguish of the father following the bier are described with great licence and intense exaggeration. It was set to music and printed.

On the 20th Professor Abel reported Grammont's condition to the Duke, who gave orders to use every means possible for the restoration of the patient, whose state "bordered slightly on insanity." The elder medical students had to visit him in turn, reporting the state of his health to the Duke. According to Schiller's first "daily bulletin" of the 26th, the patient, by dint of persuasion and medical advice, was so calmed about his condition that he consented to all that was asked of him. The Duke permitted his temporary removal to Hohenheim, accompanied by one or more of his fellow-students. His Grace suspected Schiller of secretly encouraging the patient's wish to leave the Academy, where for him recovery was impossible; it was natural that he should think this, knowing as he did how despairingly unhappy was the poet's own state. Grammont after a short time came back, uncured. Schiller was appointed his companion and attendant, yet he was seldom left alone with the sick man; it was plain to him, therefore, that they feared his harmful influence upon the patient. His pain at such suspicion he expressed to the Duke, besides boldly justifying his conduct in a long letter addressed to the Intendant. For nearly eight years, he said, it had been his good fortune to live in the Academy, during which time none had ever had cause to call him slanderer. He was relieved of his charge in August, when Grammont went to the baths. Schiller's *tedium vite* having somewhat subsided, he devoted himself anew, heart and soul, to his *Robbers*; he likewise commenced a translation of the *Æneid* into Latin hexameters. Yet, ere long, his medical studies claimed all his attention.

For his German thesis he proposed to take two subjects from the provinces of philosophy and physiology respectively. The first was the close affinity between man's physical and mental nature; the second, the freedom and the ethics of humanity. As throughout the year his whole studies had centred round these subjects, he could promise to speak

about them to some purpose. The first was chosen for him, one at which Schiller had worked last year. His second theme was too purely philosophical; it was feared that he might put forth views all too high-flown, too startling respecting man's moral freedom. In medicine he had to furnish a Latin essay upon the difference existing between two kinds of fever.

In the midst of such work, the 3d of October came round, Franciska's name-day, that this time was to be celebrated with special splendour. For the Duchess had at length gone to her rest, and Karl Eugene was able to offer Franciska his hand, albeit his wish that their religion should be one and the same formed an obstacle that for the Catholic faith was hard to surmount. So much the more did the Duke shower bounties upon his beloved one, so much the greater was the brilliance of her festival. Several of the students offered their congratulations, and one of them delivered a complimentary address. In "the village" there was great stir and merry-making; half the college flocked thither. The students had to distribute gifts to the three hundred and twenty poor, who on this occasion received food and alms. Schubart, however, still languished in prison; neither wife nor child might see him or write to him; for him, Franciska, the paragon of virtue, the benefactress of the needy, had no pleading word. Schiller loathed all this hollow parade of charity and benevolence; he was sickened by the vanity, the sham of such fulsome rejoicing and praise-giving, in which so often he had had to join. How he longed for the day that should set him free! Most of his time was now taken up in preparing for his medical examination. His German essay followed in the main the same lines as the one of last year; the necessary affinity between physical and mental perceptions was, however, now pointed out with greater clearness. As he stated it, the soul after death "passed on to other realms, where it could exercise its mental energies, and whence it could gain other aspects of the universe." In conception and in treatment this second essay showed far more of freedom and of calm, albeit that it abounded in daring metaphor and bold assertion. There were many

extracts from the poets, in especial from Shakspeare, besides quotations from Addison's *Cato*, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, *Ugolino*, Haller, Virgil, and Ovid. He even ventures to make more than one reference to his own play *The Robbers*, that he here cites as (*sic*) "Life of Moor: Tragedy by Krake." Garves' annotated edition of Ferguson is his sole authority in philosophy; from Schlözer's History he also quotes; from Herder, nothing. No judgment is passed upon the physiognomy theory, although he condemns Lavater's extravagant ideas. On November 16 the examining committee ordered the essay to be printed, even though there were points of objection in it, a chief fault being that the writer so frequently gave rein to his imagination. Abel, who, as professor of philosophy, had to state his verdict, found several passages of excellence in the paper, although the philosophy here and there was far from being either logical or sound. Subject to correction, however, the essay seemed to him worth printing. The medical portion was also in many respects commendable; yet that, too, must undergo great alteration before sending to press. The Duke left it to the examiners to fix whether the essay should be printed or not, and they stated that the author had taken but scant pains with its composition; it would consequently need almost total revision, a process occupying some considerable time. Schiller revised his manuscript, altering and cancelling passages throughout; he also added a dedication to the Duke, in which he spoke of his good fortune in having been educated at so excellent an institution, where, moreover, he had enjoyed personal instruction from the prince himself, whose greatness lay in his having chosen to be as a master among his pupils, as a father among his sons. The essay, together with eleven others, was printed at the expense of the Academy by the firm of Cotta in Stuttgart. At examination-time, Schiller is said to have raised a discussion concerning Professor Drück's paper, that dealt with the merits and demerits of Homer and Virgil as judged by the spirit of their epoch. In such a question, Schiller may well have taken a side. He cherished deep admiration for Virgil; he had himself produced a spirited rendering of some of the *Æneid*, and

the *Schwäbische Magazin* had but lately printed his version of the "Storm upon the Tyrrhenian Sea" (*Æn.* i. 38-160), that led the editor to term it "the essay of a youth of decided promise, giving proof of spirit and of great, great poetic fire." Streicher tells us that "the inbent knees, the eyes, blinking rapidly when in the heat of debate, the frequent smile while speaking, yet specially the well-shaped nose, and the keen, bold eagle-glance, shot forth from beneath lofty brows," made a lasting, an ineffaceable impression upon him. Here we have the picture of the whole man, alive, and speaking under the influence of emotion; Streicher will not mar it for us by any allusion to red hair. Schiller's nose, according to Scharffenstein, is thin, white, and bony, shooting out at a sharp angle, and hooked like the beak of a parrot. Schiller used himself humorously to relate that at the Academy, in order to make his nose one fitting for a great man, he tugged constantly at it when reading or writing, and that this gave to it a sharp downward curve. The "keen, bold eagle-glance" was owing to the deep-set position of his eyes, which in moments of excitement gleamed again. Their colour, Scharffenstein tells us, was dark-gray, although many assert that they were blue; his sister-in-law says they were half blue, half hazel.

Streicher was present with the scholars that evening in the hall, where the Duke, as usual, made his closing speech. He saw here how his Grace, leaning over Schiller's chair, spoke with him at length. While talking the pupil smiled, and his eyes kindled just as they had done in debate with the professor. One could almost believe that upon these candid confessions to the Duke his destiny would in a measure hang.

With the evening of December 14 the festivities ended. That same day Schiller was released as army surgeon. His friends also obtained their dismissal; Von Hoven, after passing a final examination, was to take the degree of *medicus practicus*. Schiller had grown much while at the Academy; he measured nearly five feet, nine inches. His features, too, had gained a more intellectual stamp. Scharffenstein states the closely-meeting eyes and the mouth to have been full of expression, in which there was something of pathos; the thin underlip



Schiller, from a painting by Guibal (about 1780).

showed great energy, the chin was determined, the cheeks pale, freckled, and somewhat hollow, the hair bushy and dark-red in colour. When in repose his countenance, intellectual rather than manly, was full of energy and meaning; in moments of emotion it seemed aflame with passion; while his voice, as little under control as were his features, grew at these times harsh and shrill. His head was particularly well shaped; the brow being considerably broader than Goethe's, whose forehead was a more prominent one. To complete our portrait of the ex-student, we must bethink us of his tall, upright figure, his broad chest and shoulders, long arms, small body, and stiff, ungraceful bearing.

Extraordinary, indeed, had been Schiller's intellectual development during these eight years. By all that he had read, all that he had written, all that he had thought, his poetic fire, so far from being quenched, had but been fanned and cherished.

What feelings were those of the youthful poet when visiting, as was usual, the Duke's Castle to thank his Grace for the many benefits enjoyed at the Academy, and to kiss his august hand! Of a truth Schiller had gained a thorough education—a training that the Duke gave to each and all alike, regardless of individual talent or of individual need; he wished but to bring up for himself a set of well-drilled subjects, content to revere him as their sovereign lord, content to feel themselves dependent upon his bounty. Nor, after these eight years, was Schiller's term of bondage over; he must serve his time as regimental surgeon, must wear perpetually a uniform at once disfiguring and detestable. His father wrote to the Duke asking permission for his son to dress in mufti when exempt from regimental duty, "in the hope of getting either a town or country practice." This was the blunt reply: "Your son is to wear his uniform."

BOOK III.

ARMY SURGEON AND POET.

CHAPTER I.

FROM DECEMBER 1780 TO JANUARY 1782.

WHILE in a wholly despairing frame of mind, it was but for few days that the young surgeon could visit his family, now in their new home at Solitude, and enjoy sight of those from whom he had been parted for eight years. It was delightful to greet again his beloved mother and sisters. Of these, Christophine had been the faithful playmate of his childhood ; but the other two were unknown to him. Everything had been got ready for his outfit, besides a little sum of money for future need ; albeit that 320 gulden was the limit of his father's income, who now no longer drew support from the sale of the grass. At a monthly salary of eighteen gulden, Schiller was appointed surgeon to the Augé regiment of grenadiers, consisting of some 240 time-expired men, who, in their patched scarlet uniforms and tall busbies, wandered about like so many meagre scarecrows. In any important case he could consult Dr. Elwert, who, fortunately, was on friendly terms with his family. He had to visit the hospital daily, appearing also regularly at parade. Scharffenstein tells us the impression that the poet-surgeon made upon him when, after two years, the friends met again. "He was cramped into a uniform of the old Prussian cut, that on army surgeons had an even uglier, stiffer look ; his little military hat barely covered his crown, behind which hung a long *queue*, while round his neck was screwed a horse-hair stock several sizes too small. More wondrous, however, was the nether part of him. Owing to the padding of his long, white gaiters, his legs seemed thicker at the calf than at the

thigh. Moving stiffly about in these blacking-stained gaiters, with knees rigid and unbent, he reminded one irresistibly of a stork."

Lieutenant Scharffenstein longed to see his comrade once



Christophine Schiller, from an oil painting.

more ; immediately after parade they met and revived their friendship. Sangir marvelled to find how great had been his Selim's intellectual advance since their parting. The author of *The Robbers*—now all but completed—was no longer a dreamy, imaginative youth ; fresh qualities were his, of clear

ness, of judgment, of determination. Scharffenstein, as he himself tells us, gave in to the lofty superiority of the poet's mind, that from the sources of history and philosophy had drawn its lifelong sustenance.

Before all things Schiller sought to impress this upon his friend—that happiness can but be won from within, and not from without us. With his *Robbers*, that struck a note of combat and defiance to existing oppression, he hoped to shake the world as Rousseau had shaken it with *Emile*. But he little thought that it would ever be played upon the stage.

He found another school-friend in Petersen, who for a year past had filled the post of sub-librarian. With him, Scharffenstein, his old master Abel, and Hoven, who occasionally came over from Ludwigsburg, there was busy talk and much planning about the play, many a scene being altered or excised. Yet, ere he launched this bomb into the world, it was by a touching funeral ode that he drew the eyes of the town upon himself, the much-ridiculed, quaintly-clothed army-surgeon. On January 16 his friend Weckerlin died—a youth of twenty, the son of a Stuttgart chemist. He had left the Academy some two years before the poet. So powerfully was Schiller moved by his comrade's death, as yet so young and so full of life, that he felt urged to invoke the general sympathy of his medical companions in a poem which they unanimously resolved to print at their own expense, Von Hoven and Dr. Elwert secretly contributing to the cost. By this burst of passionate feeling Schiller not only gave keen utterance to all his bitter and despairing views touching the worthlessness and the vanity of existence; it bore a tinge, too, of his disbelief in the vulgar conception of heaven; while above it towers supreme the conviction that true love can alone outlast the grave, can alone join us again to hearts we have held dear. Despite its extravagance, the poem was full of power. Stuttgart, pietistic Stuttgart, must have been deeply scandalised by such scathing allusions as these to "the mob's paradise," or to "roaring Pharisees, ripe for hell." The author's identity was soon no secret. Writing in February to a friend at Ludwigsburg, Schiller says he could die with laughing at the result of his

poem. "At length my activity would seem to have begun, and a wretched little thing like that has brought me more fame among my neighbours than twenty years of practice. Yet it's a name like that one for which the temple of Ephesus was set in cinders. May God have mercy on me!" Thus slight was his care, his interest for professional advancement; he gave no thought to promotion, nor to the examination that, before obtaining a private practice, he must needs undergo; the sole medical work in which he invested was an *Apothecary's Almanac*, buying at the same time a copy of Plutarch's *Lives*, and an expensive translation of *Shakspeare*. His other wants in literature could be easily satisfied from the vast shelves of the ducal library, to which, through his friends Petersen and Reichenbach, he had access.

During January he took other lodgings in a street now known as the Eberhardtstrasse; his sitting-room on the ground floor was a small one; its scanty furniture consisted but of a table and two benches. Professor Haug, who lived close by, owned the house, and used the second floor as a lecture-room; the rest was let to the widow of a Captain Vischer. Besides Schiller, Lieutenant Kapf, another fellow-cadet, lodged there also. He was the son of an officer at Mindelheim, talented enough, if all too boisterous and passionate in temper. Yet, though wild, he was not a spendthrift, and perhaps it was economy that led Schiller to make his acquaintance. His landlady, Louise Dorothea Vischer, a little, fair, blue-eyed woman, was, so Scharffenstein tells us, a good-tempered person, who, although without either beauty or intellect, yet possessed qualities of kindness and charm. Her character was generally deemed above reproach; the greater, therefore, was the surprise when four years subsequently she eloped with a Viennese student of rank, a mere lad of nineteen, who for a year past had been living in the town. Dr. Reichenbach's house was among those at which Schiller found welcome, where Christophine's bosom friend, Ludovike Reichenbach lived, the doctor's niece, devoted, like Schiller's sister, to painting and art. She had, however, but slight hold upon the poet's wild, tempestuous imagination. In order to increase his slender income, as also to find employ-

ment, however humble, Schiller, in March, undertook the anonymous editorship of a journal called *News for Pleasure and Profit*, issued by one Mäntler, a printer. In its pages the Emperor Joseph and Prussia's great King were held up to praise and honour; regarding the American campaign, its sympathies were with those then fighting for their freedom; its *Science Column* contained little that was new or out-of-the-way; here and there a chance phrase pointed to the profession of the editor. In his new capacity Schiller had to read through many magazines and daily prints wherefrom he took his news. An ode by him is the chief thing of interest that the paper ever contained, written to celebrate the Duke's home-coming, after a journey made with Franciska to Cassel, Hanover, Hamburg, Lübeck, Schwerin, and Brunswick. The "pure silver notes of glad rejoicing" were so forced, so shrill, that other princes, it was feared, might take umbrage thereat. Did not the bard bid all Germany glance in envy at Würtemberg's "blissful abode"? Did he not invite the republics (those of Hamburg and Lübeck) cheerfully to bear the yoke of such a ruler? This ode, however, was just a mere poet's-corner welcome of the commonest type; any one who looked a little closer must readily have seen the jest it cloaked.

In his professional practice Schiller had recourse to violent remedies, which led him at times into differences with Elwert, who, it is said, was obliged to forbid chemists to make up any prescription furnished by his subordinate unless it had previously been passed by him. Merry were the days of freedom now spent by Schiller with his student-friends. Kapf's little room and his own bore witness to their gay carousals, when many a quip and many a jest was bandied over *knackwürste*, potato-salad, and beer, wine being a luxury rarely enjoyed. Sometimes he would join Reichenbach and Petersen at a game of cards in the parlour of the Eagle Inn. Here are some immortal lines anent one of these meetings:—

"You're a fine set! I go there, and find no Petersen and no Reichenbach! Sacre diable! What about our manille to-day? Deuce take you all! If you want me, you'll find me at home. Adieu!

SCHILLER."

Besides the then popular card-game, manille, Schiller was very fond of bowls. He and Petersen often played together at a little tavern on the Hauptstädterstrasse, to the sign of "The Bull." Here Dr. Schiller, as by himself and by others he was generally styled, used often to indulge in a lunch of ham and salad, with, maybe, half-a-pint or a pint of wine. The best snuff—he had learnt to like this at the Academy—the best snuff, forsooth, was a luxury outside his means, nor could he afford to give much care to his dress. Kronenbitter, his soldier-servant, helped little to increase the comfort or the order of his bachelor establishment; yet Schiller would but repay the worthy fellow's blundering negligence by some imprecation in which the humour was blent with the abuse.

At the beginning of April Schiller stated his much-revised, much-altered play *The Robbers* to be complete. Following Petersen's suggestion, he had added largely to it, and it was now to be published anonymously. The preface had been written some time before. His piece, so it put forth, was not meant for the stage, even though the author would feel fortunate did it win notice from some Roscius of his fatherland. He spoke most slightly of actors and of the general theatre-going public, albeit that he knew so very little of either class. Hoven having failed to find him a publisher, Petersen was deputed to do so, who, however, thought the matter not void of risk. If Schiller was anxious to secure the ear and the verdict of a wider public for his poetry, he hoped likewise to gain money by it. In an extraordinary letter to Petersen, while with his brother at Speier, he urgently begs him when at Mannheim to find a publisher willing to buy the copyright. His first and foremost aim in asking this he confessed to be "mammon, omnipotent mammon." So great was his need of money that he requests Petersen to send him the sum derived from various books he had commissioned him to sell; they would surely fetch four or five gulden; and to Kapf and himself these would just now be of real service. He should be quite content to get fifty gulden for his manuscript, and anything above that amount would in all right and honesty go to Petersen.

His second reason he states to be a wish to try "his fortune as author, as dramatist ;" the expectation, the hope, the curiosity attending the venture would shorten and make sweet his days of probation, would work a cure for his melancholy. In strange contrast to the other two, we learn the third reason, "a purely genuine one"—namely, that in his present position he would like to gather up and put from him all his essays in poetic and dramatic literature, as they could but hinder his project of becoming professor of medicine and physiology. Placed as he now was, it became incumbent upon him to work at one thing, and at one only ; he meant, therefore, to find fortune and advancement in a post that would allow him yet further to prosecute his physiological and philosophical studies. By his soul he felt driven to poetry, yet his father's warnings, as also his circumstances, led him, after mature reflection, to choose a profession akin to his scientific bent, and one that would allow him to be of support to his relations. Somewhat singular, this last utterance, coming as it does immediately after the wish to see his *Robbers* in type. Success would surely only heighten his passion for the muse ; neglect or censure could alone turn him from her charms. No, his heart was ardently set on the play's publication. We see this in the touch : "Look here, my boy, if it succeeds, I mean to treat myself to a couple of bottles of Burgundy !" We are shown it at the letter's end, that closes with the wild belief that none would divine the author's name, albeit so many of his friends had already heard about the play. To this is joined the yet more singular suggestion, that Petersen should in this case give out that one of his brothers was the author !

However, Petersen could find no one to publish the play, so, in spite of the risk of being known as a poet, Schiller resolved to issue it in Stuttgart at his own cost. The printer required surety for the payment of his bill ; how this was forthcoming we have no means of knowing. In very short time the play passed through the press. Schiller sent the first seven sheets of proofs to Councillor Schwan, at Mannheim. Christian Friedrich Schwan was born in 1733 at Prenzlau. After studying theology at Halle and Jena, he went to Russia.

Upon the death of the Empress Elizabeth he lost his patron in that country. Some stir was caused by a volume of his, published in Holland, entitled *Anecdotes Russes; ou, Lettres d'un Officier Allemand*. In 1764 he started a weekly literary journal at Frankfort-on-the-Main; and the year following, having married the daughter of his publisher Esslinger, he went to Mannheim, to manage his father-in-law's business there. Here, by his efforts to advance the national taste in literature, he soon won regard. He translated several pieces from the French, and gave his aid and support to a newly-formed society for purifying the German tongue and for raising the public taste. He strove, likewise, to make the newly-built play-house a home for national dramatic art. He himself took a journey to Lessing, in order to gain that writer's help for the Mannheim Theatre. And Lessing gave it; yet the matter came to nothing. Schwan had great influence with the director of the Mannheim National Theatre, that had been opened in the autumn of 1779; besides this, his large publishing business brought him a wide connection, so to Schiller his interest and goodwill were the more of value. And Schwan, he to whom fortune had been thus bountiful, was it not likely that he would gladly recognise talent of such a stamp? Fully sensible of their merit, he read to Dalberg the proofs he had received, expressing to the author his interest and sympathy. Schiller hastened on the printing with the utmost despatch; he made sundry corrections, and altered the preface, that, in its original form, might have been damaging to him in the eyes of a class upon which must depend his future success. Thus in the new preface he terms his hero "a quaint Don Quixote," and claims for his work a place among moral writings; for, said he, if readers were careful to give him their attention, and did they wholly grasp his meaning, it would be the moralist rather than the poet whom they would praise. This was, in truth, reversing the whole standpoint of the piece, was putting it upon another level; however, it did duty as a kind of apology for so powerful a drama of ruin and revolt.

The first edition of eight hundred copies was ready in

July. In Stuttgart, where the poet's name was soon on every lip, the piece created large stir. Who could have looked to a mere Academy student for so trenchant a homily upon the condition of citizens and the State! who could have expected this from him, a simple army doctor, even though his "Funeral Ode" had shown him to be possessed of liberal ideas! There was a general wish to make the poet's acquaintance, whose humble lodging formed but a poor reception-room. Scharffenstein tells us that it contained, besides a large table, two benches and a wardrobe, while, strewn about, in one corner lay quires upon quires of manuscript verse, and in the other piles of potatoes, bottles, and plates. Of all those who now sought the poet's friendship, no one was more welcome to him than the kind-hearted Streicher, who, to his surprise, recognised in the wild, impetuous dramatist an ex-pupil of the Academy. This he knew by the rapid eye-blinking, by the oft-recurring smile. Schiller was at once conscious of the other's true and heartfelt sympathy. Streicher writes:

"The most spiritual, most unassuming of countenances smiled in friendly greeting upon the new comer. All compliment was passed over and evaded in a winningly modest way. When conversing, not a word was uttered that could have wounded the most sensitive. The pale complexion, that as he spoke grew somewhat flushed, the weakly eyes, the hair flung loosely from his forehead, the white bared throat—all helped to impress one with the poet's strange individuality, to make one feel that he stood as far above the mere forms of society as were his strictures upon its laws." Thus soon did Schiller show his *savoir vivre*, in adapting his manner to that of those he met. Just as he was merry and jocular with his student-friends, just as he could show an unfeigned interest in the worthy Zumsteeg, whose musical talent he did all to encourage—so to Streicher, an enthusiastic admirer, he held out all the affection, all the sympathy of his nature; and there was soon close intimacy between them both. His relation with Solitude was somewhat embittered by his father's displeasure, to whom it was no slight annoyance that Fritz,

unmindful of success in his profession, should busy himself with other matters from which he would get more harm than help; and that, while fancying himself on the road to renown, in spite of his limited income, he did but lead a loose, unsettled life. From his mother and Christophine, on the other hand, he ever got hearty welcome each time that he came there to visit them, either alone or with friends. Scharffenstein has given special praise to Frau Schiller's great cordiality. With kind-hearted Christophine, Fritz had thorough sympathy; she took deep interest in his poems, and copied out several for him. It was with her that he revisited his beloved Lorch, where first he had felt his soul astir within him.

Nor, though the drama engaged him, did he forsake the lyric muse; her voice now rose upon the air, wherein were mingled notes of scorn and tenderness, of insult and unbounded passion. We hear them in the lyrics addressed to Laura, a name that occurs constantly in Klopstock's fantastic love-songs. He had yet high esteem for Klopstock, although, ere this, he had seen that in many of his odes there was more of rhapsody than real feeling. According to Scharffenstein, "Laura" was none other than the young widow landlady; a purely Platonic attachment, this, and nothing more. For just to these odes is lacking the sensuousness, the zest, the *abandon* of early love. Schiller does but celebrate a gentle, kindly matron, with whose children he loved to play; she who showed him such interest, whose music soothed him in moments of sorrow, it is she whom he makes the ideal of his fantastic affection. This was what he himself termed it two years later, comparing it to that of Don Quixote for his Dulcinea.

Dalberg and Schwan, to whom he had sent his *Robbers*, commissioned him to prepare it for the stage. Either Schwan was to publish it, or it could appear in a collection of dramas arranged for the Mannheim Theatre. Dalberg secured the copyright for himself and offered to accept other plays that Schiller might write later on. On August 17 the poet had hopes of finishing his work in a couple of weeks. "As yet I am free and untrammelled," he writes to Dalberg, "and

I shall deem it high fortune if, with all that is in me, I may share your Excellency's ardent love for literature." With so distinguished a patron he believed his future to be assured; not a thought was given any longer to the professorship of physiology and medicine. But this work of re-arrangement took up more time than he expected. An outbreak of illness in his regiment formed one cause of delay; another was his acquaintance with the mother of Wolzogen.

Henrietta, Baroness Wolzogen, had also sent her youngest son to the Military Academy. Three of her children were now at Solitude, and she determined to place her daughter in the *Pension* there, and next year to settle in Stuttgart, where Franciska took a great interest in her family. The Baroness had sought to be introduced to her son's friend, the speedily famous author of *The Robbers*. She took a great liking to him. Schiller also became sincerely attached to



Henrietta, Baroness Wolzogen.

her, who had his good so deeply at heart, and who knew the disagreeables connected with his position. As he himself tells us, she was the sole woman who, besides his mother, had a deep hold upon his sympathies. He took her also to Solitude, where the high-born lady was received with every honour. Schiller *père*, little as he might approve of his son's career, had to hide his discontent, now that Dalberg had laid open to Fritz so promising a future. Conz, one of Schiller's playmates at Lorch,

was staying for a time in Stuttgart, and he came to renew their friendship. He had actually gone through that course of study from which the Duke had held Schiller back. Although not yet twenty, he had taken his degree, and filled an honorary post at Tübingen. The poet must, in sooth, have been thankful to have escaped a like fate; moreover, such a career would have been impossible to him. Conz, like Petersen, had written a drama upon the last of the Hohenstaufen, and there was much that made the meeting of genuine pleasure to both. Some of the impetuous surgeon's utterances may perhaps have shocked Conz somewhat, who looked on terror-struck as the poet, when Kapf had taken the key of his room, broke open the door with a tremendous kick. Thus, though still in narrowed and humble circumstances, his life was cheered by intercourse with so many friends and acquaintances.

On September 21 Schiller, first of all, sent the acting version of his play to Petersen, asking him freely and impartially to alter and criticise both dialogue, characters, and plot. The longer, the more detailed such criticism was, the better he should like it. Not until October 6 could he send Dalberg the play, that, after following Petersen's suggestions, had been turned into a tragedy. During the interval, while awaiting answer, he renewed his acquaintance with the poet still imprisoned at Asberg.

It was not until the close of 1780 that Schubart was allowed greater liberty; he might now receive visits from friends. Von Rieger, the commandant of the fortress, made him manager of the theatre there, at which prisoners and soldiers used to act. It so happened that Hoven was present at a performance given in honour of the General's birthday, on October 1; Rieger begged him often to come there, and asked him to bring his godson, the famous author of *The Robbers* with him. Hoven assented, and the General accordingly bade Schubart embody in a critique, his opinion of the play that in so brief a time had gained such great success. Schiller came. They introduced him to Schubart as a certain Dr. Fischer, a special friend of the dramatist. Ere long they began to talk of the play, and "Dr. Fischer" desiring to hear

Schubart's verdict, Rieger got him to read his critique aloud, that closed with the wish to make the illustrious poet's personal acquaintance. "Your wish is granted," struck in Rieger, patting him on the shoulder. "There he stands before you." "Is it possible?" cried Schubart in glee—"that, then, is the author of *The Robbers*." Falling in joy upon his neck, he embraced him warmly and gave him his blessing. They met each other several times after this occurrence.

From another of Suabia's famous poets, from Wieland, to whom he had sent his drama, Schiller won words of encouragement and praise. In his own enthusiastic way, Wieland recognised the qualities of strangeness, of originality in this powerful work, wherewith the poet should have closed his career, not begun it. But he had no intention of noticing the play in his journal, *Mercur*, for, despite its power, it was thoroughly against all his own sympathies.

Dalberg's illness served to delay his much-looked-for answer. On November 3 Schiller proceeds to reply to his criticisms. He was surprised that Dalberg should so totally have missed the play's poetic side; in a drama this was distinctly a gain, so he thought. For the rest, the impatient author had to yield in all points to the wishes of his Excellency the Intendant. He consented even to the unreasonable postponement of the performance until after the war. He also agreed to write a short prologue, headed "The Author to the Public," that was to be printed on the play-bill. His imagination was already at work upon another theme for dramatic treatment, that of Fiesco, the Genoese. Rousseau had led him to this choice; the historical facts connected with the conspiracy he had got from Robertson's *History of Charles V.* when preparing his prize-essay at the Military Academy. He now went on to master the subject in its details, to familiarise himself with the early history and constitution of Genoa.

The Robbers had meantime become out of print, as Schiller had sold the remaining copies to a second-hand bookseller. Another edition was therefore necessary, which Löffler undertook to publish. A newly-added vignette of a lion rampant, with the motto "in Tirannos," gave proof of the republican tendency

of the work. In the preface, dated January 5, 1782, it is promised that the printing shall be marked by accuracy, and that all phrases of double-meaning, offensive, perhaps, to a more refined section of readers, shall be left away. Nevertheless, here and there only a coarse expression was excised, while, to the many gross typographical blunders, fresh ones were added.

Dalberg announced that the piece would be performed on the 10th or 12th of January. Franciska's birthday, however, fell on the first of these dates. This time it was to be kept with special grandeur, and Schiller must necessarily be there. So, in order that the poet might witness the first performance of his drama, it was postponed until the 13th. Kapf, Schiller's fellow-lodger, had left him during this time, having received an appointment as military instructor at a school.

Without obtaining official leave, but having informed the colonel of his intended absence, Schiller set out for Mannheim with Petersen, who was about to visit his brother at Speier. This journey was the longest he had as yet made. What feelings must have been his as he first set eyes upon the frontier of the Kurpfälz! Their carriage passed through Bretten, Melancthon's home, and Waghäusel on its way to Schwetzingen.

On Sunday, January 13, at five o'clock P.M. (the length of the piece made such early commencement necessary), Schiller found himself seated next to Petersen in the handsome National Theatre at Mannheim. The house was filled to overflowing with an audience from far and near; there were some, even, who had driven from Frankfort and Mainz in order to see the much-talked-of piece. Up till now, Schiller had never witnessed the performance of a *bonâ-fide* German play; for in Stuttgart, besides Italian opera, farces and vaudevilles were all that was acted, the performers being drawn from the ranks of the Academy and the *Ecole*. As Schiller says, the theatre there was as yet in its teens; here, on the other hand, he was to see three of Eckhof's most talented pupils, besides other artists having sound and thorough training. By strange fortune the actors Beck, Beil,

and Iffland, firm in their friendship and devoted to their art, were all three included in the cast. It had been found necessary to divide the play into seven acts. In the bill, the time of action was preposterously enough fixed as being "the year in which Emperor Maximilian had given to Germany perpetual peace." The opening scenes failed of their looked-for effect; the four last acts, however, were received with thunders of applause.

The chief honours of the night fell to Iffland, then in his three-and-twentieth year, who played Franz, a part for the success of which Schiller had been most anxious. The actor gave a vivid, finished, and deeply-impressive picture of the thorough-paced villain; as a masterful study in psychology, no less than in elocution, it must have had its lesson for the dramatist also. Schiller, who had pictured his hero tall and gaunt, felt at the first some disappointment when Böck's little wizened figure



Iffland, from the engraving by Verheltz.

trod the boards. This drawback was, however, soon forgotten as he watched his splendid acting, full of fire and passion, and showing such a thorough grasp of the author's meaning. Beil, young, handsome, and enthusiastic, was an ideal type of the brave, true-hearted Switzer. Beck looked in all respects the gallant Kosinsky; and with Meyer's reading of Hermann, Schiller was exceptionally pleased. The other rôle for which he had feared was that of Amalia. But

Madame Toscani played it with great feeling and charm, if at times she was a trifle too lachrymose. For Iffland, Böck, and Beil the author had most praise, even though he did not entirely agree with their conception of the characters. Dalberg had given special care and attention to the dresses, scenery, and general mounting of the play, and never before on the Mannheim stage had a piece produced such an effect. After the performance Schiller and Petersen joined the actors at supper, who were one and all elated by their success. What an impression must the glowing congratulations from the three brother-artists have made upon Schiller! He held long and detailed conversation with Schwan and Dalberg upon dramatic art, and was firm in his resolve to follow the career of playwright. He made mention about his *Fiesco* to Dalberg, who proposed that he should prepare a stage version of Goethe's *Goetz*. He wished also to provide him with fresh material for another play. Yet, friendly as were his offers, he said no word that could in the least have compromised him. Schiller received four carolines for his travelling expenses; he had stipulated for this sum. Overjoyed, the poet quitted Mannheim, where he had taken note of much that he determined should serve him in work to be produced hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

FROM JANUARY TO SEPTEMBER 1782.

FORTUNATELY, his absence from his regiment, where officially he was on the sick-list, had not been noticed. The duties to which he now returned had never seemed more irksome to him. He meditated writing a detailed criticism upon the Mannheim performance, wherein he intended to point out certain shortcomings in the conception of some of the scenes. His new play *Fiesco* likewise engaged him, and the historical nature of the subject presented to him no slight difficulty. He found it easier to invoke his lyric muse in the task of extinguishing Stäudlin, a local poetaster, who, in his vanity, aimed at wielding the national lyre. To the verse written while at the Academy, and for the most part needing merely revision, much had been added during the past year; and now the lyric vein flowed anew within him. His little *Anthology for the Year 1782* was soon got together; Haug, Petersen, and Von Hoven contributed to the volume. The poems had cyphers as their only signature; under twenty-two of them, together with the preface and dedication, stood Schiller's initial; yet it is likely that he was the author of many more; probably two-thirds of them were from his pen. Among these must be counted the lyrical operetta *Semele*, that he and his sister had once acted at Solitude. This alone filled over forty pages of the book. Only in one instance did he sign himself as "Author of *The Robbers*." Varied, uneven as are these productions in style and in tone, they yet give proof of great power, of singular skill in versification; side by side

with these qualities we have, nevertheless, much that is high-flown and disappointing and coarse. A national war-song celebrating one of Würtemberg's heroes, Count Eberhard the Grumbler, is marked by great freshness; another poem, and one of the best, entitled *The Infanticide*, may have had fact for its basis. Besides the odes to Laura, there were many love-lyrics; not one, however, seems to have been inspired by actual passion. The ease with which he could realise scenes unfamiliar to him is best shown in the description of a battle narrated by an officer supposed to have been present. There is a bitter dash of scorn in the *Evil Monarch*, while the fragment *To a Moralist* verges on the gross. In *The Muse's Revenge*, and the humorous dream entitled *Minos and the Journalists*, the irony is aimed at Stäudlin, his rival. Rousseau is held up as a martyr; in one epigram, Spinoza's zealous champions are ridiculed; in another, Wieland is proclaimed the poet of this world, Klopstock being the bard of the next. The volume was in all points worthy of the author of *The Robbers*; like the play, it was full of unbridled force and energy. But if this poetry achieved a less wide, less notable success, it was because the interest in a drama where characters of different type live and move for us, must always be keener and more genuine than that given to lyric verse, wherein the author can but show you his own personality, can but speak to you in his own voice. Great offence, too, was given by the poet's allusion to Würtemberg as "a very Siberia for the intellect," and the *Anthology* was generally looked upon as a boyish attempt to take the wind out of Stäudlin's sails. Still it was gratifying to Schiller that Schubart and Rieger should give the volume such enthusiastic welcome. The former, in his words of praise, falls into sheer rhapsody. He writes to his wife: "Schiller's a great fellow; I love him ardently. Greet him from me." Outside Würtemberg, the *Anthology* was scarcely known.

Not content with eclipsing Stäudlin, he sought to take over the editorship of the *Suabian Magazine* that Haug had relinquished the year before, and to continue its issue in a more important form. He ever felt deep desire to live

and move in the world of letters, to have a voice, an influence therein as well. Certainly there was another reason—the wish to increase his income by a stipend however meagre. In all haste he determined, with the joint aid of Petersen and Abel, to issue a quarterly journal, of which the first number, entitled *The Württemberg Repertory*, stated to be “printed at the Editor’s cost,” was at once to appear. Besides original essays and tales, critiques of current literature were to be published in its pages, critiques unsparingly candid and severe, to judge from the lines of Virgil taken as a motto. Schiller wrote under various initials. His opening essay was upon the “Present Condition of the German Stage.” The reason, he said, that it failed to have good influence upon morals was owing to the three powers concerned in its support—the public, the playwrights, and the actors. So long as the public merely sought amusement, it was vain to pretend that the national theatre was also a school of morals. The German dramatist, like the English, had the faculty of seizing Nature at her very heart’s core; what he lacked was the humanising touch, the art of bringing her grandeur home to man. Actors fall under the charge of self-consciousness; they do not utterly sink themselves in their part. Certainly, when writing this, Schiller’s knowledge of the stage and its requirements was quite an insufficient one. In a dialogue, called *A Walk under the Lindens*, two temperaments are contrasted: the one bright, gay, and finding enjoyment in nature and in life; the other self-torturing and pessimistic. Among the critiques from Schiller’s pen there is one on the acting edition of his own drama. He ruthlessly attacks the weak points of the play, and so little does he spare himself that this is the grim allusion to the author with which the paper ends:—

“Turning to the back of a picture, one naturally looks for the author’s name. Unfortunately, all his learning would seem to have been got *by intuition*. He is little read in critical literature, choosing maybe to hold his own opinions; this one may see by the beauties in his work, no less than by its egregious faults. The author is said to be a surgeon

attached to a battalion of Würtemberg grenadiers ; if this be so, it does high credit to the sagacity of his prince. In so far as I understand his work, he would seem to have as great a liking for strong doses *in emeticis* as *in æstheticis* ; I would liefer give him ten horses to cure than my wife." He takes great exception to the character of Franz, "the villain," who, in his cold-blooded calculation, would be the last to use such flowery phrases as those set down for him by the author. For such language an over-wrought imagination could form the only excuse. The dialogue altogether is most unequal ; from the lyrical manner we pass to the metaphysical ; the style in one place is Biblical, in another, tame and bald. Nor, under this mask, could Schiller refrain from condemning Dalberg's absurd alteration respecting the action of the piece. In an appendix he prints a notice of the opening performance, presumably written by a native of Worms. This also is not wanting in words of censure for the poet, who is told that from his play three others could reasonably have been made, each one producing a greater effect. Stäudlin's *Anthology* is sharply dealt with, although the reviewer admits that here and there amid the flood of mediocrity, "above the frogs croak of mere doggerel," one could catch the true notes of Melpomene's lyre.

Side by side with this journalistic work Schiller busied himself with his *Fiesco*, and several of its most important scenes were already complete. But his poetry writing was now to be threatened with long interruption. From the 11th to the 17th of February Stuttgart was *en fête*, on the occasion of the Military Academy being changed into an Imperial University. On the 11th, the Duke's birthday, Schiller, with all his brother-officers, had to offer "The Anointed One" their formal congratulations. After public reading of their theses, three of the Academy's former pupils were awarded degrees, in law, in medicine, and in philosophy. The Duke, once opposed to the study of medicine, was anxious that many of his Academy pupils should take the opportunity of getting their doctor's degree at his newly-founded college instead of at the Tübingen University. Among those who forthwith

came forward was Von Hoven, who had already partially prepared himself for passing. And Schiller, not to add further to the Duke's displeasure, was obliged to follow his friend's example. Karl Eugene had meant to make a doctor of him, and a doctor he would have to be, although he himself openly declared that he looked upon his profession, not as a mere aid to money-getting, but rather as a philosophical theory. Accordingly, he must pass his examination and take his degree. Schiller's appearance as a poet, and moreover as one so deeply hostile to the recognised omnipotence of princes, had been vastly displeasing to the Duke. In commissioning the captive Schubart to write a prologue and epilogue to a play then about to be acted at Solitude, called *Sophie; or, The Just Prince*, he thought he paid full tribute to an art towards which he was so utterly indifferent. And though it was ever clearer to him that he harmed himself by such injustice, obstinacy would not allow him to grant the poet his freedom. He would guard, however, against giving the world fresh cause to blame his violent treatment of a disciple of the Muses; so he took no steps to hinder Schiller, whose scathing allusions to tyrannical and immoral princes must have struck him to the quick. Nor did his father, much grieved as he was at all his son's republican writings, fail to give him urgent warning, begging him to act with regard to his future and to the welfare of the family that would hereafter look to him for support. And so Schiller finally decided upon this, to him, repugnant step. To Dalberg, who had put him in mind of his promised dramatic work, he was obliged to explain that circumstances compelled him to attend the ducal university, where, before taking his degree, he must prepare a medical dissertation. Thus, before six months were past he had little hope of being able to indulge his taste for dramatic composition, or of making fresh progress in an art that formed so large a portion of his earthly happiness. However, genius proved stronger than professional zeal; instead of writing his medical dissertation, he devoted his time to *Fiesco*. He also contributed to the *Repertorium*, under the title "A Generous Deed in Latter-Day History," an incident told to him by the Baroness Wolzogen;

besides making some Latin epitaphs upon Luther, Kepler, Haller, and Klopstock the subject of an essay. At Scharffenstein's suggestion he composed a strange dialogue between a youth and an old man, in which the former affirms the soul's condition to be one of ceaseless struggle, that the root of pleasure lay alone in its anticipation, that enjoyment was lost in the realisation. "Eternity is the career towards which I press," says one passage. "By my manifold longings I shall steal forth amid the spirit-crowd that moves ever onward to God."

The sudden death on May 15 of his godfather Rieger revived his lyric muse. In a Funeral Ode he praises the grandeur of the deceased, who, instead of "truckling to earthly deities," instead of "buying the goodwill of magnates with a people's curse," had pleaded the cause of the innocent, had loved humanity above the "tinselled sham of greatness," so that, in the blessings of those beyond the grave, he would gain more than from a Duke's favour or cross of chivalry. The less that Rieger merited such praise—he who in his day had basely oppressed the subjects under him—so far more biting seemed the scorn that the poet hurled at the "childish conceit" of "earthly deities," at the yearned-for smiles of princes, at all the vanity and pomp of those in power. The whole poem must needs give bitter offence to the Duke. When it appeared, he was absent from Stuttgart, having gone on the 20th to Vienna with Franciska, where he stayed for ten days. During his absence Schiller profited by the chance to visit Mannheim, where he could give Dalberg a personal explanation. Thither he resolved to go with the Baroness Wolzogen and Madame Vischer, to whom he had told much of the performance of his drama. Accordingly, he informed Dalberg on the 24th that next day he would start for Mannheim, bringing with him some ladies and friends, in order, if possible, to be present at another and more complete representation of *The Robbers*. To have seen this would be all the greater gain to him when at work upon the piece he had in hand. He must, however, leave Mannheim again on the night of the 28th. Hoven was also invited to join the

party, that at one o'clock on the 25th drove out of Stuttgart in a four post-chaise. This second successful performance of his tragedy filled Schiller with fresh dramatic ardour. At the same time he revived his genial intimacy with the actors; Meyer, one of the older of these, received him with special friendliness. He had a long talk with Dalberg, during which he frankly told him of his great longing to devote himself entirely to the drama. Dalberg pointed out the difficulty of obtaining the Duke's consent, yet promised to help him so far as it lay within his power. He gave him a copy of H. L. Wagner's dramas, dedicated to himself; also St. Réal's romance of *Don Carlos*. He wished to have his opinion upon the one book; the other might possibly yield matter for an effective drama.

Immediately upon his return Schiller was seized with an attack of influenza, which in Germany that season had been widely prevalent. Hardly had he recovered when he writes to Dalberg complaining that no one could be more unfortunate than he; sensible of his melancholy position—sensible, too, that he deserved a better lot; and yet but one prospect stared him in the face! He makes passionate appeal to Dalberg's generosity, imploring him to help him in his need by means of one or two letters addressed to the Duke, and written with a due regard for his crotchets. To win his favour, one had but to flatter his vanity respecting the Academy. So Dalberg must say that he considered Schiller as the Duke's *protégé* and nursing—brought up, instructed at his matchless institution. It were also well to fix some period during which he wished Schiller to be with him at Mannheim; thus his absence would seem the rather a temporary one, instead of an escape for good and all. And to meet the possible objection that such a course would be against Schiller's own good, it could be urged that he meant at Mannheim to pursue his medical studies, just as before. All this was cleverly enough planned, maybe, but Dalberg only saw the clearer how vain it was to hope for the Duke's consent to such a request, and how easily he might fall from favour by making it. So, in all courtesy, he declined to interfere.

And now fresh misfortune was at hand. The story of his journey into "foreign parts" had got abroad; it reached the ears of the Duke. He was highly wroth at so flagrant a breach of discipline on the part of the army surgeon, who had thus disregarded duty for the following out of presumptuous theories of his own. He sent for Schiller, whom he severely reprimanded, charging him with gross neglect of the duties of his profession. For fourteen days he was to consider himself under arrest. The Duke was informed that the poet's absence had been known to his colonel in command, Oberst von Rau. Schiller, however, absolutely denied this, for he wished to save the kind-hearted man from disgrace. Rau had such fear that the truth might eventually be known, that he studiously avoided encountering Schiller in public; they met privately at night-time, when the prisoner used to assure his superior that he would never betray him. While under arrest he worked at *Fiesco*. It was told to his father that he had been gambling, and had lost heavily. Directly he is free, he writes to Dalberg an account of what had occurred, urging him to procure him the suggested appointment without delay. He could not venture in a letter to state the reason that now made him doubly anxious for this change; the Duke's command was that he should devote himself wholly to his profession.

"Only this much I can tell you for certain, that if, by good luck, I do not come to you within few months, there will be no further chance that I can ever live with you. I shall then be forced to take a step that will make it impossible for me to stay in Mannheim." It was a yet further flight that he had in view. Although she looked to the Duke for her son's promotion, Madame von Wolzogen's deep interest in Schiller led her to offer him refuge at Bauerbach, a lonely hamlet near Meiningen. From her house there he could easily escape to Leipzig or Berlin. As a final bait for Dalberg's favour, Schiller states that *Fiesco* is to be ready by the middle of August, and that *Don Carlos* will probably form one of his next subjects.

But his misfortunes were to be yet further increased. Spiegelberg's allusion in *The Robbers* to Graubünden as the Athens of latter-day thieves called forth vigorous objection in

several German prints. One editor, all zealous for redress, commissioned a friend of his in Ludwigsburg, one Walter, to extort from the poet personal withdrawal of the offending phrase. Walter, good, worthy soul, thinking to do his ruler a service, goes in hot haste to tell him of the whole affair. The Duke, whom public attacks upon his Academy and disputes with the States had already angered, was highly incensed at this insult offered by one of his ex-pupils to a neighbouring province. He determined to prevent the recurrence of what threatened to harm his own supreme authority. Not deigning to grant Schiller a personal interview, he sent him, on August 27, an official mandate, by which "all further literary work or communication with other countries" was distinctly vetoed. Disobedience to so despotic an order would of a certainty result in imprisonment at the fortress; Schiller's only safety lay in flight; yet how to flee he saw not. He felt surer, more certain than ever, of his poetic talent; Stäudlin's cheap sarcasm about a colossal genius, a second Shakspeare, passed him unheeded. The thought of his father's anger at his flight, this was all that troubled him; moreover, it might cause disagreeables between his parent and the Duke. Had not the elder Schiller sworn that his son should stay in the Würtemberg service? If Karl Eugene did not exact payment for the eight years' maintenance at the Academy, there was yet fear that he might withdraw his favour. Moreover, Schiller had made debts in Stuttgart; the creditors, in especial a Captain von Schade and Madame von Holl, would assuredly come down upon his father for payment.

Despite all that troubled him, he ceased not to work at *Fiesco*. While escaping, it was just this play that proved his first means of help. Unfortunately, Dalberg gave him no answer whatever. His last resource was to try and remain in Stuttgart. He therefore petitioned the Duke for a mitigation of sentence. His writings had hitherto brought him in an annual sum of 550 gulden, and, if deprived of this means of income, it would be impossible for him systematically to continue his course of study, or rightly to reach the end that he had in view. Some of his literary efforts, as he was humbly prepared to show, had met with general acceptance and ap-

proval throughout all Germany. Of all the Academy pupils, he could boast to be the first who had drawn upon him the notice of the world, who had wrung from it some meed of regard. Such honour reflected wholly and entirely upon him to whom he owed his training. He was ready publicly to give account for any undue literary licence that he had taken, and he made solemn promise that all his future writings should undergo strict revision. It was hardly conceivable that the Duke would consent to this request. He would assuredly hear nothing about a poet, educated, forsooth, at his Military Academy; again, it would hardly please him to know that his army surgeon could not live upon his pay. But the answer was other than Schiller had expected. "The Anointed One" went so far as to refuse to accept the petition, and General Augé was instructed to forbid Schiller, on pain of arrest, to address any further letter to his Grace. Flight, that was the only remedy left to him; for this it remained to choose a fitting time. An opportunity offered itself during the festivities that took place on the 17th, in honour of Prince Paul of Russia and his wife, Maria Feodorowna, the Duke's niece. During the last days, while brooding over his desperate resolve, he paid a farewell visit to Schubart, still a prisoner at the Asberg, who gave him several of his manuscript poems. Streicher had offered to accompany him in his flight. It was he who, through love for Schiller, hastened on his own journey to Hamburg, fixed for the coming spring, when he was to visit Karl Emmanuel Bach, the musical director there.

Dalberg was among the Duke's guests. He and Schiller met, but neither came to any nearer explanation. With Frau Meyer, the actor's wife, and Streicher he went one afternoon to Solitude, to take leave of mother and sister, who already knew of his inevitable resolve. This was on the 21st, the day before that fixed for his escape. Next night a brilliant *fête* was to be held at Solitude, and the Duke and his high-born guests would grace it by their presence. Schiller felt bitterly the grief of parting. For over an hour he stayed with his mother, who was nigh heart-broken at the threatened loss of her only son. At length, in deep emotion,

and with eyes reddened by weeping, he came back. His father, noticing their condition, was told that it was due to a malady from which he often suffered. The elder Schiller could talk of nothing but of the rejoicings to take place upon the morrow. That night Schiller stopped at the guard-house with Scharffenstein, whose turn it was for duty. At parting he commended Lempp, another old schoolfellow, to the lieutenant's care. On this same evening *The Robbers* was being acted for the first time at Hamburg, to a crowded house; in Leipzig, too, it had been given with great success. Early next morning he went his hospital rounds for the last time. By ten o'clock all was to be got in readiness for the journey, and Streicher accordingly came to him at this hour. He found him engaged upon an ode, a counterpart to one of Klopstock's, that had for long past fascinated him. Whilst packing away the volume, it had worked with fresh force upon his mind. Probably this was the ode *Our Princes*. Streicher had to hear both poems, and give judgment upon them. In imaginative beauty, in verbal charm, Schiller's work seemed to him the finer. It needed all Streicher's care and forethought to keep the poet from leaving anything that was necessary behind. In the evening, at nine o'clock, as already the castle-panes blazed with a thousand lights, the fugitive met his friend. Under his cloak he carried two pistols, both of them old and useless. One of these they packed up; the other, broken-locked but still possessing a flint, was put in the carriage that already held two boxes and a small harpsichord. Schiller had only twenty-three gulden in cash; and Streicher's mother in such haste had not been able to collect for him more than twenty-eight. They drove out through the gloomy Eszlingen gate, where Scharffenstein was on guard. To the inquiring sentry Schiller gave the names of Dr. Ritter and Dr. Wolf, both travelling to Eszlingen. By midnight the lights of Solitude could still be seen, and Schiller turned to show his friend the point where lay his home; then there broke from him the sigh, "My mother! oh, my mother!" While halting at Entzweihingen he read Streicher the MS. poems that Schubart had given to him, among others *The Vault of*

Princes. At eight o'clock they reached the frontier, where Schiller felt as though freed from a crushing load. Würtemberg lay behind him—Würtemberg, his fatherland, his prison. "See," cried he to Streicher, "see how pleasant the posts and rails look, in their blue and white paint. The soul of government has just such pleasantness." In sooth, he knew nothing of the hardship to which he was going, nor with what grief he would soon be leaving the fair land that he had just reached. He could not foresee that eleven years must pass ere he should again set foot in his fatherland, ere he should come back to it, broken in health, and with a loving wife at his side.

BOOK IV.

THE FUGITIVE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER 1782.

THE carriage had only been hired as far as Bretten. Thence they travelled by mail-coach, and reached Schwetzingen at nine P.M., where they had to stop the night, as Mannheim, being a fortified town, shut its gates at an early hour. Next morning the friends drove thither, gay and joyous of heart; for with them they brought *Fiesco*, now all but completed. They at once called upon Meyer, the *régisseur*. He was much astonished to see Schiller before him in the character of a runaway, and courteously invited him and his companion to dinner. After the meal, Schiller wrote a letter to the Duke, in which he repeated the plea that before had been refused acceptance. Dread of punishment if he did this in Stuttgart had forced him to flee, albeit he was convinced that, might he but humbly state his case, the heart of his ruler would soften towards him. All his hopes, all his prospects would be dashed by denial, "if he might not come back to his regiment with leave to devote himself to literature, so that with the profits derived therefrom he could travel at times and gain knowledge of the world and of its great men; moreover, civilian's dress would be helpful to him in his profession. Otherwise he would be the most wretched of men, driven, banished from kindred and home; he must needs wander forth into the world, an outcast!" This letter he sent to his father's friend Colonel von Seeger, who was to use his influence in his favour. The answer was to be forwarded to him at Meyer's address. Schiller saw no other means to postpone being tracked as a

deserter, but he could hardly hope that the Duke would grant his wish.

Meyer took rooms hard by for the friends; and next day his wife returned from Stuttgart with the news that Schiller's disappearance had instantly become known, and that there was general talk of pursuit and capture. By a strange irony of fate, the piece played before the distinguished guests at Solitude on the night of Schiller's escape had been *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. Schiller thought to have warded off all danger by his one letter; however, he wrote a second, to his father, pointing out the necessity there had been for such a step, and asking to be informed of all that he might have heard about it.

Soon Seeger's answer arrived. The Duke, whom the visit of his high-born relatives had made specially gracious, desired him immediately to return. The most to be looked for from this was a possible exemption from punishment; Schiller therefore declared that, without some further parley, he could not come back. He also made appeal to his general and other friends, although by this time all chance of compromise had vanished. *Fiesco*, that was his only hope. At four o'clock one afternoon, seated at Meyer's round table, he began to read the play aloud to an eager audience of actors, saying beforehand a few introductory words upon the history of the time and of the *dramatis personæ*. He was listened to coldly and in silence. Beil left the room after the first act; at the close of the second all except Iffland followed his example. Schiller ceased reading further. Such a reception of his piece—it had hardly provoked a single formal compliment—quite stunned him. Meyer took Streicher aside into another room, where he told him that he thought *Fiesco* the very worst play to which he had ever listened; and he expressed his belief that Schiller must have exhausted his entire powers in writing *The Robbers*, and that hereafter he would but produce highflown, nonsensical rubbish. Iffland stayed till eight o'clock, but all conversation on the subject flagged. Meyer, before they separated, out of courtesy asked Schiller to lend him the manuscript until next morning, as he had only heard the first two acts. On reaching his lodging

the poet's chagrin vented itself in bitter complaint, touching the envy of actors and their silly spirit of clique ; in his despair he even thought of treading the boards himself, if his play were not accepted ; for, in sooth, they could none of them declaim it like himself. How terrible a night, this one, for the poor fugitive ! Streicher, at early morning, while Schiller still slept, went to Meyer, who received him with the joyful news that *Fiesco* was a masterpiece. It had been Schiller's provincial accent, his detestable trick of reading everything, even the stage directions, in the same high-pitched sing-song voice, it had been this that had damned the piece, and had made one think it so thoroughly execrable. The so-called committee would at once give it a second hearing and it should be put upon the stage without delay. Dalberg, unluckily, was still at Stuttgart. The *fêtes* were over, the great guests had gone, yet he sent no news of his return ; it seemed as though he wished to absent himself until Schiller should have quitted Mannheim. As without Dalberg, no decision upon the play could be given, and as it was feared that the Duke would insist upon his being given up to him, Schiller, following his friend's advice, resolved in the early part of October to visit Frankfort, and while there it would be seen if there were still any danger ; Dalberg's verdict would by that time also have been pronounced.

The two friends, musician and poet, owing to their narrow means, had to make their journey upon foot. Streicher wrote, before starting, to his mother, bidding her to send him some money, addressed to Frankfort, as he could not forsake his friend in the hour of need. One fine afternoon they crossed the Neckar bridge to go towards Sandhofen ; the village where they stopped for the night was probably Sandtorf. / Already, while on this journey, a new theme for dramatic treatment suggested itself to Schiller—a tragedy of bourgeois life in contrast to, and with more of background in it than those of H. L. Wagner. He began to sketch the first outlines of his *Luise Miller*. All next day he thought upon this while passing along the beautiful route across the mountains ; he had but half an eye for the charms of landscape that from time to time his friend sought

to make him notice. After twelve hours on foot, they reached Darmstadt at six in the evening. Schiller, next day, felt somewhat unwell; yet he resolved to push on to Frankfort. From there he meant to write to Dalberg. At one village they drank "kirschwasser" to strengthen them; at another they tried, though in vain, to get some rest. Schiller's faintness and exhaustion increased, and he at last lay down in a coppice near the roadside. Here he fell asleep. A passer-by asked them who they were. Streicher took the man for a recruiting officer, and answered roughly, "Travellers." His voice roused Schiller, who, thus startled, gave the stranger so searching a look that, without a word, he turned away and went on. This rest helped the poet to reach Sachsenhausen, the suburb of Frankfort, without difficulty. They took humble lodging at an inn on the Mainbrücke, to the sign of the "Three Oxen," and made arrangements with the landlord to board there so long as their little money should last. Early next day Schiller, in his sorrow, wrote to Dalberg. Driven by the Duke to such sudden flight, he had been forced to leave debts behind him in Stuttgart, and to come away without money sufficient for his needs. In three weeks he hoped to have *Fiesco* ready and fit for the stage. This emboldened him to ask for a partial advance of the sum due to him, of which, more than ever before in his life, he stood in need. He owed about two hundred gulden in Stuttgart, and this caused him the greatest anxiety. If Dalberg could kindly lend him for a time a hundred gulden, it would be of the utmost assistance to him. Speedy help, that was all of which he thought, for which he wished. Having lightened his heart of this, to him, specially painful task, his gaiety and fire returned. The stir and movement of a great commercial city had good effect upon his spirits. Now he could more entirely devote himself to his *Luise Miller*. He withdrew quite, as it were, within his shell; and Streicher, knowing his habit, left him to his thoughts, undisturbed. Next morning, during a stroll through the town, they went into a book-shop to ask for a copy of *The Robbers*. When the bookseller spoke of the wide fame which the play had gained, Schiller, in the fulness of his heart, confessed to being its author. He gave

up that afternoon and evening to his new drama ; after supper he told Streicher how he was now at work upon a tragedy of bourgeois life ; he was going to try if he could lower himself to such a level. All the next day was spent in writing. On the following morning a letter from Meyer brought the crushing news that Dalberg refused to advance any money. The piece in its existing form was of no service to him ; until it had been altered he could say nothing definite in the matter. Schiller's only fee for *The Robbers* had been his travelling expenses ; yet the play's success was a lasting one. But no thought of helping the need-stricken, despairing poet for a moment crossed the mind of his Excellency von Dalberg. Schiller was too proud to complain of such treatment, bitterly though it pained him to have been led to trust to the cold-blooded courtier's sense of humanity, and to open out to him, unchecked, all the anguish at his heart. He quickly determined to return to the environs of Mannheim, in order to get his piece ready for the stage ; they had only to wait for the money expected from Streicher's mother. Meantime Schiller would try and sell his poem *Love, the Devil*, that he had brought away among his MSS., and which both he and his friend considered exceptionally good. The work has been lost to us ; probably it was based on a translation by Meyer of Cazotte's *Diable Boiteux*. Instead, however, of the twenty-five gulden that he asked, the publisher would only give eighteen ; so Schiller, vexed at such niggardliness, refused to sell it at all, though sorely in want of the money. Streicher's thirty gulden came by the next day's post ; they were for his journey to Hamburg. How, though, could he leave his friend when in such a plight ? With this sum, all insufficient for two, they began travelling homewards. They reached Mainz by boat, going thence on foot to Worms. But Schiller became so exhausted that it was necessary to drive for a part of the distance. At Worms he got a letter from Meyer, promising to meet him at an inn at Oggersheim, a village near Mannheim. Here Schiller found him, with his wife and two friends, admirers of the poet. The acceptance of *Fiesco* was certain, Meyer said, if it underwent alteration, and if an effective ending were added. To do this three

weeks were necessary, Schiller thought ; so Meyer advised him to share lodging with Streicher at the Oggersheim Inn. They accordingly hired a room in the top storey. As in letters from Stuttgart there was still talk of arrest, he sought to avoid detection by calling himself Dr. Schmidt. His new subject *Luise Miller* so fascinated him that he worked at that instead of at the much-needed *Fiesco* ; some of the characters in the former drama were designed to suit certain of the Mannheim actors. The hours of twilight, when he paced the room, and Streicher sat playing at the piano—these were the ones most favourable to poetic inspiration. He sent several letters to Stuttgart and to Solitude ; to foil inquiry he dated them from Leipzig. Even his parents and sister must believe him to be far away. He needed nothing, so he wrote ; he would pay his debts as soon as an understanding were come to with the Duke. If he did not return, they might sell his things and pay off his debt to Landau. He often went out at nightfall to the town, where he visited Schwan and Meyer, sometimes stopping there till morning. On these occasions he used to lodge with a builder named Hölzel. No sense of any danger troubled him, though the Duke had sent him strict injunction to return. Not until after a fortnight, when *Luise Miller* was all but entirely planned out, did he busy himself with *Fiesco*, which he sent to Dalberg the second week in November. On the 6th he told his sister he was *en route* for Berlin. Success was certain, for he had an introduction to Nicolai, the publisher there. To soothe his father he puts in that in less than six months he expects to get his medical degree. Ere finding fortune he must be quit of debt ; this was his first duty. He also hints at the possibility of a visit to St. Petersburg. He had to wait long for Dalberg's answer, and this year his birthday was passed amid deep anxiety. Kind-hearted Streicher wrote for the last instalment of the money intended for his journey to Hamburg. On the 16th Schiller complained to Dalberg that eight days were over, yet he had got no reply so far ; if no decision could as yet be given, he would like, at least, to have his opinion. Going one evening to Meyer, he found both him and his wife in great consternation. Shortly before, a Würtem-

berg officer had called at the house asking for Schiller. They suspected that he was a messenger from the Duke, and their fears were heightened by the statements of other neighbours, who brought news that this officer had continued his inquiries at a coffee-house near by. Schiller caught the prevailing panic, and accepted Madame Curioni's friendly offer to give him and Streicher hiding in the Prince of Baden's palace, of which she had the guardianship. Next morning, however, Meyer found out that the stranger had left Mannheim on the preceding evening; he had come on no errand of search; he was a Lieutenant Koseritz, one of Schiller's friends, who wanted to see him. Still, it was evident that he ran much risk by staying in Mannheim, and as soon as *Fiesco* should be accepted, his friends advised him to quit the place. He therefore wrote to Frau von Wolzogen, asking leave to make her house at Bauerbach a refuge, although in Meiningen he could have lived in equal safety, and with greater ease. What he wanted was to work on quietly and undisturbed, while gaining for himself fresh ties. The close of the month brought Dalberg's answer, as curt as it was pitiable. The tragedy, he said, was useless in its present shape; therefore he could neither accept it nor offer any sum for it. On the 27th Iffland had given detailed criticism of the piece; and, while instancing its faults, he pointed out its high poetical worth, and the rare power of many of its scenes. Considering the author's straitened circumstances, he recommended that he should at least be paid a sum equal to that ordinarily given for hack work, or for translations of the common stamp. Despite such advice, this almighty magnate of the stage—he who well knew of Schiller's straits—decreed that no sum could be offered for his play. Perhaps this was quite in the baronial manner; nevertheless, it was hardly humane. His Excellency could not risk the loss of a Duke's favour; rather than forego it, a genius might starve! Time has veiled from us many an act no whit less mean; we have to thank the Nemesis of history for hiding much of Dalberg's baseness; yet we can never forget that it was he who left a poet to struggle on in penury, rather than lose the enjoyment gained by attendance at grand ducal *fêtes*.

Schiller's only alternative was to offer his play to Schwan, the publisher. He, poor man, was sorry not to be able to give more than a louis d'or per sheet; but at least he paid him this modest fee in advance, for ten sheets to begin with, as it was uncertain how many there might be in all. Schwan treated him like a friend; he gave him introductions to Ettinger, another publisher at Gotha. Schiller was forced to pawn his watch, and after buying some of the barest necessities, he had just enough left for his journey, and for the defrayal of expenses at Oggersheim. They were to leave that place at the beginning of December. When Meyer and other friends came to bear him company as far as Worms, they found him in the act of packing his portmanteau; matters of most urgency were forthwith discussed over a bottle of wine. At the post-house at Worms they saw a strolling company play, in execrable fashion, Gerstenberg and Benda's *Ariadne in Naxos*. The others found this a rich theme for laughter; but Schiller watched the performance with deep earnestness. Not until supper-time, when Rhenish wine went round, did he get back his spirits. Meyer and his friends were profuse in farewell wishes; but Schiller and his Pylades could say nothing—no kiss, no embrace, only a lengthened pressure of the hand set seal upon the bond of friendship between two faithful hearts. All honour and eternal gratitude be to Streicher, that true and sterling soul before whom Dalberg's baronial lustre pales! With little clothing to ward off the cold of that winter night, Schiller stepped into the post-chaise which was to take him to Meiningen. Besides Streicher there was but one of Schiller's friends who could fully appreciate this act of his, this forcible self-severance from all the ties that bound him. It was Iffland, whom passion for his art had driven to the boards, who, while yet a mere boy of eighteen, had chosen to forsake the comforts of family and home—he it was who, in Schiller's flight, discerned the resistless might of genius.

CHAPTER II.

FROM DECEMBER 1782 TO JULY 1783.

SCHILLER reached Meiningen on the morning of December 7. He halted at the "Stag" there—an inn still in existence—whence he at once wrote to the sub-librarian, Reinwald, to whom Frau von Wolzogen had given him recommendation. He said that a traveller from Stuttgart, whom, perhaps, he knew, was anxious for the pleasure of an interview. Fears for personal safety obliged him to maintain an incognito, but he begged for the pleasure of his company at dinner. Wilhelm Friedrich Hermann Reinwald, whose father held a post under government at Meiningen, was at this time in his forty-sixth year. He had studied law; but likewise took keen interest in music, philology, and *belles lettres*. The death of Duke Anton Ulrich, who had sent him as privy councillor to Vienna, robbed him of the prospect of a successful future. All higher outlook vanished in his acceptance of a paltry secretaryship. In 1776 he undertook the management of the ducal library, then in a state of thorough disorder. Overwork, and residence in chilly, unheated rooms, affected his eyes and broke his health, thus heightening the melancholy from which he already suffered. When, after four years, his arduous task was ended, another was preferred before him. The head librarianship was given to one Walch. Yet, though thus slighted, he continued to devote himself, heart and soul, to the library under his care. He cherished deep sympathy for art and science; he had published several poems and essays; and a volume from his pen, *Poetic Fancies, Tales, Letters, and Miscellanea*, had just appeared.

To render a service to the author of *The Robbers*, and to Frau von Wolzogen, gave him great pleasure.

Shortly ere nightfall Schiller reached the little village of Bauerbach, lying to the south of Meiningen, amid dark, pine-clad hills that part the rivers Werra and Main. It was a mere hamlet of some thirty houses, and Jews formed a third of the population. With its ruined church, it belonged to the neigh-



Frau von Wolzogen's House at Bauerbach.

bouring parish of Bibra. Snow had fallen, and all was wrapped in white, while here and there from the scattered houses lights gleamed. Schiller was taken to the local justice, who already had knowledge of his coming. He welcomed the poet, introduced as Dr. Ritter, with much cordiality, and brought him to the Baroness' house, that stood close by, a plain building, with spacious grounds. Upstairs he found a large stove alight, and all in readiness for his arrival. Even now one may see in that low-roofed room the identical chair which

was put at the fugitive's disposal; there, too, is the round table at which he wrote; there, too, the old family portraits that looked down gravely at him from their frames. The villagers were but poor peasant-folk, who earned a livelihood by husbandry and tar-burning. In the loneliness to which he soon grew accustomed, all that he needed was a friend—some one of culture with whom to exchange sympathies and thoughts. At first the bad weather kept him indoors; and there he merely met servants, and occasionally the local justice, who, for private ends, treated his tenant's guest with profuse civility. Later on he made acquaintance with the vicar of Bibra and his son, both men of high education.

He first endeavoured, although vainly, to get his *Fiesco* printed. "You know," writes he to Schwan on the 8th, "you know that it was but the prohibition to follow literature which drove me from the Würtemberg service. If, therefore, in this field I do not soon let the land hear my voice, it will be thought that the step I took was without purpose, and in vain. Pray urge on the printing as soon as you can. In a fortnight you shall have postscript and preface." He further adds that, for a speedier settlement of his affairs, he must that winter take to poetry; afterwards he would sink himself in the study of medicine—in his profession. Towards gaining his own livelihood, towards realising the hopes placed in him by his family, it seemed best to do this; yet genius swept him forwards along her path. His heart was heavy on Streicher's account; alas! he could do nothing but recommend him to Schwan. Besides the new piece that he soon hoped to finish, there were other dramatic schemes that busied him; he had a *Mary Stuart*, a *Don Carlos* in project. Perhaps, too, at this time his mind may have been at work upon an original theme, upon his *Friedrich Imhof*, in which Jesuitism is treated in the same fashion as in his *Ghostseer*. Imhof was supposed to be a freethinker; thus he gave him his own Christian name. More likely, however, the title was suggested by the name of an old fellow-cadet.

As his imagination grew ever more and more active, Schiller had need before all things of books whereon to

nourish his mind ; thus, the very second day of his arrival he sent Reinwald a list of works he wished to have. On this, besides philosophical treatises by Garve, Mendelssohn, Smith, and Sulzer, with others of a critical and æsthetic nature by Gerard, Home, Lessing and Ramler, he had put down Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet* (a help to the last scene in *Luise Miller*), Wieland's *Agathon*, St. Réal's *History of Don Carlos*, histories of Scotland and of England by Robertson and Hume (these, perhaps, for *Mary Stuart*), some books of travel, and, last of all, Zimmermann on *Experience in Medicine*. With his *Luise Miller* he did not make rapid progress ; he left this to write the dedication of *Fiesco* to his old master Abel. It was a pleasure in his dreary loneliness, while pining half morbidly for human intercourse, when Reinwald with some friends came to see him. But his promised visit in return at Christmastide never took place, as "he had not adequate equipment to show himself on Sundays in the town."

Into his life a fair star now rose when, at the New Year, Frau von Wolzogen brought her daughter Charlotte to Bauerbach. Now for the first time love touched his heart with all its fire and force. Perhaps while still a school-girl at Stuttgart she may have charmed him ; yet the feeling then was no deep one. Now, in the height of youth and maidenly beauty, she stood before the poet's wondering gaze ; he saw her, not in the vortex of society, but in the natural atmosphere of her own home. The thought flashed upon him that, having her companionship, he would find the full meed of earthly happiness. Though void of all prospect of success in the future, he scarcely saw how vain must be any hope of marriage with a dowerless lady of rank. He yearned only for the rest that now at last seemed found for his despairing soul ; this blinded him to every hindrance.

On the 3d of January 1783 he accompanied Frau von Wolzogen and Lotte to Waldorf, some three leagues distant, where her brother Dietrich Marschalk von Ostheim had an estate. Schiller had the pleasure of making his acquaintance,

besides that of the vicar of the parish. In the afternoon he took leave of the Baroness, promising soon to return.

Writing next day to her, he says: "Your absence has robbed me of what was myself; my state is one of mighty transport; I am as one who has looked long upon the sun, which stays before the vision long after the eyes are turned therefrom; they are blind to any lesser ray. But I shall be careful not to destroy the charm of such illusion."

He only ventures to send "sincere regards" to Lotte, besides a complimentary message to the Baroness' brother. He had promised to write a letter on her behalf to the Duchess of Gotha, Charlotte's god-mother, about school-expenses, and to compose a poem anent the betrothal of her foster-daughter, Henrietta Sturm, with a bailiff at Waldorf. In this last, his lyric muse, long silent, again spoke forth, with new fervour, with deeper zeal. The bulk



Charlotte von Wolzogen, from a family portrait.

of his praise falls to Henrietta's foster-mother; hers was a nobility of life, far higher than that of birth, which he detested. In describing the bliss that love brings to the heart, he may have wished to reveal to Lotte how he himself longed for such joy. After his second visit to Waldorf, he told his benefactress the dread he felt at their threatened separation.

"It is fearful," he writes, "to live apart from humanity, without some sympathising soul; yet no less fearful is it to cling to some kindred heart from which, sooner or later, in a

world where nothing stands sure, one must wrench one's self, bleeding, away."

The following week they met at Meiningen, and then again at Waldorf before her departure on the 24th. Shortly previous to this, Lotte had been placed under the care of a bailiff's wife; later on, it being fixed that she should go back to Stuttgart with her mother. While she was here, he must have written her a letter, which, however, was opened by other hands and withheld. Four months afterwards he reflects upon the fate of his missive. To mislead all who might be on his track, he gave Frau von Wolzogen another letter dated from Hanover, in which he spoke of going to England, perhaps even to North America, if that were a free country. To Streicher he sent the news that, on account of the Duke, the Baroness discountenanced his staying longer under her roof. He was therefore going to Herr von Wurmb, with whom he had become fast friends, and who had invited him to his estate in the Thüringen Forest. He knew that many would ask Streicher about him; this, therefore, seemed the easiest way to spread a false report—one, by the way, that scarcely tallied with the letter given to the Baroness.

Although he was anxious to finish *Luise Miller*, because of the money it would bring him, the subject of *Don Carlos* now laid mighty grasp upon his mind. Nevertheless, Reinwald prevailed upon him to write, at the Duke of Meiningen's suggestion, a satire in verse upon the impromptu military arrangements made by the Coburg Court when, during his Grace's illness, it moved to Meiningen. This Reinwald printed in the local paper—of course, under a *nom de plume*. "Simon Crabseye B.A.," such was the signature that Schiller chose. Then, wonderful to tell, Dalberg turns to Schiller, whom he had so shabbily treated, to ask what progress he had made with *Luise Miller*, about which, through the actors, he had heard. Schiller had not forgotten how arbitrarily his *Fiesco* had been rejected; there was some spice of scorn in his answer to the effect that the play was choked with errors. But Dalberg, changed on a sudden to all that was courteous and

bland, wanted to have the piece at once; nay, its very faults were merits, from a dramatic standpoint. Instead, therefore, of continuing *Don Carlos*, Schiller was led to finish his other and earlier play first, which he intended to offer for publication to the well-known firm of Weygand in Leipzig.

The Duke of Meiningen's birthday was on the 4th of February, and to celebrate his restoration to health, a little drama for children was to be acted in his honour on that day. For this, Reinwald asked the poet to compose either a prologue or an epilogue. And he did not refuse compliance with so strange a request, albeit that it obliged him to leave weightier work aside. By writing poetry for his Grace of Meiningen, Schiller thought to ensure that nobleman's protection, if Karl Eugene should be told where he was hidden. Just then the Duke was in Saxony. While at Leipzig, Weygand spoke to him admiringly of his liege-man, the renowned author of *The Robbers*. For Weygand knew nothing about the poet's flight.

Frau von Wolzogen had fixed to be absent for fourteen weeks. On the first of February he tells her of his joy that one of them is past. She had gone hence with his good wishes, his tears; they would follow her everywhere. He is glad that Lotte can travel with her, though, had she stayed behind, he would have gained. He ardently looks forward to spending the following summer in their society.

"So lovely, so spring-like is the weather to-day," he writes, "that it conjures up visions of all that pleasant time which is to come. How precious, then, must those days to us be that take their colouring from friendship. I am going on a shooting expedition to the mountain and the coppice. Perhaps I may have some sport."

But all too soon winter returned, making every road and path impassable. So irksome to him was the solitude of his "caged cell," to which in general he saw himself doomed, that often he would gladly have exchanged it for the companionship of some rational human being. He deeply felt that genius needs a spur, an impulse derived from contact with other minds.

"Laboriously, and often while quite against the grain," says

he, "I have to work myself up into a mood, a key for poetry that otherwise I could reach after ten minutes' intellectual talk with a friend, after reading some excellent book, or after a sight of the broad heavens. It would seem that thoughts can but be called forth by thoughts, and that our ideas, like the strings of some instrument, need to be played upon by other minds."

He had undertaken to teach Lotte chess; while playing at times for practice with the justice, maybe he thought of her and of his promise. Just in these days Duke Karl passed near Meiningen as he returned by way of Gotha. He had been to Jena and to Weimar; visiting Goethe, whom he had already known at Stuttgart, yet neglecting to notice another great poet of his country, Wieland.

Luise Miller had been gleefully accepted by Weygand, though at the outset he sought to profit by the poet's good-nature. As the work could not be printed until Easter, he asked Schiller to append thereto a prose outline of the story. But Schiller declined to do this. He promised, however, to give him his *Maria Stuart* when complete, for which Reinwald was getting him further historical references. *The Robbers* had been played at Berlin before His Majesty the King with tumultuous applause; in one of the journals an ode appeared celebrating the author as the Shakspeare of Germany. Meanwhile he made little progress with *Maria Stuart*; he wavered between working at that or at his *Imhof*; and with Weygand he could not agree about the payment for *Luise Miller*. Then the news reached him that one of his old fellow-cadets, a Lieutenant von Winkelmann, was going to accompany the Baroness back to Meiningen. He consequently wrote to her to express his keen regret at being forced, under the circumstances, to keep away, for if he came, detection would be inevitable. Fears on this head, however, were not his sole motive; more probably he dreaded that in the lieutenant he would find a successful rival for the hand of Charlotte.

Before answer came to this passionate outburst, he at length wrote an answer to Dalberg. He stimulates his

curiosity respecting the new piece, which he is already arranging to publish, and throws out hints about *Don Carlos* and a tragedy of Prince Conrad, leaving him to judge whether all his dramatic force has failed him. Pressed though he was for money, matters were left unsettled; and *Luise Miller*, that he had been all too eager to see in type, was set aside for the *Don Carlos*, which now mightily, irresistibly absorbed him.

At spring's outset he had suffered from an attack of vertigo; blood-letting had been necessary. News of his mother's illness also caused him alarm. He roamed about the neighbourhood, often visiting his clerical friends at Bibra, staying often until nightfall to finish some pleasant discussion. At Untermaszfeld, a village between Bauerbach and Meiningen, he met Reinwald and called upon Rasche, the vicar there, well known as a numismatist. At Ritschenhausen he was also known to the clergyman of the parish. He grew more intimate with the village-folk, especially with the innkeeper. While looking forward to the coming of his benefactress and her daughter, he busied himself with gardening; the summer-house formed a favourite retreat, and he also made a skittle-ground.

Meanwhile his slender money-store became exhausted. In his need he turned to Reinwald, who was greatly sorry that, placed as he was, he could not offer him help. Schiller sought to soothe his distress by pointing out that he was only in such sudden straits owing to a pecuniary disagreement with Weygand, and because moneys due to him on *Fiesco* and on a watch left behind him at Mannheim had not yet been paid. He had therefore to go to the justice and borrow of him.

With the approach of spring the poet's breast glowed with fresher and more fervent fire. Absorbed in *Don Carlos*, he writes on April 14th, while sitting in the summer-house, to Reinwald, who, in the ardour of his enthusiasm, he takes to be the noble-minded being for which he so long had sought, who had entire possession of him with all his failings, all his shattered virtues. "I might perhaps have been great," he remarks, "but fate fought against me all too soon." As he conceived it,

all poems were but inspired by enthusiastic friendship, or by Platonic love. The poet's attitude towards his hero should be less that of an artist than of a lover, a friend. For this cause, Leisewitz's *Julius von Tarent* had touched him more than Lessing's *Emilia*. And so *Don Carlos* was for him much as some living object might be; it filled his heart, his brain; it was with him in every place, at every season. Possessing something of the soul of *Hamlet*, his piece would borrow blood and nerve from Leisewitz, while he himself would give it pulse and life. Through his description of the Inquisition and its iniquities, he hoped to avenge the miseries it had brought to suffering humanity.

To his joy *Fiesco* was at last printed, and he was very anxious to see the early notices of it. Frau von Wolzogen set his mind at rest about Winkelmann's coming. Leaving his *Carlos* for a while, he went back to *Luise Miller*, which he was desirous to finish, and thereby satisfy Dalberg, who had grown clamorous. But progress was not as rapid with it as he thought; he had in especial much to alter in order to fit it for the stage, and this enforced haste seemed, as he said, "quite to clip his wings." Another cause for uneasiness was the news of Lotte's engagement to a Herr von Pfaffenrath, a report which proved to be unfounded when the Baroness, according to promise, came to Bauerbach about the 20th of May. On the 10th Schiller had been to Meiningen, principally to confer with Reinwald about *Luise Miller*. Next morning, without bidding him farewell, he hurried back to Bauerbach; for it was on Sunday that the Baroness would arrive, and he must get all in readiness to give her festal welcome. All literary work was for a time abandoned. He had much upon his hands; for the village-folk were a clumsy set, and he had to give orders and make every arrangement himself; but he had his reward in the pleasure that his exertions gave to his benefactress.

Writing to Reinwald, he says:—"I had an avenue of May-blossom set up, which reached from the utmost end of the village until her house. At the entrance was a triumphal arch made of pine-branches. To the sound of guns the procession

went from here to the church, that was decorated throughout with sprigs of May. We had some nice music, with wind instruments, and the rector of Bibra preached a sermon for the occasion, etc. etc." He grew now ever increasingly intimate with Frau von Wolzogen and her daughter; and games at chess with the latter were more and more to his taste. The mother had told him frankly about Lotte's romantic relations with Lieutenant von Winkelmann; he loved her too much to oppose a match that might increase her welfare, deep though his own loss would be. To her brother Wilhelm, his friend, when speaking of the subject, he remarked that he envied him so lovable a sister.

"Just as if fresh from the Creator's hand, innocent, and with a soul the fairest, gentlest, and most sensitive, without as yet a breath of universal corruption upon the spotless mirror of her mind—such is your Lotte, as I know her, and woe betide him who should bring clouds across the life of one so guileless! You may rely upon my care for her mental culture, I am only half-fearful to show it, because one so quickly steps from respect and warm sympathy to sentiments of another kind."

When Lotte and her mother went to Meiningen to speak about school-money to the Duchess of Gotha, he wrote to the Baroness: "Think that you are but hazarding a wretched hundred thalers, while for yourself, for Lotte, and also for me [by staying oftener in Bauerbach], you have everything to win. If you will waive all claim to the money, I promise each year to write a new play and put upon the title-page, *A Tragedy for Lotte*." Thus did love's power stir and heighten his creative faculties. In this letter he enclosed flowers for Lotte. He grew half-desperate when the Baroness delayed her homecoming for two days beyond the appointed time.

"Oh! best of friends, when in an urgent strait you have forsaken me! I have never needed your affectionate sympathy more than I do now; from far, from near no one has come to soothe me in my wild, disordered frenzy. What shall I, what can I do to distract my thoughts? I know of nothing but to write to you; yet, in my letters, even, I am afraid of myself." Further

passages show the vehemence of his passion, that has quite shaken his whole existence. Frau von Wolzogen had told him that in Meiningen people knew who her friend "Dr. Ritter" was. The news, though without confirmation, deeply agitated him. He begs the Baroness to aid him in tracing the betrayer, whom he vows to hate, though it were his best friend. It would henceforth be ridiculous to keep up his incognito; he must go into society under his own name and mouth impertinencies to all the blockheads who had thus aspired to hear him, for he would have to maintain the respect due to his name.

"Yet I'm a fool," he suddenly jerks out, "for all this too has now no value for me. Time was when I was as greatly tickled with the prospect of undying fame as a woman is tickled by some intrigue. Now 'tis all one to me; I would make you a present of my laurels in the next dish of *bœuf à la mode*—would let you have my tragic muse as milkmaid if you happened to keep cows! How dwarfed is the highest point in a poet's fame when set against the prospect of a happy life!" And then he quotes Leonore's extravagant appeal to Fiesco to fling aside all that is vanity and a sham, and in romantic regions lead with her a life of perfect friendship.

"All my former plans have collapsed, dearest friend, and woe is me if such be also the fate of my present ones. Of course, I mean to stay where you are—to be buried, if it is possible, near you! Nor is there fear that I shall quit you, when even three days of separation seem to me so intolerable. The sole question is: How can I, near you, find a *lasting basis* for my life-long prosperity? And find this basis I will, or die; at present I pit my heart and my strength against the very hugest obstacles, and I know withal that I can conquer them."

Although, having re-read his letter, he is conscious of the madness in it, he sends it all the same; if his tongue proclaim him insane, his pen will scarcely give him credit for greater wisdom. Then he hears that some one from Stuttgart (it was Chamberlain von Künsberg) had arrived at Meiningen

in a carriage and four, and was asking for the Baroness. His jealousy told him that it was either Pfaffenrath or Winkelmann. If it were the latter, would she send him instant word? For in that case he would go to Weimar. And in spite of this, he begs her to bring him Klopstock's *Messias*, to lift him upwards to clearer atmosphere; he also asks for a copy of *Ossian*, the melancholy bard. Madame von Wolzogen was struck with fear at passion so tremendous in its force; it threatened to wreck his happiness no less than her own. For what would become of her Lotte, linked to a poet whom passion robbed of all reason, causing him to forget not merely his own high calling, for which all her enthusiasm had been roused, but also to ignore all duties to his family, who placed their entire hopes upon him? Warnings, exhortations from father and sister were alike fruitless; he had written to them shortly before of his brilliant prospects as a man of letters, and they in answer urged him not to squander time in dreamy inactivity, being burdensome to a noblewoman whose income was far from a large one. Reinwald, too, wished Schiller to quit his benefactress, who, in her heart's kindness, had given him shelter; he ought to go to some large town, where there was a good German playhouse. For, said Reinwald, though the loss of such a friend would be to him an infinite one, he would far rather sacrifice all personal pleasure for the gain and advancement of one who was hereafter to be so great. Thus he wrote to Christophine, after reading a letter from her to Fritz; he said he had found therein "such ripe thought, so much affectionate solicitude," that he made a copy of it, and had felt bound to tell her his views regarding her brother's position.

Lotte still remained with her female guardian, and she was expected to visit her home about the 8th of June. Reinwald proposed that Schiller should come with him to Gotha and Weimar, where he had relatives living. He wished to introduce him to Gotter and Wieland, perhaps even to Goethe. The plan promised much, and Schiller at first agreed to it, although, ere the Baroness arrived, he had already altered his mind; and now, with the prospect of seeing Lotte, it seemed

less and less possible for him to leave Bauerbach. At Whitsuntide she came, with her aunt, the Baroness' eldest sister, a person of cultivated literary taste. For Schiller these were right joyful days. He and Lotte could play unlimited games of chess together; and, what was more delightful, he could enjoy her society without restraint. "In truth she is a study," he tells Reinwald; rarely has he found such virtue and such innocence. It was a merry Whit Tuesday, that, for the villagers, when ale-barrels were emptied, and dancing was kept up until well into the night, even old men footing it in the absence of younger swains.

"'Tis certainly not a barbarous place, Bauerbach," writes he to Reinwald; "I have detected in its people more than one touch of politeness, all the rarer to me the less I believed it to lurk in natures so coarse and rough. Perhaps the difference between these men and those who think themselves superior is the same as that between a painting and a plaster-cast."

He had promised to lend Reinwald his *Luise Miller*, to read upon the journey, when he would give him his opinion. But was it likely that in these blissful days spent with Lotte he would have either time or inclination to work at the play?

Lotte did not leave Bauerbach until after the Baroness' birthday, on the 18th of June. Hearing through her brother that Winkelmann had spoken of Lotte in terms of great discourtesy, Schiller to his joy discovered that "a goodly portion" of her heart was, so far, her own, and "not by inheritance the property of this idol." Thus his love was strengthened by fresh hope, a love which he dared not reveal to the Baroness, although he had not wholly hidden it from her son. He still kept to his intention of remaining at Bauerbach; he could work better there, so he thought, although, in his excitement, this was far from being really the case. His only torment, in addition to home reproaches, was the fear that the Duke might know where he was in hiding. This would bring down vials of wrath upon his benefactress. And so he wished by means of a letter dated from Frankfort to renew his petition for dismissal. Things fell out in far other fashion, however.

Frau von Wolzogen grew at length so concerned at her

guest's fit of dreamy idleness, which quite threatened to rob him of all energy, that one day, as they were walking in the wood, she suggested that he should go and see Dalberg at Mannheim, with whom he must make arrangements about the *Luise Miller*, and other plays, if possible. Schiller could not deny that to have such an outward incentive would be to him of profit; only he stipulated that his absence should but last over a few weeks, and that if Dalberg offered to keep him at the theatre, he should return in the following spring. To the Baroness, to her who had his weal so earnestly at heart, he gave his word of honour that he would not take the first step towards securing a theatrical appointment. He had firmly resolved to stay ever and always at Bauerbach. From this, too, Frau von Wolzogen joyfully saw how noble a nature was his; and if she did not believe he could reasonably keep such a promise, made though it was in all sincerity, she would not spoil the charm of his dreams by any remonstrance. Neither of them reflected, however, that Dalberg would not be at Mannheim during that summer. Money had now before all things to be collected for the journey, and this Schiller, by using the name of his patroness, was able to borrow. One Israel, a Jew, lent him the modest sum required. But he had other creditors—the village schoolmaster and the landlord; these the poet had to put off with promises of payment against his return.

Already on the 10th of July he told Reinwald of the journey that he had decided to take, which would prevent his showing him the manuscript of *Luise Miller*; yet he did not venture to say whither or wherefore he was going. His letter states that he is to meet his cousin (from London) at the Suabian frontier. This was his godfather J. Christian Schiller; through him he hopes to become known in England. He repeats this again to his friend before starting. For six weeks or so he was going either to Frankfort or to the Würtemberg frontier, as there were a thousand reasons for his not wishing to miss an interview with the so-called "cousin from England." Through him, perhaps, he might gain a recognised footing upon the London stage, at the Drury Lane Theatre;

for his dramas, by reason of their form, would be likelier to please an English than a German public. Schiller's sponsor seems actually to have come back to Suabia at this time. Two years later he was in business as a printer at Mainz. The poet writes another letter, one to Wilhelm von Wolzogen, by which he seeks to make people believe that he is on his way to America. He dates it from Frankfort, for which city he started in the Baroness' carriage at early morning on the 24th. He lost no time in sending her word of himself.

"Believe me, dearest friend," he wrote, "as my knowledge of the world grows wider, the more I mix among men, so much the deeper do you engrave yourself upon my heart, so much more precious do you become to me. You will have had a sad day, and a sadder evening to live through without our Lotte; but the day and evening of my return shall requite you for such sorrow." Fearing the expense of living at Frankfort, he at once pushed on to Mannheim, where, by sudden arrival that night at the theatre, he thought pleasantly to surprise his friends the actors. He reached this place with fifteen thalers in his pocket. Five he put aside for the return journey, and by dint of economy—by going without breakfast, even—he made the other ten last for three weeks or so. Yet fate was to keep him longer in Mannheim. There he would gain theatrical experience; there he would fall into fresh grooves, and after many a keen fight with fortune, would be entangled in such a mesh of difficulties as to have need of some delivering arm.

BOOK V.

THE PLAYWRIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

FROM JULY 1783 TO MAY 1784.

SCHILLER could not have chosen a more unseasonable time. Dalberg was to be absent for another fortnight at his country-seat, Hemsheim; Iffland and other leading actors had taken a holiday; at the theatre only stale pieces of a worthless class were being played. Moreover, the weather was now intolerable in its sultriness. Schiller chafed, too, under his self-imposed economy. Yet at Meyer's house he found warm welcome, and pleasant lodgings were taken for him in the Schlosplatz, commanding a fine view of the square. The fee for room and board was two thalers a month. Here, in Mannheim, to his joy, he saw Streicher, who was heartily delighted to meet his friend unexpectedly at Meyer's. It was also a pleasure to get such affectionate reception from the inn-people at Oggersheim. What served him most was the friendly treatment of his publisher Schwan, at whose house, to which he had free entrance, he could make many acquaintances. Margareta, Schwan's eldest daughter, then in her twentieth year, met him most cordially. Since her mother's death it was she who managed household affairs. She had charms not only of person but of mind; she possessed that breadth of view which culture gives, and from her large eyes there spoke forth soul and feeling. She felt deep sympathy for the poet, whose youthful ardour outweighed all singularity of conduct. Schwan was much pleased with the *Luise Miller*; he showed its author a letter from Wieland, expressing warm feeling towards him, and prophesying great things for him in the future.

Dalberg had offered him the receipts taken after a first performance of his plays; and then from *Fiesco* and his new drama (in six months' time he could print this latter) he would earn from four to five hundred gulden. Schiller would certainly have been contented with the half of such a sum; his wishes were, in sooth, most modest ones regarding



Margareta Schwan.

money; he longed for no greater fortune than to live always at Bauerbach, where all his joy was centred, upon an annual income of four hundred gulden. Schwan counselled him to send copies of his plays to different stage managers at Berlin, Hamburg, and Vienna, who would probably offer him a price for them. A fortnight after his arrival he writes to the Baroness: "How great, how infinitely great already has

been your improving influence upon my heart ! Rejoice with me that thereby it has borne more than one perilous test. Do but be fully conscious of helping and of having helped towards the right way one who, if given over to evil, would have had opportunity to ruin thousands."

Frau von Wolzogen had warned him not to trust over-much in others, but simply to follow the still small voice within him. He tells her that he has torn up a letter to Lotte, for he could not make it a cold, formal one, and if it had warmth her guardian would never countenance it.

"Give greeting from me to every spot in Bauerbach," says he at the close, "and let me use the title which you have conferred upon me, a title which no grander one shall ever supplant. Let me, dearest mother, let me call myself your most affectionate son."

She, noble woman, in straitened circumstances herself, and not without cares for the future, was gladdened by the poet's words of gratitude. To her his heart was no less dear, less precious than his might of soul, yet she hoped that he would be caught by the world's eddying current, and that he would thus put aside all thought of marriage with her child.

Dalberg, who came back on the 11th of August, received Schiller with great friendliness. The day following they had a long interview.

"The man is a mass of fire," he writes, "but alas ! it is fire of the gunpowder order, all blaze and bang ! Yet I thoroughly believe that he would like me to stay here, provided it caused him no sacrifice. My *Fiesco* is to be given here ; they've actually asked me to annotate the piece. Perhaps I shall re-cast it and go through with the representation.

"To-morrow, before a large assembly, with Dalberg in the chair, my *Luise Miller* is to be read, and they will then decide whether it can be acted or not. Dalberg, to please me, promised to give a performance of my *Robbers* and other important plays. For this would test the strength of the company, and it would set me a-flame. I should be pleased if my *Robbers* could be acted."

Dalberg saw how useful the poet would be to him at his theatre ; moreover, he knew that if he gave him employment there, the Duke would now no longer object. From Mannheim Schiller made excursions to Heidelberg and Schwetzingen. Schwan and Dalberg frequently invited him to their house, and one Sunday, while dining with the latter, an agreement was read over to him respecting his engagement as a paid writer of plays for the theatre, the appointment being fixed to last twelve months. A letter from Bauerbach had just told him that Winkelmann was coming there to stay for two months. It was quite impossible for them to meet, so Schiller willingly accepted Dalberg's proposal, after making some alterations and having stipulated for the immediate advance of two hundred gulden. Dalberg asked him in addition to pass judgment upon Klein's drama *Sickingen*, sent in for acceptance, and also to write a notice of that night's performance of *The Robbers*. Anton Klein, Schiller's senior by eleven years, had been a Jesuit. Upon the dispersion of that order he had filled posts as professor of poetry and philosophy, and as managing secretary to the Teutonic Society. His place, his power, made him a man of mark. Besides several dramas, he had translated Metastasio's *Death of Dido*, and had worked not a little in the field of letters. His chief subjects of interest were folk-lore and philology. To remain on friendly terms with one so sagacious and so influential was, of course, for Schiller a matter of high importance. *The Robbers* was played that evening to a crowded house ; the author was more than content at such success. But next day, alas ! ague seized him—a kind of marsh fever which during that tremendous heat made havoc in the town. It was a ghastly fiend, this, risen up to ruin all his fairest prospects. When sending back a copy of the amended agreement, he regretted that hitherto he had lost all power of mental concentration, for by the attacks of fever his brain had greatly suffered. He undertook to remain in Mannheim as playwright for a year from the first of September. Besides *Fiesco* and *Luise Miller*, he engaged to produce another drama for the stage—only, during the hot summer months it would

Minerale, denn ich würde mit zusehendem Vergnügen
an dir schreiben, da ich weiß, daß sich dein letzter
Situation so gut vermindert hat. (Da ich gar gewöhnlich
mein, und unser Alter. Altes Leben! Es ist
zu viel Abkämpfung des Alter, Freunde, 3. Punkt des
Festes zu erweisen, ist die erste zu einem Blick von
Freude, oder die Kinder werden allein zu sehr Zeit
infordern. Auf die erste 4. zu besser verstehen
was es vermehrt als ist. In der ersten, die man
die gemacht, hast du sich schon sehr besonders das,
daß du einige Monate die Feste darfst und dem
Land zu bringen. Ich fürchte, daß man man
sich bezieht, daß wieder zu stehen, & leben nicht
sich wieder sehen ist mit zu zu Veränderung ist sehr
in dieser vorzüglichen Feste, die diesen Monat
erschließt die neue wieder unangekündet nach
unserer Feste, das, und Simmer den Markt
aber Gottes Geist ist so wichtig, der Gerechtigkeit
die ist, die in der Feste dem Menschen auf Gleichheit
bist immer als Freigeist.

Also wie ich bezieht, daß ich die noch nicht
bestimmen die Feste der ersten Vorstunde, nicht
ist, daß eine solche Feste mit offen Feste
interne werden werden sein, oder die in einem
Anfang zu bestimmen der die ist (für Feste, und
ein sehen wie sehr viel und sehr wenige - in der
Leid, Ockernum, alle Feste, Feste und 4. die Feste.

als ob ich dich jungen sehr hoch, und es in einem
Namen für dich ist, und nicht viel Mühe um dich
dich ist mich sehr den jungen sehr der Mühe ist
größerer Wahrscheinlichkeit, dass du in der Zukunft
und dann nicht anders, Größeres, du wirst nicht mehr
nicht wissen, sondern jetzt.

Man sagt dir sehr so viele Sachen in der
Fam und freudigsten Augen, und nicht weniger in der
Fam besonnt dich die dich zu in der Fam
nicht abgeben, als ist dich nicht dich die dich
hat und es die dich ist dich. in der Fam
Machen ist dich die dich ist dich in der Fam
und dich ist dich besonnt dich in der Fam
Machen dich. in der Fam in der Fam
als auch nicht dich in der Fam.

Die Mühe sind sehr sehr viele Sachen, von
sich zu halten sich sehr sehr besonnt dich
nicht mehr.

Morgen gleich ist dich die
sich zu dich. dich ist dich dich
als ist dich dich, dich die dich dich dich
dich; du ist dich dich dich dich dich
und es in der Fam und dich dich dich dich
so viele Spielzeug dich dich. als ist dich
in der Fam dich; du dich dich dich dich
dich dich, dich dich dich dich dich dich
dich dich dich.

Die C. haben dich dich
nicht dich dich dich dich dich dich dich dich

teuf /o wie ich den Key abzu zu bringen und zu pflegen
das ist die nicht gegen den das den ich die
gegen den ich die nicht lieb ist das die die
in München angeordnet ist. aber ab den
von ab den. Mitten der Jahreszeit der Christ
gefallen, der hz. I. bloß willst du den die
zu (sich) der den den. Ich weißt,
wie der E. Mutter in dieser Zeit den die
so ist nicht als (sich) der den was
das. Man die nun wieder (sich) der den
noch die die die die.

Mein Liebes, hier ist das so (sich) der den
gefallen die die die den den den
nicht (sich) der den den den den
und die die die die die die
zu (sich) der den den den den

Mein Alter (sich) der den den den den
und die die den den den den

Mein Liebes, (sich) der den den den den

Lieber ich will auf (sich) der den den
stille (sich) der den den den den
von so (sich) der den den den den
gefallen. Gott sei (sich) der den den
wie die die den den den den
wird die die (sich) der den den den
den den den den den den den

den den den den den den den

uf bin in dieſen Jahrſtaub
das 10 Jahr arbeits wochen in
meinem anſehen
ob wir im wörling nicht zu
zu dieſer Zeit der Dorn zu werfen
wohin wir in geſundheit wunden
das Jahr nicht werfen dieſe zu ſehen
ſolten aber wenn kranken unſer
ſich an dem 10 wochen zu wunden
dieſe ſehen bis ſich im kranken
zu zu ſehen. ~~Wird es nicht~~
wir auf flüchtige als bei der
ſich mehr leben wir zu kranken
wo bin die ſicht wie kranken und
alles ſehen in ſehen will ich zu
nicht ſehen ohne ich ſehen
ob in der geſundheit ſehen

Wir leben und wunden
zu ſehen und kranken zu
dann Gott alle dieſe dieſe
Gott der alle Welt wunden
wunden wir zu kranken.

Die Adonik Meier
in

be necessary for him to live elsewhere. Besides a yearly salary of 300 gulden, he was to have three benefit nights, one for each piece; the copyright was also to be at his disposal. Yet, according to this, he largely overestimates his earnings from that time until next August, when supposing them to be from twelve to fourteen hundred gulden, of which four or five would go towards paying off debts. He straightway tells his family of his new appointment. We subjoin a facsimile of the sister's letter of reply, to which his mother added a postscript. During his long illness he had the very best of nurses in Frau Meyer, whose husband lay also sick of the same disease. But one cause to hinder his getting well was that his room was constantly filled with visitors. Schwan, Dalberg, Klein, and many of the actors came to see him; also another ex-Jesuit named Trunk. Schiller made friends with him; he was "a living instance of how much evil the parsons can set a-foot." Among other strangers, there came to him a freemason, who pointed out the gain that would be his if he joined their newly-founded order.

On 21st September he could inform the Baroness that thrice successively the fever had kept off; each hour he seemed to feel easier. He assured his benefactress that his undying friendship for her would be an all-powerful check upon outward temptation; being parted from her, he would regain that peace of mind which, through his unsettled position, he had lost. He meant to continue the study of medicine, in order to have a juster claim to future happiness; his heart, it seems, could never lose hope of Lotte. He will certainly write to her, he says, in the next letter; though now, with Winkelmann there, they would hardly give a thought to the poor absent one.

Dalberg told him the remarks passed upon *Fiesco*, and asked for his judgment upon Spiesz' play *General Schlenzheim* and Klein's *Sickingen*. He also expressed a wish that he would attend the committee meetings appointed to discuss theatrical questions; in his new capacity this was expected of him. Schiller wrote back asking which of the two plays would be first needed, *Fiesco* or *Luise Miller*. The revision

and amendment of both might take up a month's time. On the whole, the criticisms on *Fiesco* were very just, and he intended to profit by them. Besides the flowery language, Julia, as a character, and her quarrel-scene with Leonore had been objected to; the play's climax, too, would have no effect upon the stage. Schiller had sufficient discretion to keep from criticising Klein's *Sickingen*. When his brain was quite clear again, he promised to express a conscientious opinion thereupon, although he considered it presumption for a young head to pass judgment upon the labours of an experienced senior, more especially as they were both workers in the same field.

Soon after the poet found himself so far restored as to be able to travel with Schwan and his daughter to Speier. Here lived Frau von Laroche, the authoress, who had long wished to make Schiller's acquaintance. He dined at her house; but, among so much company, no chance offered itself of gaining closer acquaintance with his distinguished hostess. A week later Von Hoven gladdened him by a visit, bringing a friend and fellow-student from Ludwigsburg, named Christmann, who had great musical talent. He and Schiller talked much upon favourite subjects, upon human happiness and human perfection. They went to see Frau von Laroche, and in her friend Herr von Hohenfelden, Schiller found a noble model from which to draw his character of Posa in *Don Carlos*.

On the 15th of October he attended a meeting of the theatrical committee, when Iffland reported upon Plümicke's amended version of *The Robbers*. Spiesz' *Maria Stuart* was also discussed. Three days after, hearing that Plümicke was sending round an adaptation of his *Fiesco* to different stage managers, he drew up a notice publicly charging them to apply to him personally, if they wished to produce his play. For he would have to re-touch it here and there before it could be put in rehearsal. He advertised this notice a month later in the *Gothaische Gelehrte Zeitungen*, but Groszmann of Frankfort was the only one who seems to have given it any attention. Then came a fresh attack of ague; yet, violent though this was, he had to work at *Fiesco*, sacrificing much of its beauty to meet stage requirements. The sooner

to free himself from his insidious disease he took large doses of bark, eating it "like bread." A ruinous effect, this, upon his digestion, the more so as his diet was perforce a most meagre one. Streicher, who knew in what hours of strait and suffering these two dramas had been composed, could never bear to see them acted afterwards, so bitter were the recollections which they revived. Despite every attempt at economy, Schiller found himself yet unable to pay off his debts in Bauerbach and Stuttgart. It tortured him to feel that his family still suffered anxiety on his account, that his mother had through him become a chronic invalid, that his father still bitterly reproached him with having foiled their hopes; they could only look for his support and aid, if he went back to the profession that he had abandoned. All this was in the highest degree crushing to Schiller's sensitive temperament; he only mastered it by virtue of that faculty of "happy buoyancy" (*holde Leichtsinn*), which, according to Goethe's *Tasso*, helps mortals to endure the unendurable. This faculty he had in large degree. And now he left his lodgings and went into others which Streicher, from experience, could greatly recommend. As servant to wait upon him, he had a drummer. His appetite continued as failing as before; a dinner costing twelve kreuzers would be brought to him in a tin trencher, and he kept what remained of this for supper. A bread-roll formed his breakfast. On his birthday, a friend made him a present of four bottles of Burgundy, and he drank a glass or so of this at times. Soon he poured out his heart afresh to his loving patroness, telling her how pushed he is for money, though ere the close of January he expects to receive at least four hundred gulden, of which he will send her either 150 or 200. The only houses to which he went were Schwan's and Dalberg's. He was on "affable and courteous" terms with the actors, but in other ways quite a recluse; Böck had the greatest share of his confidence of them all; his heart and mind were, so he thought, the best; he had real solidity, real ballast. Many men of art and science had visited him, he said, but "his attachments were not made lightly nor all at once."

“As regards ladies here, I may as well tell you that they count for very little; with the exception of one of the actresses, Fräulein Schwan (*die Schwanin*) is almost the only person with claim to excellence. She and some others cause me at times an agreeable hour; for I readily confess that to me the society of the fair sex, as society, is far from distasteful.”

Charmed though he might have been by Margareta's grace and accomplishments, his heart still clung to Lotte. The actress alluded to was a friend of Fräulein Schwan's, Caroline Ziegler. Two years before she had gone upon the stage, and now, in her eighteenth year, was engaged to marry the actor Beck. Her father was in court employ. Iffland, speaking of her, writes:—

“Her reading was marked by great taste, and the sense for things beautiful grew rapidly within her. Rare susceptibility of feeling, without any tendency to vapid gush, stamped each artistic effort with a supreme simplicity.” He goes on to praise her happy sense for fitness and measure, when swept away by the fire of passion; he terms her genius “real, sublime.” Schiller was greatly fascinated by a talent so unique, so unassuming; albeit her love for her future husband made any deeper feeling on his part impossible.

As Schiller sat writing his letter to Frau von Wolzogen, to his joy there broke in upon him Abel, his beloved master, with Batz, an old fellow-pupil. He was mightily surprised to see them stalk in, in student-dress, with spurs and sword, on their way back from a trip to Frankfort. All cares were at once forgotten. He soon sends the Baroness a joyful account of the visit.—“How delightful was the time passed with my bosom friends and countrymen! They dined and supped with me (you see I'm already a fellow that keeps his table), and my bottles of Burgundy proved a veritable godsend. I went out both yesterday and to-day, just to show them about a bit. No matter if I take longer to get well; at least I've had an indescribable pleasure!” He cannot write to Lotte yet, he says at the letter's end; but he means to pay them a flying visit before long; meanwhile, to her and to her “literary” aunt he sends messages of regard.

Dalberg asked Schiller at this time to furnish some congratulatory lines in honour of the Kurfürstin. Her name-day was on the 19th, when he intended them to be spoken from the stage. But Schiller threw such biting satire into what he wrote, that of praise or homage his verses had nothing; they were little short of a lampoon. Dalberg, delighted, was for printing them then and there; however, to have them recited at his theatre was, of course, impossible. And so the Kurfürstin had to go without her lines of welcome, to Schiller's intense amusement.

His *Fiesco* was not finished until the end of the month. He had made many alterations, had re-written several passages, and even whole acts; in so suffering a state this was a double strain upon his powers. There was a certain quartermaster whom he tried to make his amanuensis, dictating the play to him while walking up and down the room. But the man's spelling was so outrageously bad, that Schiller, in despair, himself undertook the tedious task of preparing a fair copy of the text, which he afterwards had transcribed for the stage. By the middle of December he was able to put his work into Dalberg's hands, who at once paid him the last hundred gulden for the year ending with the August of 1784. Schiller took keen interest in the rehearsals; if they caused him annoyance, they served to distract and even to amuse him; he was specially pleased with Fräulein Ziegler's enchanting presentment of *Leonore*. At Dalberg's request he wrote some words "To the Public," which, as before, when *The Robbers* was given, were to be printed on the playbill. In justification of the liberty he had taken with history, he urged that a dramatist must think more of his influence upon the public than of the matter which helps him to such influence; one felt more drawn to learn of a great man than of a criminal. *Fiesco* here stood before them in the former light. The moral of the piece was the grandest one could find in life; each might learn therefrom to fling aside his highest gains for his country's weal. After generalising thus oddly, he ends with the phrase—"I could not well say less to a public that by its friendly reception of my *Robbers* has quickened my passion for the stage—a pub-

lic to which I shall dedicate all future efforts in dramatic literature."

The poet was not over-sanguine about his work; despite many amendments, he felt how much it lost of grandeur, of completeness. While busied with *Fiesco*, he at the same time revised his *Luise Miller*, which was to be printed before being put on the stage. It had need of far less alteration—only a touch here and there. Dalberg was now endeavouring to secure Schiller's enrolment as a member of the *Kurfürstliche Deutsche Gesellschaft*; for this the poet was most anxious, as it put him under the Kurfürst's protection, even if it did not make him a subject of the Pfalz. As the year ended there was little to bring him cheer or comfort; eight months before his whole income had been spent, and there seemed no prospect of getting free from debt. The Baroness sent his letters no answer; his father was not sparing in words of warning and rebuke. Just at the close of December there had come a letter from his sister. It distressed him greatly, for it told of his mother's continued suffering. Christophine reminded him of his father's injunction to come back to Solitude. This would help to soothe the mother, and he could prepare to pass his medical examination, although, of course, the Duke's permission must be asked. But Schiller firmly refused to make any such request; it was against his honour. What would the world say? His flight, and the high motives which drove him to it, would be termed a mere piece of childish bravado—a *bêtise*; people would declare that, being unable to find means of living, he had penitently returned. Even were his father to procure permission, he could never come back with any blot upon his character. Again, if the Duke proved inexorable, such an affront to his parent were best resented by bold continuance in his folly.

On the 10th of January Schiller, "well known through his poetry," was elected an ordinary member of the *Deutsche Gesellschaft*. Such a choice required the Kurfürst's sanction. Next day *Fiesco* was put upon the stage. In that week Fräulein Ziegler's marriage with Beck had taken place; she was to act Leonore, and her husband Bourgognino. The first per-

formance lasted four hours. Despite elaborate mounting, although most of the parts were filled to perfection, and many a scene won loud applause, the play as a whole fell flat; the Mannheim public failed to wax enthusiastic over a tale of republican conspiracy. Beil's portrait of Mohr was a characteristic one, and full of spirit; as Fiesco and Verrina, Böck and Iffland were each excellent; so, too, was Frau Rennschüb as the Contessa Imperiali. But the success was a far less triumphant one than that of *The Robbers*. At a committee meeting held on the 14th, Dalberg, in Schiller's presence, pointed out some of the reasons for this. "There are too many beauties in the piece," he said; "the dialogue is pitched in too high a key for the public at a first hearing either to understand or to enjoy. It takes too long to act. There are scenes—there are passages which could be, nay, which must be condensed. The stage machinery is too complex. The Contessa Imperiali's peroration at the close of the fourth act, and the subsequent love-scene for Leonore, are too spun out; they began to bore one in spite of the excellent acting. Moreover, the scene with the painter would bear pruning also."

Most of the actors were commended, especially Beil as Mohr, Böck as Fiesco (he ought not, however, to have come on in ball dress at the close of Act IV.), and Iffland as Verrina. But the latter, by his mannerisms, and by occasional overacting, gave to the part a certain unreality. Schiller, at this same committee meeting, reported upon a drama produced in Vienna, called *Kronau and Albertine*, which had been given him to criticise. It did not pass the line of mediocrity, though certainly there were scenes in it which upon the stage would have their effect.

At the second performance of *Fiesco*, on the 18th, it met with more marked approval. Schwan was meanwhile printing the *Luise Miller*, as before that a piece by Iffland was to be played. At present Schiller preferred to postpone his benefit night, for snow and frost and floods blocked up the roadways, and but few strangers could come to the town. The piece was only acted once more, on February 15; then it was shelved; while of *The Robbers*, on the contrary, three further representations were given in that year.

Another cause for chagrin, besides the failure of his play, was Frau von Wolzogen's silence ; naturally she had little wish to entrust her daughter's happiness to one in such precarious circumstances. But he had now given up any idea of union with Lotte. Marriage, so he then wrote to Zumsteeg, would draw him off the road to fortune ; and though with all his many caprices he might fail of reaching high renown, he was too vehement in temper and too warm-hearted ever to make any woman happy. Yet his soul longed, and longed deeply, for the order, the tranquillity of home ; he needed some spot to lift him above the vulgar cares of existence ; he needed the gladdening influence of a wife's affection.

It was a pleasure for him finally to receive the Kurfürst's tardy consent to his election. But he was in debt. This thought troubled him, this cramped his powers, this kept him back from working at a third play which he had promised to have ready in August. Yet at times many a likely scheme would cross his mind ; he still studied the history of Carlos, and brooded thereupon. Perhaps, too, he had the project of writing a sequel to his *Robbers*, in which a ghost should give the turn to events ; after a while, however, this seemed to him at variance with the dignity of drama.

He now made frank confession of his debts to his father, proposing, with his help, to pay them off by instalment. Schiller *père*, while consenting, vigorously urged him to economise, even advising him to find some thrifty wife to save him in his distress. To our poet, battling with poverty, such counsel was gall indeed. Nay more, the father went so far as to ask Dalberg to keep an eye upon his spendthrift son, to find him some mentor who might teach him how to live within his income.]

Then there was the Baroness ; Schiller had to pacify her. The season had been too bad a one, he said, to ask for a benefit night ; he had thus lost a hundred gulden. At Eastertide he pledged his word of honour to pay her the sum of eight carolines, and to settle with his other creditors at Bauerbach. Were she in absolute need of the money, he would raise it by hook or by crook. A day ago he had had

to send fifty gulden to Stuttgart. On the 9th of March his father made bitter complaint that this promised sum had not yet been sent; Schiller, under protest, was thus compelled to forward it. Besides other work, he was now chiefly occupied with the rehearsals of *Luise Miller*. The title had been changed to *Plot and Passion*. Such success had attended Iffland's *Crime through Ambition*, that Schiller and his friends feared that it might throw his play into the shade. Dalberg, in committee, spoke rapturously of the "reality, the grandeur" of Iffland's "fresco," praising its splendid situations, the simplicity of its plot, its easy, natural language, its high moral tone. These were merits, he said, that *Fiesco* had lacked. And so, chiefly on the score of the play's "high moral tone," the *Kurfürstliche Deutsche Gesellschaft* awarded its author a gold medal. Schröder of Vienna, in answer to Dalberg's strictures on *Fiesco*, wrote back that the writer had chosen a path which must inevitably lead to the ruin of the drama and the stage; therefore, for his very talent's sake, he hated him. Upon Dalberg such words were not void of their effect. Still, Schiller had the secret satisfaction of knowing that his *Robbers* was being acted in the very town to which he dared not come, in Stuttgart. Iffland had been summoned thither to play Franz Moor. "It has been given again," writes the father, on April 4, "amid great applause; the receipts reached 220 gulden—a very large sum for Stuttgart. They say, too, that the other plays are in course of preparation." In Stuttgart the legend was already afloat that Schiller had married Margareta Schwan, whose father had at last published *Plot and Passion*, which appeared without either dedication or preface.

On the 15th, after much careful rehearsal, wearisome alike to author and to actor, Schiller's "tragedy of bourgeois life" was put upon the boards; its very genius carried it through, and made it eclipse Iffland's tame little sketch of domestic morals. Schiller hoped much from the first performance; he and Streicher were at the theatre in a private box. He anxiously watched the piece's progress, his face and features changing at every point the players made or missed. At the end of the first act he only said, "It's going well." The fol-

lowing one, and notably its closing scene, were rendered with such fire that, as the drop fell, the whole audience rose to its feet amid a storm of applause. Such triumph moved the poet greatly, and he came forward to bow his acknowledgments. The house maintained its enthusiasm until the end. Beck and his young wife played the lovers to perfection; Frau Rennschüb was Lady Milford, Iffland taking the part of Wurm, with Böck as the President. Groszmann had produced the piece, two days before, in Frankfort; here, as also in Berlin, *Fiesco* had been given and had met with more success. Goethe's mother was among its admirers. In the Prussian capital it had received stirring welcome, and soon after the Mannheim performance, it was acted at the Kärnthner Theatre, in Vienna.

At this time Schiller would gladly have gone to Bauerbach to thank his benefactress and to make with her his peace. But he had not the money. However, to his great delight, at the end of April he was able to accompany Beil and Iffland to Frankfort, where Groszmann had offered them engagements. Schiller was to report upon their *début*, and upon the state of theatrical matters in that city. The opening piece was Iffland's *Crime through Ambition*, which was acted on the 30th. The next day Schiller writes to Rennschüb, the *régisseur* :—

"To a packed house, and amid breathless silence, Herr Iffland's drama was played last night; both Iffland and Beil were called before the curtain, and vociferously applauded. There is general enthusiasm for the Mannheim actors; Groszmann's company—which yesterday, they say, outshone itself—dwindles to nothing by the side of ours. We're dragged about from one banquet to another."

That night Schröder's comedy, *A Father's Vengeance*, was given, and then on the 3d of April, *Plot and Passion*. Remembering the excellence of the Mannheim performance, Schiller feared somewhat for the success of this one; yet with Beil and Iffland, and by being present himself, they might secure an effect greater than could be hoped for from such a company of actors. Each did his utmost, and there was no want of genuine approval, although Iffland's drama, being of the con-

ventional type, was better suited to the performers' powers than a play so poetic, so full of genius as Schiller's.

One actress, however, the Luise of the piece, made deep impression upon Schiller's heart and mind. It was Sophie Albrécht, daughter of Professor Baumer of Erfurt. Her father dying when she was sixteen, she married a Dr. Albrecht, who held an appointment as physician-in-ordinary to a wealthy nobleman at Reval. She was possessed of exceptional talent, and being bent upon becoming an actress, she made a first trial of her powers at Erfurt, and in October 1783 she joined Groszmann's company with a view to maturing them. Schiller was quite carried away by the passionate love she showed for her art and for all that was beautiful and ennobling.

"Already in the first few hours we became firmly, closely linked to each other; between our souls there was a mutual understanding." He writes thus to Reinwald soon after his return.

"It is my joy, my pride that she is attached to me, and that maybe she draws some happiness from my acquaintance. Hers is a heart formed but for sympathy. Set high above the petty spirit of common circles, she is full of a pure and noble sense for truth and honour, winning even respect for qualities not found in her sex. I promise myself blissful days in her society (*i.e.* if she comes to Mannheim). . . . She is a poet, too, full of feeling and tenderness. True, as an actress her talent is great; but among a company such as this she can never cultivate it; along such a path she will make no speedy advance, nay, though it be at the risk of her heart—her heart so beauteous, so unique. . . . The Doctor is also a dear and valued friend of mine."

He passionately implored Reinwald to dissuade her from following a theatrical life, as he himself had done; that perhaps they might win for mankind a noble soul, even though they robbed the world of a great actress. In his jealous affection he would not suffer one so full of spirituality and charm to mix with the common green-room throng—to vie with that for the favour of the mass. Reinwald, no doubt, looked closer

and judged with clearer eye, when he remarked in her both affectation and false sentiment.

Schiller in this hour stood at the summit of his success. His last play was a triumph, while *Fiesco* and *The Robbers* both held the stage, although the former had met with much adverse criticism. In lieu of his two benefit performances, he agreed to accept the sum of two hundred gulden, to be paid in instalments every four months. Besides *Don Carlos*, his thoughts were set on the issue of a dramatic journal, which he was hoping to publish on behalf of the *Kurfürstliche Deutsche Gesellschaft*. Yet while anxious to be active, and to do great work in the world, he still longs for a life of quiet and seclusion. To Reinwald he says :—

“My wants in the great world are many, and exhaustless as my ambition, yet how all this shrinks to nothing beside my passion for a joy more restful, more calm !”

He maybe was dreaming then of happy union with Schwan's captivating daughter—she upon whom report had already fixed as his own. But soon he saw himself stranded farther than ever from a life of calm enjoyment ; his affairs caused him new and deeper embarrassment. Two friends were now to be his ; the one was to set his brain awlirl, goading him to frenzy—the other was to bring gladness to his heart, standing at the last as saving angel by his side.

CHAPTER II.

FROM MAY 1784 TO APRIL 1785.

ON the morning of the 9th of May Major von Kalb and his wife visited him; the latter brought a note from Reinwald. He, introducing her, says:—"She is greatly distinguished from among others of her sex, and is a warm admirer of your writings, as she cherishes deep enthusiasm for what is beautiful and good." Already, at the beginning of 1783, he had heard of the family through Frau von Wolzogen, and now he is able to tell her of the pleasant days spent with Frau von Kalb and her husband. He remarks that the former has much intellect; she is not of the common stamp of women. That very evening *Plot and Passion* was to be acted a second time; and what was his consternation as he remembered that in the piece there was a fussy, vulgar-minded courtier called by the very name Kalb, that he now held in such high respect! Nor was he able to hide his perplexity from the major; yet it was impossible to re-name the character; such an alteration would inevitably point one to seek its cause, more especially as the playbills were already printed.

Charlotte Marschalk von Ostheim and her sister Eleonore rank among the most luckless of Germany's heroines during the last century. Charlotte was born on the 25th of July 1761, Eleonore on the 5th of January 1764, at Waltershausen in Franconia. Their natures were widely different. If her sister was gentler and more feminine, Charlotte had more force of intellect and will; her soul had touched greater depths of melancholy and passion. Naturally of morbid, gloomy dis-

position, family sorrows had done much to heighten this gloom. To her the swift and sudden loss of both parents was a crushing blow ; she longed ever to be left alone with her grief ; they had to part her from the other children. Yet change of scene and study failed to cheer her ; she grew ever more thoughtful, more reserved, living but in a dreamland of her own, although



Charlotte von Kalb.

this temporary absence from brother and sisters only strengthened her love for them. Wilhelmine, at nineteen, married against her will a Freiherr Waldner von Freundstein of Alsace, and Charlotte felt this parting keenly. Her only brother, a student in Göttingen, had promised to take her next year to her married sister, but in that November he died from the effects of an accident. Three weeks before he had written to her that

his friend Kalb would soon visit them to pay his respects to Eleonore. Kalb had been dismissed by the Duke of Weimar from the post of President of the Chamber; he had brought the State finances into great disorder. Eleonore, on the very day of her brother's death, was persuaded by an uncle to give this repulsive, heartless man her hand; he had now a fresh field for distinction. In that December, while yet grieving for the lost brother, her wedding took place at Nordheim. Then, on the 6th of January, Wilhelmine died in giving birth to a child. Kalb undertook the management of the property remaining to the sisters, but wasted much of their income in needless litigation. While living together at Dankenfeld there came that autumn the ex-President's younger brother, Major Heinrich Julius von Kalb, who had seen service in America and elsewhere. Eleonore's husband was overjoyed at this. Charlotte must marry his brother; this would give him sole and undivided right to all the estates. And she, despairing of all earthly happiness, was brought to consent. But marriage only increased her reserve, and life at Baireuth that winter was sad enough. At length the sisters met in Waltershausen. Charlotte, not wishing to be parted from her husband, went with him to the garrison at Landau. She had a strange craving to see more of the world, to make fresh associations. Thus, in May, she again left her sister.

In this youthful bride, with her large dark eyes and raven hair, our poet must have felt deep interest, for all that she said gave proof of intense individuality and passion. Yet she failed to charm him; her manner was forced; it wanted naturalness, ease. In *The Robbers* Charlotte found much to admire, although the play so shocked her as a whole that she had no wish to see it acted. The performance of *Plot and Passion* deeply affected her. Next day they went to see the Museum of Antiquities, the Jesuit Church, and the pretty park of Waldheim, lying on the other side of the Rhine. On the evening of the 11th the Major and his wife took their leave amid many assurances that they would repeat their visit.

With his third tragedy, promised for the end of August, Schiller unfortunately could make no satisfactory advance. Acting on Wieland's hint, that a drama, properly to deserve that name, must be in verse and not in prose, he had begun to write *Don Carlos* in five-footed iambics. It was in truth a tremendous task. Then he had still a dramatic journal in project, to be published under the auspices of the *Deutsche Gesellschaft*. But here he was hampered by unlooked-for obstacles; the one party would know nothing of theatrical news or criticism; others—like Schwan, for instance—thought that in such a periodical there should certainly be space allotted to this. Disputes of this kind, the impossibility of finishing his play in time, his debts, and a fresh attack of ague, were causes which jointly helped to deepen his depression. While in this gloomy state he was surprised by the arrival of a packet from Leipzig, sent anonymously by four persons, who had thus sought to show to him their gratitude and respect. The letter accompanying it ran thus:—

“At a time when Art ever more degrades herself by becoming the paid hireling of the rich and powerful, it is good when a great man stands forth to show what may yet be done by human hand. The better portion of mankind, sickened with its epoch, pining amid a maze of puppets for something really great, here slakes its thirst, hereby feels itself swept to a level higher than that of its fellows, and draws fresh strength wherewith to press onward, by paths the most toilsome, towards a worthy goal. Then, then it would fain grasp its benefactor's hand, would show him its tears of joy and transport, that he too might take heart in any hour of despair, if ever burdened by the thought, ‘Of what good, this, that I am doing for my fellow-men?’”

Words such as these touched Schiller's heart at its core; they could not have come to him at fitter season. The writer had added a composition of his own—a setting of Amalia's song, “Fair as an angel;” he declined to reveal his name until, by winning distinction in another field, he should prove that he, too, was among the salt of the earth. He was Christian Gottfried Körner, born on the 2d of July 1756, at

Leipzig, where his father held an appointment as professor. Having completed a course of legal study at Göttingen and Leipzig he became attached to the university, travelling after a while to England, Holland, and Switzerland, when he made



Christian Gottfried Körner. From a drawing by Dora Stock.

the acquaintance of Schiller's godparent. In 1781 he exchanged his academical duties for the more practical ones of a *Konsistorial advocat*. Two years later he had gone to Dresden as member of the Upper Consistory there. The second anonymous friend, a warm admirer of our poet, was Ludwig Ferdinand Huber, whose father was French Lector at the Leipzig University, and had earned no slight fame by his

French translations of German poetry. Huber, the son, had also done work in this way; he chiefly occupied himself with English and French literature. It seems to have been he



Minna Stock. From a drawing by her sister.

who sent off the packet, and who gave the address whence it came. The friends loved two sisters, Minna and Dora Stock, daughters of a well-known engraver. Minna had worked for the poet a costly letter-case, while Dora had etched portraits on parchment of herself and of the three

others. These we here reproduce from careful photographs of the originals.

“Such a gift,” said Schiller, writing to Bauerbach, “is to



Dora Stock. From a drawing done by herself.

me greater reward than the world's loud note of praise ; it is the one sweet guerdon for a thousand moments of sadness. And if I go farther, if I reflect that maybe there are like circles in the world, where, though unknown, I still am loved, and where my presence would be welcome ; when I think

that after a century and more, e'en though I am long turned to dust, men will bless my memory, and, though in the grave, I still shall have their tears and their esteem, then, oh, dearest



Ludwig Ferdinand Huber. From a drawing by Minna Stock.

one, then I am glad to be a poet ; I am reconciled with God —am content to bear the many ills that are my lot." Yet he had no wish to show his admirers how depressed was his state ; he could tell them of no fresh work achieved ; this, therefore, kept him from sending them any thanks. Shortly

afterwards it chanced that Frau von Lengenfeld, with her two daughters, came to see him from Rudolstadt. Caroline, the elder, was engaged to a Herr von Beulwitz; Charlotte was to be one of the Duchess of Weimar's ladies-in-waiting. Perhaps Schiller may then have thought that it was she who would bring happiness into his life. While on the journey she had seen his parents at Solitude. The Lengenfelds had read *The Robbers*, as well as some of his poetry, so they were pleased to know the family, although, of course, the acquaintance was but a slight one. In Lotte's journal there is no mention whatever of the visit. Schiller was from home when they called, and he went to see them in return at their hotel.

He was ever hoping that, before September came, Dalberg would renew his contract with him. He thought, too, of marriage, of making Margareta Schwan his wife. That this or the like was in his mind may be gathered from what he wrote to the Baroness on June 2 :—

“Could I but find a maiden dear enough to my heart! Or would that I could take you at your word, and become your son! Riches your Lotte would certainly never have, but in truth she would be happy.”

This seems to imply a withdrawal rather than an advance of any claims upon Lotte's love. He leaves the letter unsealed for a week, and then laughs at his stupidity, which he begs the Baroness will excuse. Of course, too, he is now no longer jealous of Winkelmann; if travelling to Meiningen, he says he would be very pleased to spend some days with him.

In sending Dalberg an account of the performances, he makes double resolve to devote himself heart and soul to



Silhouette of
Charlotte von Lengenfeld.

Carlos. For this was to be on bolder, grander scale ; to him the author, as also to the theatre for which he wrote, it would bring fame swifter, surer than any earned by his three "domestic tragedies." Yet he leaves it to Dalberg to say which subject he shall now choose ; by this, perhaps, he seeks to calm all fear as to the completion of *Don Carlos*. On June 20 his *Robbers* was again played, but to an empty house, while both the other pieces were completely shelved. He was still deeply intent upon bringing out a dramatic journal ; one of the first things to fill its pages would be the essay upon the stage in its relation to morals, read on June 6 before the *Deutsche Gesellschaft*. It had more of rhetoric than of argument, this attempt to show that the drama might rank with the law and with religion in its influence upon morals. If ever Germany, so he said, should acquire a really national theatre, she would become a nation. He ends by calling the stage that, among other institutions, which educates while it amuses, which distracts, and yet attracts the mind, which is at once a pastime and a school for culture, having but *one* aim, *one* end—the perfection of mankind.

He entered hopefully upon the last half of the year ; fate seemed to have brighter things in store for him. In addition to the duties that bound him, he even looked to find time to pass his medical examination at Heidelberg, and to settle down at Mannheim as a doctor. On the 2d of July, he submitted to Dalberg, at his request, the prospectus of a Mannheim dramatic journal. Being modelled on that of Lessing, it was to aim at immortalising the Mannheim stage ; it was to complete the great work of making it supreme, of strengthening its national fame. In order to conduct the undertaking worthily, and, as he said, "with the full measure of his powers," he proposed that the management should pay him a yearly salary of fifty ducats, while he would furnish the committee with a certain number of gratis copies. He begged for an early answer, in order to make the necessary arrangements without delay. The first number was to appear in August. But Dalberg's refusal crushed all his fair prospects at a stroke. On the 16th his sister, with Reinwald, arrived.

They were the last he could have wished to witness his state of depression and gloom; still he gave them welcome, and in their company revisited Heidelberg and Schwetzingen. Reinwald had intentions of marrying Christophine; this Schiller, who knew how slender were his means and how feeble his health, could only deplore. These days were sad ones for them all; Reinwald can but look back upon them "with dislike and dread." After he had gone, the sister stayed on for a time with her brother. His landlady took charge of her, the good Frau Hölzel, who well knew of her lodger's despairing state. While here, too, Christophine was able to grow more intimate with Margareta Schwan. On a sudden, all Mannheim was stunned by the dreadful news of Caroline Beck's death. While acting in *Emilia Galotti*, she had met with an accident. She died soon after, from concussion of the brain, having given birth to a daughter.

As the month ended, the poet's state of perplexity grew more and more terrible. Within the next fortnight, he writes to his father that "all lay in the balance." If no help came, he must seize upon some desperate remedy. According to Streicher, the long-standing debt to the printer of his *Robbers* was what now harassed him. The person who had stood surety for payment, and who hitherto had been able to appease the duns, was now at last forced to escape. Fleeing to Mannheim, he had there been arrested. Schiller must in common honesty pay the sum demanded; it was lent to him by Hölzel, his landlord, who was in easy circumstances. Yet this only saved him from the strait of the moment; his debts were numerous; he had no money; and what if Dalberg should decline to renew his contract? Such a thing was but too possible.

In these days Frau von Kalb had moved to Mannheim, where she was expecting her confinement. Her husband, the Major, came thither three times in the week. Schiller grew now more intimate with Charlotte, who, while at Landau, had given him various commissions to execute. Both were fascinated by a performance of *King Lear*, given on the 19th with Iffland in the title-part, which he played in masterly

fashion. Schiller praised him in a stirring critique which he sent to the poet Göckingk for insertion in his journal. He offered his services as contributor to this paper, the *Journal von und für Deutschland*. Thus the critique ends:—

“There is nothing to remind us that this Lear is the identical Franz Moor who, two months ago, thrilled us with awe and wonder. In sooth, it rests with him alone to fix the lines by which he means to reach greatness; maybe he needs but a discerning public in order to call back the shade of Garrick, the unmatched.”

There was at that time a strong prejudice against Schiller personally among a large section of the Mannheim public. Goethe's farce of *The Black Man* had been given on August 3. The character in it of a playwright, which Iffland acted, was supposed to be a travesty of our poet. Iffland himself wrote to Dalberg about this.

“We ought never to have produced the piece,” he says, “out of respect for Schiller's feelings. It is we, we who have cast the first stone at him, before a public by whom he is but partially understood. I scrupulously avoided making the portrait a close one [he wore a blue steel-buttoned overcoat, dirty white stockings, and buckle-shoes], yet everybody eagerly accepted it as Schiller's. From this alone we may see how sure, how unerring is his art, from the utter invulnerability of this great man. Yet how can he now stand forth with his works? How shall the people single him out for praise, now that a road seems open to cover him with ridicule?”

Even Mai, the doctor in attendance at the theatre, had written an essay denouncing pieces like *The Robbers* as ruinous to those who acted in them.

Dalberg was not expected in Mannheim until the 29th; Schiller did his utmost to propitiate him. He tells him on the 24th how anxiously he is waiting for his return. In *Carlos* he considers that he has got a splendid subject. Tragedy was probably the form of drama in which he would excel; in other branches he might be surpassed. He was now more a master of the verse, and this would give to the play much worth and much effect. He had been reading the

French dramatists, not only to widen his knowledge and to enrich his imagination, but also as an aid towards seizing the *juste milieu* between French and English art. With time, too, he hoped to transplant the best of such plays to native soil, and for Germany this would be of high benefit. He had now got back his full power for work, and would make up for the long time—almost a year—that he had lost. Albeit ill-health and ill-humour had often fought, and fought successfully, against his best will and intention, he was no mere shadow-chaser, no builder of empty schemes; this was not in his character. Still Dalberg, already biassed against him, found it passing strange that Schiller, while he tells him all this, should at the same time announce his resolve to become a doctor, for which profession he was already preparing himself. In such a case what help could he expect from him for the theatre? Decidedly, the contract could not be renewed. And so, before his return, which was delayed beyond the time, he expressed through Dr. Mai his approval of the poet's resolve. Schiller trusted in Dalberg so implicitly that he only took this to be a sign of sincere and deep interest. He therefore asks him point-blank to continue paying him his salary for the next year, although he could not, as before, give him his services. If in this time he should succeed in establishing himself at Mannheim as a physician, he could easily make amends for his idleness, and Dalberg would hold the sole copyright of all that he might write.

“As I could not so suddenly renounce play-writing and the drama, I can always vouch to produce *one* important work (*i.e.* in every year); and my plan with regard to a dramatic journal shall be carried out in complete accordance with your wishes.” But Dalberg, with an eye to himself and his own needs, was not inclined to put much faith in a poet oscillating between medicine and the drama; probably he would fail no less in the one branch than in the other; his powers were all spent; he deemed him a genius of the unstable, ne'er-do-weel order. What he wanted for his theatre was a writer of fertility and strength; and this he believed he possessed in Iffland, who, having less genius, might for that very reason be the

more efficient. Thus Schiller found himself cut adrift without either place or pay, at a time when he should have had complete and untroubled leisure in which to work at *Don Carlos*. Though plunged in the very depths of depression, he yet did not venture to show his distress either to Frau von Kalb, to Schwan, or to any of his friends at Leipzig. His pride forbade this. Iffland kept staunch to him; he believed that *Don Carlos* would prove to be of high excellence; and that success was also in store for an adaptation of Shakspeare's *Timon*, begun by Schiller since his dismissal. It is true that Iffland had advised Dalberg not to produce *The Robbers* and *Fiesco* during the coming winter. But this was because the public disliked these plays, and because successive performances of this kind would prove too great a tax upon the company's powers.

On the 8th of September Frau von Kalb gave birth to a son. Two days later her husband arrived at Landau, and in the next night a dreadful vision well-nigh caused her death. Schiller, hearing this, is said to have speedily despatched a doctor to the house, as all in waiting on the patient had quite lost their presence of mind. During her convalescence the major brought Schiller to his wife's bedside. Again the poet made appeal to his father, who proposed that he should return to Solitude and prepare for his examination. But Schiller could not possibly consent to this. His announcement that he had immediate need of two hundred or three hundred gulden caused his parent the utmost anxiety, who, notwithstanding, took comfort from the thought that God in His wisdom and goodness had chosen this means of convincing Fritz that all our own power, our own knowledge, our own hope in others and in fortune's favour, is at best vanity and folly, as He gives help to those alone who ask him for it patiently, sincerely. "Alas for him who has no God to whom he may flee in the day of need!" Thus writes the father, in a letter full of bitter reproach. Yet to show his son how keenly he felt for him, he sent him two louis d'or. These he had had to borrow; it was positively the last help he could give. But Fritz must not lose heart; he must work and wait,

submitting to God's rule, and looking humbly to Him for aid. Instead of shunning his creditors, he should ask them to grant him yet further patience; and in particular he must not let any false pride keep him from those of his friends who might relieve him,—he must try to win their favour and goodwill. When writing this, the father had Schwan and Dalberg in his mind; he was always hoping that Fritz would marry Margareta, of whose good qualities his son had often spoken, and who had welcomed Christophine as a friend.

How Schiller found help in this dire extremity is not known. Just at this time his friendship with Charlotte became a closer one, and the ties that linked him to others grew proportionately weaker. For Dalberg had cruelly disappointed him; he could not expect much from Schwan; even Margareta had for a time caused him annoyance. Of course he could not wholly break with them; their mutual connection with the theatre and with the *Deutsche Gesellschaft* forbade this. Nor did he cease to have friendly dealings with Klein.

Though he worked on, and with good result, at *Don Carlos*, he could not quickly finish the piece, which he found ever more difficult to cramp within the narrow limits of an average stage-play. And yet the wish to give to friends fresh and worthy proof of his powers urged him to persevere. Now that he had lost his office as paid playwright, now that he saw himself so clearly forsaken by the theatre-going public, it behoved him to take fresh courage, to strike out a new road towards success. He would become a journalist. He had thoughts of going to Berlin, where he was sure of wide sympathy; but in his present miserable circumstances this was impossible. Perhaps it was at this time that he changed his lodging. Pichler tells us that finally he moved to the house marked D 4, No. 5; it has since been rebuilt.

Frau von Wolzogen was now in such straits herself that, at the beginning of that November, she was forced to remind Schiller of his debt. He, alas! declared his utter inability to discharge it. His illness, lasting almost a year, had hindered him from keeping his word. But now his plans were ripe, and,

if nothing blocked his path, his future was assured ; to cripple him now would be to cripple him for good and all.

"This week," he writes, "I shall announce the issue of a journal to be published by subscription. Help has been offered to me from various quarters, and I feel sanguine of success. If I can get five hundred subscribers—and with the excellent measures adopted, I shall hardly fail to do this—my certain profit, after deducting all expenses, will be 1000 florins. Besides this, I shall continue to receive the money which my plays bring me in ; all depends upon my industry and my health."

However, not wishing merely to restrict himself to promises, he enclosed three bills falling due at different dates ; these would completely clear off his debt by the end of 1785 ; God would assuredly "keep him in health for the achievement of this high end."

The prospectus of the new journal is dated the 11th of November, his birthday. It appeared as an advertisement in the December number of the *Deutsches Museum*. At Mannheim there was already a *Pfälzisches Museum* ; for Schiller's paper the more comprehensive title of *Die Rheinische Thalia* was chosen. All that was refining to the moral sense, all that lay within the realm of the beautiful, all that could purify passion, raise the taste, and ennoble the heart—this all was to find place in his paper, which had the culture of a people as its aim. The contents were to be divided as follows. Firstly, biographical sketches of remarkable men and essays ; secondly, philosophy of the kind needed in the work-a-day world ; thirdly, studies of nature and of fine art in the Pfalz ; fourthly, the drama of Germany, and especially a history and chronicle of the Mannheim stage ; as his connection with this latter had now ceased, his judgment would be untrammelled, unprejudiced ; fifthly, poetry, lyrical and elegiac, also detached scenes from dramas ; sixthly, critical reviews of leading men and of important books ; seventhly, personal (*i.e.* editorial) confessions ; eighthly, correspondence, advertisements, miscellanea. Every two months a number of some 190 pages was to appear. The subscribers' names were to be printed in

full ; this was a means of expressing gratitude to them for their sympathy and help.

Many prospectuses were now sent out to win the aid of writers of note. Not only from old friends and schoolfellows, such as Winkelmann, was this asked ; Reinwald's services were also secured, with those of Jacobi, Göckingk, and others whom Schiller merely knew by name. Wieland alone was not of their number. In Weimar, one Neumann, an actor, had promised help. Subscriptions were to be received by the Reichspost, not by Schwan's publishing house, which had no interest in the sale of the journal. While Schiller thus anxiously awaited the result of this printed announcement, he sedulously strove to finish the first act of his new drama. It was set in a higher key, and must form the most brilliant feature of the opening number. On the one hand, Frau von Kalb's enthusiastic praise stimulated him ; on the other, the ambition to come to the front with work that should be worthy of his name. In later years he liked to remember how helpful to his poetic powers had been this intercourse with Charlotte von Kalb, and how the character of the Queen in *Don Carlos* had in a measure been suggested by her own. But he was soon to discover that her influence brought him small benefit. Afterwards, when he had found his heart's darling, he deemed Charlotte quite incapable of genuine feeling, being merely stirred at times to momentary warmth. He bids one ever guard against her wary intellect, against her cold, calculating worldly wisdom, which severed the closest, tenderest ties that might bind her to others. She always misunderstood him, he says ; and from these bitter words of passion we learn the result of his own painful experience. Charlotte joined him in dissuading his parents from consent to Christophine's marriage with Reinwald. We may see this from the father's answer to a letter of the poet's, dated 21st of November—a letter which shows him to be still in deep agitation, if yet more hopeful than before. It greatly gladdened him that, on the 22d of this month, in spite of Moritz's adverse criticism in the *Vossische Zeitung*, his *Plot and Passion* had met with extraordinary success at Berlin, where it had been given five times

within the month. And this was the more gratifying, now that at the Mannheim theatre his plays were set aside in favour of others. Dalberg even had dispensed with his aid in the re-arrangement of some of Shakspeare's dramas, and had himself undertaken to finish the adaptation of *Julius Cæsar*, upon which Schiller had first been working. His adversaries at Mannheim likewise found food for satire in the weak points of his grandiloquent prospectus.

And though this was lifting, this companionship of Charlotte and her husband, neither from her nor from another, could he gain that rest which is so grateful to the heart; good Streicher, even, had little power to calm his restless, troubled soul. One December evening, when exceptionally low and dispirited, he thought of those friends at Leipzig, whom he had never yet thanked for their gift sent to him more than six months ago. A sudden impulse prompted him to write an apology for his neglect. In bitter days, most anguishing to look back upon, he had been kept from his resolve to reply at the right hour to their kindness. But it was the resolve alone which had faded from his heart—not his gratitude. Only close knowledge of him and of his ways could serve to give them some faint idea of the regard that friends had once cherished for him. "I have enjoyed few pleasures on earth; but—and it is my proudest boast, this—for these few I have to thank my heart." He sends them the prospectus of the *Thalia*, to which he meant to devote his whole powers; were it not for pecuniary reasons, his talent would most certainly find employment in a higher sphere of action than in mere journalism.

That winter Frau von Laroche, Charlotte's friend, was also at Mannheim. She failed to attract Schiller; she could have but little knowledge of all that filled his soul. Although her conversation had ease, charm, her way of toying with moral things, as Charlotte phrased it, was to him detestable. She says nothing of Schiller in her letters of this epoch. The Duke of Weimar, when returning from Switzerland, had visited Laroche and his wife at Mannheim, and had invited them both to the Court. Passing through Mainz and Frankfurt he went on to Darmstadt, where he was to stay for some

time. Charlotte then seized upon the plan of bringing Schiller into closer relation with the Duke. An acquaintance of hers, a certain Fräulein von Wolzogen, governess to the Princess Louise of Mecklenburg, was then at Darmstadt with her parents. Charlotte gave Schiller a letter of introduction to this lady, who was to help in getting him presented at Court, where he should recite his *Don Carlos*. He reached Darmstadt on the 23d of December, and lodged at the Sun Inn, *i.e.* No. 9 Schirmstrasse. Through Fräulein von Wolzogen he was received at Court, and gained closer acquaintance with the sons of Prince Frederick Louis. On the evening of the 26th, before the Duke and his Court, he read out the opening portion of *Don Carlos*. He kept his manuscript in Minna Stock's embroidered letter-case, which was much admired by the Hereditary Princess. In her Schiller found a noblewoman without equal. The distinguished company received the play very warmly, and the Duke passed several shrewd criticisms upon it. Karl August took great interest in the young genius, and asked graciously as to his aims and wishes for the future. Schiller was thus emboldened to confess to him how valuable he would hold any titular honour; he even disclosed his love for Margareta Schwan. That very next morning the Duke appointed him a Councillor of Weimar in sign of his regard.

On the 29th Schiller, thus distinguished, returned to Mannheim, where the printing of *Thalia* was now to begin. He must also finish the last act of *Don Carlos*. He was at that time on friendly footing with Klein, through whose instrumentality the *Deutsche Gesellschaft* agreed to advance him 132 gulden, a sum which he promised to repay in six months. After witnessing a performance of Klein's *Gunther*, an operetta then very popular, he writes to him next morning:—" *Bon jour*. Well, my dearest friend, how did you sleep after your *Gunther*? It made *my* evening a very pleasant one. Would to God that our fancy and imagination were not thus miserably dependent (for expression) upon the pencil of actors and of singers! Still, the poor wretches did their best." Enclosing with the letter a promissory-note, he thanks Klein warmly for

his kind interest. The money might be given to the bearer, whose honesty and stupidity were on a par. Twelve days later, he makes vehement protest to Dalberg against the slovenly and inaccurate way in which *Plot and Passion* was being acted at the theatre. With the exception of Beck and of the actresses, all played in an excessively careless manner. Through faulty rehearsals, his piece had been "utterly mangled to shreds;" in place of his own lines, not seldom he had been obliged to hear nonsense. Fräulein Baumann alone, whom Iffland had drilled in the part, carried him away by her acting; after the performance he expressed to her his sincere thanks. His feverish self-consciousness betrays itself in the words:—"To me, indeed, the thing is of little moment, for I think I may say that hitherto the theatre has gained more by my plays than my plays have gained by the theatre. I shall never let the value of my work depend upon this last." After telling him that in his *Thalia* he intends to vent his opinion upon the subject at greater length, he thus ends:—"A poet whose three dramas have been put upon the stage, among them a *Robbers*, has, as I hope and believe, some right to resent the want of proper respect." And well might he set store by his fame, albeit that public criticism had not spared his last two works. Nevertheless, their genius had won for them a place upon the stage. In the *Poets' Almanac* for 1785 there were words in high praise of him. *The Robbers*, so it said, had more glow, more fancy, more of the force of genius than Goethe's *Goetz*. "In this sham sentimental age we never looked to have a *Robbers*, a *Fiesco*, a *Plot and Passion*. Hail to Schiller, the fiery Teuton! May Apollo and the Muses be with him, that we may right soon have fresh work from his pen. He, Goethe, Stolberg, and others—a few—could, so we think, restore manliness to our countrymen, could make them more capable of deeper feeling." Of course from this date none of his plays were performed in Mannheim. *The Robbers* had been last acted there on the 26th of December.

The printing of the *Thalia* now rapidly progressed, although he could not wholly keep to the original scheme of arrangement. To his essay upon the stage was appended a "Mar-

vellous Instance of a Woman's Revenge." This was an exciting tale about Madame de Pommeray that Schiller had translated from the manuscript of Diderot's *Jacques le Fataliste*, with which Dalberg had furnished him. Third in order came the first act of *Don Carlos*. He asked all readers, and in especial the great authors of Germany, whose pupil he was, for their opinion to be given with the utmost candour; it would help him, this, when writing the conclusion. If critics called this first portion morbid, unhealthy, then "the whole sketch would find its way into the fire." He sent Klein the proofs of the first number, asking for his candid criticism.

This intimacy with Charlotte only heightened his excitement and unrest. At heart he ever yearned for the closer, deeper friendship of some soul that thoroughly understood his nature. Margareta alone attracted him, yet, in such a position, how could he dare to offer her marriage? One evening—it was that of the 10th—when all his acquaintances had flocked to the playhouse, where Klein's *Gunther* was being given, he felt impelled to write to those Leipzig friends, whose affectionate letter he had left nearly a month unanswered. He confessed how deeply he longed for their society; how, since their last letter, the thought had stayed ever in his mind: "These beings belong to you, as you to them;" how, too, his heart had told him that their friendship would work the long-looked-for change in his career. But, as it chanced, he was kept from finishing the letter by an unexpected visit. Seemingly it was of no very pleasant nature, for twelve days passed ere he again took up his pen, while "without and within him revolution reigned."

"I can stay no longer here" (*i.e.* in Mannheim). Thus he writes in the depth of his despair, seeing all things in their gloomiest light, magnifying, exaggerating his misfortunes "For twelve days I have carried this at my heart, this, and the resolve to go out of the world. Men, circumstances, earth, heaven, are repugnant to me. I have no soul here, not *one*, even, to fill the void at my heart—no friend, nor man nor woman; while from that which *perchance* might be dear

to me" (here Charlotte is meant) "I am shut off by my position and by *les convenances*."

He was freed from the theatre; it was necessary, too, that he should "negotiate" personally with the Duke of Weimar; the main thing, however, was that he must see Leipzig and his friends there. "Oh, my soul thirsts for *fresh* sustenance, for *better* men, for friendship, attachment, love. I must come to you, must in closer converse, in the firmest bonds of amity, learn again to draw gladness from the heart within me, to bring my whole being into life and action. My poetic vein stagnates, just as my heart has grown parched, among those with whom until now I have lived. It is you who must give it warmth again. With you I would be, I shall be, all that and double—three times—what I once was; more than this, my beloved ones, I shall be—*happy*." Ay, and as though afraid that the friends might deter him, he remarks that he has already made irrevocable declaration of his resolve to quit Mannheim, going thence in three or four weeks to Leipzig. In explanation of the "paroxysm of joy" into which the very thought of Leipzig threw him, he further confesses that:—"Hitherto Fate has cramped my projects; my heart and my muse have had at the same time to be ruled by necessity. It needs but this revolution of my destiny to make me quite another man, to let me begin to be a poet." Should fortune show him but the faintest favour, he meant to make Leipzig a lasting place of abode. A *single* moment might serve to divert his schemes into a new channel leading towards success. Despite this enthusiasm about his future as a poet, seemingly what he here had in view was to settle in Leipzig as a doctor, with Margareta, maybe, as helpmate. Before answer could reach him from Leipzig, he tells Huber of his embarrassed state, and of his need for pecuniary help. He could no longer continue to edit the *Thalia*; all the petty letter-writing and account-keeping worried him extremely; he meant to transfer the journal to a publisher, even though by so doing he should lose a few hundred thalers annually. Helped by the Duke of Weimar, he hoped to get his formal degree as doctor of medicine. But in order to leave Mannheim he needed at

the least a hundred ducats; and, beyond the sale of the first number of *Thalia*, which would scarcely bring him in more than a hundred thalers, he had no means of raising such a sum. He could not appeal to his friends and acquaintances in Mannheim; the best of these were unable to give him help. His father depended upon the money that he was earning. "Is it not possible," he asks, "on your own or on my note of hand, to borrow some three hundred thalers or so from the booksellers or the Jews? My plan is as follows: every two months I would repay fifty thalers from the profits of *Thalia* until the debt were cleared. But this payment could only begin with the third number. According to my entire calculations, my yearly income from *Thalia*, after deducting expenses, would be from eight to nine hundred thalers." When speaking after this of a friend upon whom he had counted, and who was now in great monetary embarrassment, owing to a loss of fortune, it must undoubtedly have been Charlotte's husband to whom he referred.

While Schiller was thus anxiously waiting for a favourable answer to his request, the printing of *Thalia* reached completion. After the *Don Carlos* extract came a letter by a Danish traveller upon the Cabinet of Antiquities at Mannheim; and this was followed by a short "Repertorium" of the theatre there, from the 1st of January to the 3d of March, together with critical notices upon subjects connected with the playhouse and its management. At the close were printed words of apology that many of the articles promised in the prospectus had in the present number unavoidably been left away. The dedication of *Don Carlos* to the Duke of Weimar is dated the 14th of March.

Meanwhile Körner, at his father's death, on 5th January, had inherited a small fortune. Part of this he invested in the publishing business of his friend, George Joachim Goeschen, who, coming from Bremen, had recently established himself in Leipzig. When sending Schiller the needed money, Körner used Goeschen as his agent in the matter, writing to him that he wished to lend this sum to the poet, yet it must seem as though offered by the publishers in aid of the issue of *Thalia*.

He, Körner, would write to Schiller that Goeschen, who had money of his, would advance the sum in exchange for a bill; and this amount would be charged to his account in case they should not agree as to the conditions respecting the *Thalia*. Thus delicately did he give Schiller help in his distress, who looked upon publishers as a mere race of lucre-loving Jews.

Already, on Tuesday the 8th, Charlotte, writing to Christophine, tells her that the first number of *Thalia* is to appear in that week. Some of its matter she had read; specially the scenes from *Don Carlos* deserved the regard and the praise of all those who could think or who could feel. Great changes, she said, had been wrought in the poet's temperament by fate and by experience. Her only wish was that this venture of the *Thalia* might succeed, and that it might draw out in equal measure his energy, his sincerity, and his genius. She had never ceased to hope great and good things of him, for she had his welfare most thoroughly at heart. It never seems to have crossed her mind that he really meant to leave Mannheim.

The first number of *Thalia* had scarcely been published when Böck and Madame Rennschüb met the poet's criticism of their acting by indignant abuse. On the 19th he makes complaint of this to Dalberg. Böck, he writes, had unblushingly attacked him from the stage, had loudly vilified him in the most plebeian fashion. He asked Dalberg to grant him a personal interview of half-an-hour. The Director wrote back to express his regret that by such cutting remarks Schiller should have irritated the actors; he declined, however, to speak with him upon the subject, much to the poet's mortification. With his Leipzig friends, on the other hand, his relations grew ever more hopeful. Not only was the needed money promised to him; Goeschen likewise offered to publish the *Thalia* upon favourable terms. Unfortunately, these three hundred thalers now borrowed did not help him to keep faith with Frau von Wolzogen, nor would they cover the cost of a journey to Heilbronn, where he could bid farewell to those at home before setting out for Saxony.

In a letter to Huber, who was expecting him at Leipzig, he now fully stated his wish. It cost him greater pains, he

said, to straighten his domestic difficulties than to plan out some state conspiracy; home had no happiness for him without some dear and intimate friend, who was ever at hand, who had not to be sought for in the outside world. If he could share a lodging with Huber, who must recommend respectable people to him, all would be right and well.

"I merely need a bedroom, which at the same time might be my study; and then a sitting-room. *Necessary* furniture to me would be a good chest of drawers, a writing-table, bed, and sofa; also another table and some chairs. If I had these, nothing else were wanting to my comfort. I can't live on the ground floor nor in the top storey; and above all things, my windows must not look out upon a graveyard. Loving humanity, I love likewise its turmoil. If I can't compass it thus that we (*i.e.* the five-petalled clover-leaf) can have our meals together, I shall dine at the *table d'hôte* of the inn; for I'd rather fast than not eat with company large, or else specially excellent. . . . No doubt there is a desperate *naïveté* about all this that I'm expecting; it's your indulgence, though, that has spoilt me." The needed money just reached him in time; it came in the form of a bill falling due upon the 31st. Dalberg, in a letter of the 27th, had expressed regret that Schiller should seemingly have taken offence at his last remarks; they did but embody his firm conviction that written criticism of actors or of singers was of necessity harmful to a theatre, and must eventually work its ruin. He had pointed out, too, how Lessing with his *Dramaturgy* had exactly experienced that concerning which Schiller now made complaint. We may infer that Dalberg wished to see him before his departure from the words—"However, more by word of mouth." The parting with Charlotte was a painful one. For long past her morbid, highly-strung temperament had strongly fascinated him, had raised him by its contact; but it had destroyed his peace of mind and of soul. He must have been strangely moved at this time to hear that Laura, his early love, had let herself be led astray by a young student of rank. Again, it was a grief and shame to him that he could neither answer Frau von Wolzogen's urgent request for payment, nor yet visit her at Heilbronn.

His father had to beg him to write to her, at least, if quite unable to return any portion of the loan. He took affectionate leave of Margareta, who as a parting gift presented him with a letter-case of her own making. They agreed to establish a correspondence; and it was already Schiller's intention to ask from Leipzig for her father's consent to their union. His sense of courtesy alone made him visit Dalberg before quitting Mannheim. Klein was about to go at this time to Vienna; they parted in tears. In Beck Schiller left behind him a valuable friend; his relations with Iffland, however, were less cordial than before. On his last evening he stayed with faithful Streicher until midnight, at which hour they sadly bade each other farewell, not without dim forebodings that fate held brighter days for both of them in the future.

In such way, after nearly two years, did he leave Mannheim—to him a hateful place enough, where he had but known new trouble, and fallen deeper into debt. He left it with *Don Carlos* in his brain, with Margareta at his heart, filled full of longing to give greeting to those friends at Leipzig who had thus found him means of escape. His long connection with actors and the stage had given him very thorough insight into the claims and needs of drama. Such experience, moreover, had its useful side, even though for the first it set him against all things theatrical. In Mannheim many a bitter disappointment had been his; still, there he had found a Charlotte von Kalb; there he had had sight of that ungoverned soul, consumed by its passion, warped by its excess of sentiment; and the picture had been helpful to him when planning out *Don Carlos*. Nor did he go from the town without some hope that it was gentle Margareta, maybe, who was destined to bring gladness into his life and to make it fair.

BOOK VI.
IN FRIENDSHIP'S LAP.

CHAPTER I.

FROM APRIL TO SEPTEMBER 1785.

AFTER a journey made sadly tedious by "snow and bog and rain," Schiller, on Sunday the 17th of April, reached Leipzig, "shattered and broken," stopping here at the sign of the Blue Angel. And yet his spirits had not deserted him, for we find him playfully trying to mystify the two sisters, Minna and Dora Stock, when introducing himself to them. Körner was at that time in Dresden. In Huber he gained knowledge of a fine nature; but the poor fellow, under the rule of an over-strict mother, had been kept from reaching any manly self-dependence. Rigid surveillance had made him shy and irresolute in manner; his betrothed, too, some five years older than himself, and gifted with much talent both for art and raillery, had only helped to unsettle his character. Schiller at first took lodgings at the Joachimsthal *café*, in the Hainstrasse. He needed change, distraction, after the strain of those last days at Mannheim, and all the fatigues of his journey. For this reason he plunged straightway into the throng and bustle of the Leipzig Fair, although this time, forsooth, there was less of commotion there than he had imagined. With many a face which passed him he was familiar. Besides Huber's father he met Weisze, who, having ceased to write poetry, was now editing children's books, and had issued a *New Library of the Fine Arts*. Then, too, he saw the celebrated Capellmeister Hiller, Professor Oeser, the artist who was on close terms of friendship with Goethe and the Court at Weimar; Reinecke, the *régisseur*

of the Dresden-Leipzig theatre; and Jünger, the comedy writer. With the last-named, a jovial, merry young fellow, some few months his senior, he grew more intimate. Here also he found Sophie Albrecht and her husband; his urgent warning to her to leave the stage had been seemingly given in vain. It amused him most to stay at Richter's coffee-house, where many a citizen and stranger met together, although he must soon have wearied of being stared at like some wild animal for having written *The Robbers*, of being hailed and greeted at every turn by countless literary men, who felt it their privilege to welcome a comrade.

But yet amid all this mighty whirl he soon felt solitary and alone, for he had a goal in life towards which he strove. He told Schwan on the 24th of his heart's desire, of the wish that he had cherished for more than a year, and that he had already confided to the Duke of Weimar. In a short time he intended to go to Gohlis, where he would work with great diligence at *Don Carlos* and the journal *Thalia*, at the same time continuing his medical studies unobserved. "The goal once clear for me, I shall press towards it with every effort of my being. Judge yourself whether I be likely to reach it when my zeal is strengthened by a most delightful wish. Two years yet, and then my whole fortune will be decided." He felt already so sure of Schwan's compliance that he wrote to his father on 4th May that a piece of news from Mannheim was in store for them both. But Schwan considerably avoided giving a refusal by pointing out that his daughter's character was not suited to that of the poet whom he so highly honoured. Thus, too, did this day-dream vanish. Schwan, it is said, told nothing to Margareta of the proposal. Of course Schiller could no longer write to her, while she, again, grew uneasy at a silence she was powerless to explain. He, in the meantime, was ever more closely circled by a band of loving friends.

Towards Körner he was drawn by all the force of that noble, brave, and affectionate soul. Already his first letter showed him something of that within his heart, which felt only complete happiness in the knowledge that he was doing all the good that lay within his power. He should feel this happi-

ness, he said, when he had his Schiller at his side ; they would mutually spur each other on to strive unflinchingly towards their high ideal. Such a voice as this touched Schiller strangely ; he had never heard its like before. How worthy of reverence seemed to him a man who, enabled to enjoy the gifts of fortune, was all athirst for deeds ! How proud to feel that he had been proffered such place at his side ! What joy to be certain that Körner, in "this faithful, brotherly fashion," would "join him in his romantic voyage towards truth and fame and fortune !" He longed for the autumn, when, after Körner's marriage in Dresden, he would live with Huber, and enjoy in his society the pleasures of close friendship and of deep mutual sympathy. Then he meant to divide his time into three portions : one to be set apart for the poet ; the other for the physician ; the third for the individual. He had not yet abandoned medicine, albeit Schwan's evasive answer had already reached him. He told his new friend nothing of this Margareta episode, now to be wholly swept from his memory. Körner gave warm assent to the proposals in his soul-filled letter ; he sealed their bond of friendship by using the familiar "thou," in sign that they were as brothers. Meanwhile Schiller had moved to Gohlis, some little distance out of Leipzig. Here he lodged at the first with Endner and his two step-sisters.

Goeschen returned from Vienna at the close of May ; he had come back by way of Weimar, transacting business there with Wieland, Bode, and Musæus. Schiller also formed friendship with him, and they lived together in the little house standing next to Endner's, which was afterwards bought in 1856 by the Schiller Society, in loving remembrance of the poet. Jünger also was at Gohlis, where he spent one of the merriest days of his life in Schiller's company. Reinhart joined them frequently, a young landscape painter of great promise, and with him the poet was glad to become intimate. Of course Schiller often went into Leipzig, where he had dealings with Kunze, a merchant there, a great friend of Körner's.

On the 1st of July Körner, his bride and her sister, Schil-

ler, Huber, and Goeschen all met at Professor Ernesti's house in Kahrsdorf, a manor some five miles out of Leipzig, on the left bank of the Pleisze. Hearty as was the greeting between the two friends, bound each to each for life, they could at such a time find no chance for confidential talk, as Körner specially was in so large request. Next morning Goeschen, Schiller, and Huber had to take their leave, promising, however, to meet the ladies that following afternoon, whom Körner was to conduct for part of the way. While returning to Leipzig, as the three spoke of their hopes

and schemes for the future, Schiller felt thrilled at the thought of his happiness among such friends.

"My heart glowed again," he writes to Körner. "It was no flight of imagination, this; it was firm, philosophical certainty of that which lay before me in the glorious perspective of the after days. Shame-struck, yet not wholly crushed, I glanced back at the past, at the life which I had thus hopelessly squandered. I felt how dauntless were my powers, how abortive



Schiller's house at Gohlis. From a sketch.

the designs (great ones, may be) which nature cherished respecting me. Half had been ruined by the senseless system of my bringing up and by the sullenness of Fate; the other, and *more important* part, by myself." While in this glow and ferment of emotion, he had sworn to redeem the past; and his enthusiasm had passed to the others with electric speed. In Huber's eyes he read Körner's name, which at that instant rose involuntarily to his lips. From their meeting glance sprang forth the high resolve in turn to help each other forward towards one glorious goal. He was filled, he said, with the sense of their close union,

with the thought that through mutual aid alone they could reach greatness, goodness, fortune. They stopped to take breakfast at a tavern on the way, drinking to Körner's health with tears in their eyes. "Goeschen declared that his glass of wine felt as fire in the veins, while with burning cheek Huber told us that he had never tasted wine of like excellence; and I thought of how the sacrament had been instituted, and of those words 'Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me.' I heard the peal of organ; I stood before the altar. And now first it flashed upon us that the day was your birthday."

This was the kind of extravagant rhapsody into which he fell, through thinking of their joint efforts towards *one great end*, towards the fulfilment of those duties marked out for them by nature. He had never yet found a friend so true, so high-principled as Körner; and his heart longed to give utterance of its joy.

As their projected excursion was hindered by the weather, Schiller could not keep from at once sending detailed account to his Körner of that memorable celebration of July the 2d. But there was another cause for his writing: he needed money; for his funds were exhausted; and before three months were past he could not look to draw any help from the *Thalia* subscriptions, payable through the Mannheim Postal Agency, if indeed he were not cheated of these altogether. Then, too, he wished to aid Huber, whose parents, fearing the cost of his outfit, were for giving up the idea of his entrance into the diplomatic service. Körner was but to advance the money, and Schiller would make over to him an amended edition of his three dramas. He was under no obligation to Schwan, who, without saying a word, had published the pieces in fresh form. A thoroughly revised edition of *The Robbers* and of *Fiesco* would, he felt sure, be acceptable to the public, and would do much to raise his fame. He meant to give new effect to the first-named play by an appendix, in the form of a one-act piece, to be called *The Robbers' Doom*.

Körner's generosity seemed to Schiller without its parallel unequalled in all the history of friendship. The former, writ-

ing back, reproached him gently for hesitating to show him all his trouble, and for not frankly stating the sum of which he stood in need. What he in that moment could spare he at once sent; if more were wanted, he would quickly furnish it. Schiller must let him enjoy the pleasure of saving him for a year at least from the necessity of earning a living; it was a pleasure which cost him, pecuniarily, no sacrifice whatever; when the poet in a few years should have reaped his golden harvest, he might, if he would, repay him with interest. Körner hoped great things of the *Don Carlos*, which Schiller must finish completely at his ease; as to the new edition of his plays, the venture seemed a likely one, if it only did not keep him from present work. It were best for his own benefit to publish in commission with Goeschen; he, Körner, would meet the expenses of printing. Schiller answering to this letter, writes:—

“Your friendship and your kindness open up to me an Elysium. Through you, beloved Körner, I may perhaps yet become what I despaired of ever being. As my powers ripen, so will my happiness increase; and near you, through you I look to develop them. These tears that here, on the threshold of my new career, I shed in gratitude, in honour to you, these tears will fall again when that career is ended. If I should become that of which I now dream, who, then, happier than you? A friendship having such an aim in view is a friendship that can know no ending. Do not destroy this letter. Ten years hence, maybe, you will read it with strange emotion; and in the grave you will softly slumber thereon.”

How sharp the contrast between this morbid enthusiasm and Körner's calm, sure conviction that it behoved him to support a talent, harassed by outward cares, as that in Schiller he had found a friend who would quicken his own zeal for action!

Following Körner's wish, the poet for the first kept on working solely at *Don Carlos*, and there was no further thought of a new edition of his other plays. However, he promised Goeschen to carry on the *Thalia* until the close of September, for he must keep faith with the public. The first

number was to be reprinted. The Mannheim Postal Agency still withheld the subscriptions which had been paid to it for him. Goeschen's fee was to be at the rate of two louis d'or per sheet. The Duke of Weimar had not acknowledged the receipt of the first number, but Wieland had written back his judgment of the *Don Carlos* excerpt. In a long critique, dated the 8th of May, he recognised Schiller's very great gifts, though he saw in his work an immaturity, a want of balance. Much he blamed rightly ; yet often, too, he failed to seize the author's meaning. It was not his intention, however, to notice the *Thalia* in his *Mercur*, while the Duke wished to wait for the succeeding portion of the play before sending Schiller his thanks.

It was at this time that Goeschen one evening brought to him a literary man who had once keenly wounded him by a virulent critique of his drama *Plot and Passion*. This was Professor Moritz, a friend of Iffland's and the author of *Anton Reiser*. Schiller gave him no very cordial welcome ; but when the first heat of his resentment had cooled, and when Moritz, whose objections the prodigious applause of a Berlin public had long since extinguished, made frank apology for so intemperate an attack, without, however, changing his original opinions, then Schiller held out the hand of reconciliation. Moritz was a man of mind, fallen, though, on evil days ; one who had grappled more terribly even than Schiller with an adverse fate. They passed a happy evening together, and the next morning was given to enthusiastic converse upon the art they each loved. Schiller read out to his companion portions of the *Don Carlos*, to which his whole heart and being clove.

Sunday, the 7th of August, was Körner's wedding-day, and Schiller's gift was a pair of urns, the emblem and memento of perpetuity. He also wrote some lines in honour of the bride and bridegroom ; but these were of small poetic worth. At five o'clock that afternoon the marriage ceremony was performed at Körner's country seat, where his most intimate friends had joyfully assembled. After a few days, when Dora and her husband started for their wedding tour, Schiller and Huber accompanied them on horseback as far as the village

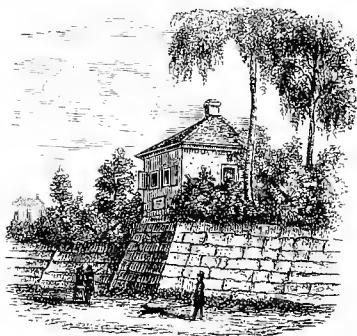
of Stauchitz. While riding back, the poet slipped from the saddle, crushing his right hand in the fall. This so disabled him that more than three weeks went by before he could tremblingly put pen to paper, when he first wrote to Körner, the friend for whom he longed. If some slight mark upon his hand were always to remain, he said that he would heartily welcome it, as a lasting remembrance of his friend's joyful entry into Dresden. His own life at Gohlis was now "hermit-like, sad and empty," particularly as the bleak autumn weather had set in before its time. He felt powerless to do any fresh work. It caused him some distraction, however, to dictate the acting version of *Fiesco* to an amanuensis, as the play was soon to be given at Leipzig. The rest, the leisure, the mood which must absolutely be his, if he would produce work, were alone to be found when with friends at Dresden. He asks if he may come thither, and Körner at once invites him. Dr. Albrecht was then starting for Dresden, and at his suggestion they agreed to travel together by the extra post. Schiller is glad to leave Gohlis thus hurriedly, for it will spare him "the trying situation of bidding several good souls farewell." At four o'clock on the morning of September 11, he sets out in feverish excitement. On repassing the places where he had lately been in company with the bride and bridegroom, he greets them "with all a pilgrim's reverential awe." He cries aloud in rapture at first sight of the Elbe emerging from the mountains. The scenery around this river had the more charm for him from its resemblance to the "wrestling-ground of his early poetic childhood." At midnight, crossing the great bridge, he drove into Elbflorenz; and amid the many buildings his heart, so it seemed, would needs point out the dwelling of his bosom friend. But for a night, at least, an inn must give him shelter; and at the Golden Angel, No 4 Wilsdrufferstrasse, he rested after his long day of travel.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SEPTEMBER 1785 TO FEBRUARY 1787.

RAIN fell in torrents next morning as Schiller, in a chair borne by two porters in canary-coloured livery, was carried to Fräulein Faust's house, No. 14 Kohlenmarkt, now No. 4 Körnerstrasse. Here both the ladies welcomed him warmly; and Körner, coming home at one o'clock from the Konsistorium, met his beloved friend with open arms. Huber's health was drunk in a bumper of good Rhenish; and after dinner Körner played on the harpsichord so touchingly that Schiller saw in his music a source of lofty inspiration.

At five in the afternoon they drove to Körner's seat near Loschwitz, a village within little distance of Dresden on the banks of the Elbe. Here they spent the beautiful autumn days together. The house was a spacious one, standing in a pretty little garden at the foot of the mountain, while at the top was a summer-house, which commanded a magnificent view of Blasewitz opposite, and of the far heights of the Saxon Switzer-



Körner's house at Loschwitz. From a sketch.

land. Already on that first evening the talk turned upon philosophy. Körner felt an impulse for work in the sphere of science, while Schiller gave all his care to *Don Carlos*, though he was not unmindful of continuing the *Thalia*. At Loschwitz he heard from Christophine that, after mature thought, she had given Reinwald her hand. In the same straightforward way that he had disapproved of the match, he now sent to her his brotherly blessing. And with it goes the regret that his parent will not admit that his son in losing fatherland has really won all, and three years of youth alone had been the price of a fame that was now general; he looked back joyfully to his past life; he felt full of courage for the future. Serious though the step, it had been worth taking if only for the gain of so many noble, grand men. During building operations at the house, he went into a little one close by, where the gossip of some neighbouring washerwomen disturbed him while writing the scene between Carlos and the Princess Eboli. He vented his irritation in a humorous petition, addressed by a dilapidated tragedy writer "to the Körnerian Konsistorial Deputation of Ladies of the Lavatory at Loschwitz." Perhaps here, too, the stirring poem entitled *To Joy* was composed, the outcome of Schiller's gladsome heart, a lyric which in later years touched Beethoven's soul with its fire. His Leipzig friends had no knowledge of it until that November; probably it was produced in that month.

At the beginning of October Schiller felt somewhat depressed; he yearned for one absent from their trio, for Huber, who had long been kept from those who loved him. In a letter to him of October 5, Schiller writes:—"The boyhood of our souls is now ended, as I imagine it; so, too, the honeymoon of our friendship. Let, then, our hearts cling valiantly each to each, dreaming little, feeling much, planning less, and working all the more fruitfully." And this was, in truth, the mark towards which Schiller and Körner spurred each other onward. The latter, with his wider philosophical knowledge, had most helpful influence upon the poet. After reading Watson's *Life of Philip the Second*, Schiller saw that there was much to change in his own conceptions of Philip

and of Alba. The last three acts of *Don Carlos* were before him, a chaotic mass, that disheartened him, and from which he shrank. How feeble he seemed when set against the giant Shakspeare!

At last, in the middle of this month, he moved into the lodgings taken for Huber and himself on the first floor of a house opposite Körner's, No. 16 Köhlenmarkt, now No. 6. Huber also came thither, to prepare for his diplomatic career under Minister Stutterheim. And now the three friends worked joyfully in concert. They kept out of the common circles of society as much as possible. Schiller felt himself free, and grew glad of heart; he saw at this time a good deal of his old friend Sophie Albrecht. The stage had greater attraction for him than the famous art-collections. At mid-day and evening he was regularly at Körner's house, where, though he may have had long and grave philosophical discussions with its owner, the family was but enlivened by his pleasant company. He was also fond of a game at whist. Among Körner's acquaintances there were Professor Wilhelm Gottlieb Becker, Capellmeister Naumann, Graff the artist, Reinhard the court chaplain, Archenholz, a writer, Neumann the war-secretary, Wagner, a minister of finance, and others with whom Schiller also had relation. It was on the 29th of November that he was first able to send Goeschen some MS. for the second number of *Thalia*, which included the lyric *To Joy*, an essay by Huber on *Modern Greatness*, and the Würtemberg tale of the Sonnenwirth, for which Abel had furnished the details, and that bore unmistakable marks of Diderot's influence. Before printing the second act of the *Don Carlos*, he wished to submit it to several critics. When the first four sheets of proofs came to hand, to fill up space, he sent a couple of poems—*Resignation*, a *Phantasy*, and *The Free Thought of Passion*, which bore this addition, "When Laura was wedded, in the year 1782." Then came a trifling *aubade* by Sophie Albrecht. These two poems of his spoke forth such vehement antagonism to moral law and Christian faith, that the writer was fearful of sharp censure from the Leipzig press authorities. Therefore he begged Goeschen, for

the sake of their friendship and for the honour of *Thalia* to get these sheets printed in Dessau; Körner had also suggested this. There were most weighty reasons for his wishing to publish them; he only states one, however, viz. that in another poem he means to confute what he had now written. For the fire, the glow that he had breathed into these poems, just for this he valued them. Goeschen submitted them to the Leipzig censorship, which received them more leniently than Schiller expected, asking only that some explanatory note be appended for the benefit of the intolerant. Schiller agreed to this, and changed the titles somewhat, adding probably the words, "When Laura was wedded, in the year 1782," and "A Phantasy," which were originally absent. The poems are both signed with the cipher D, just as were the odes to Laura in the *Anthology*. Immediately afterwards he sent Goeschen a translation of Mercier's description of the character of Philip the Second, and finally a small portion of the second act of *Don Carlos*, keeping back the greater half for the third number. And the third number, he said, could be published in a few weeks or even at once, as he had matter enough, so he believed, for a whole year. But things could not be thus hastened on, as Schiller found, to his annoyance. He was most desirous to see the whole of the second act of his play in the public's hands, yet Goeschen in January declared that, despite every effort, before Easter it was impossible to issue more than one number. Schiller now began his *Philosophic Letters* between Julius and Raphael. Körner wrote one of the short ones by Raphael. It was hard work, however, to get him to compose it, and for this reason there was much joking between the friends. The correspondence—not continued, alas!—sought to show that assertions such as were here made, "assertions, narrow, exaggerated, and often contradictory, find at last their solution, are fused into one universal, clear, and firmly-founded truth." Raphael, to turn his younger friend from fantastic theories as to God and the world, points out to him the worth of self-analysis, while he subjects these theories to strict and searching criticism, showing their fallacy. Julius, in Raphael's absence, complains that his friend has

spoiled for him his fair world of ideas ; but the latter retorts that he has but hastened on a crisis which Julius needs must reach, and that, on the contrary, he has proffered him the sublimest pleasures of the reason. Most of the letters of Julius take us back to Schiller's youth ; already in the days of the *Anthology* he had planned writing a novel in the form of letters exchanged by Julius and Raphael ; and in this the poem *Friendship* was to have place.

When, on April 9, Körner with his family and Huber went to Leipzig, Schiller stayed behind in Dresden, to work with all diligence at his drama. But unfortunately he could make no proper progress. The censors of the press had taken umbrage at one passage in it ; this threw him out of mood ; a far graver hindrance was his unwonted solitude, which robbed him of all gaiety. Then his position, shifting, uncertain as it was, formed a source of trouble. It was a whole year since he had left Mannheim, and had been living upon Körner's generosity, yet sure though his purpose and zealous though his efforts, there lay, so far, no desirable prospect in view.

He heard from Charlotte that, by her husband's wish, she was to leave Mannheim and go to Thüringen ; Beck believed she would probably surprise him by an unlooked-for visit at Dresden. Failing to rouse his energies for any kind of poetic work, he spent much time in reading ; this seemed to him absolutely necessary, for he had still an amazing deal to learn. Besides Körner's library, he could use that of the Kurfürst. He accordingly buried himself in Abbt's dissertation *On Merit* ; he felt a kind of kinship with its author, who had died young some twenty years back ; like him, he fancied he had the same medley in his mind of fiery thoughts and vague speculations ; only that while Abbt came nearer to being a clear-sighted philosopher, he, Schiller, shared more the sensuous temperament of the poet. His love for history now grew ever deeper. A translation by Rambach of Bougeant's *History of the Thirty Years' War* greatly stirred him. Writing to Körner, he says : " Strange that epochs where national woe is at its height should be the most brilliant epochs in the annals

of human power! How many great men stood forth from this gloom! I wish that for ten years running I had only read history. I believe I should be quite another fellow if I had. Do you think I shall yet be able to retrieve the time lost?"

Here a new and fruitful field for work seemed open to him, where was needed none of that nerve-wasting strain which poetry-writing caused. In the continuation of these *Philosophic Letters* the question for discussion should be whether a political or an ideal system of culture were the more excellent; no subject, said he, gave them better chance to blend history and philosophy with their eloquence. In his loneliness he wrote in friendly fashion to Reinwald, his future brother-in-law, using the familiar *thou* in his letter, which contained an enclosure for Frau von Wolzogen, whose loan he had never yet been able to repay.

At length the Körners came back from Meiszen on the 26th, but still his depression did not end; it specially irked him that Huber wished to stop in Leipzig during May. On the 1st of that month he complains to him of moroseness and of sheer discontent: that his heart was cramped, deadened, and that fancy's flame had gone out in utter darkness. "Strange that each awaking and each downlying, almost, brings me nearer to a resolution, to the resolve to go one step farther; that already seems to me half taken. I need a crisis. Nature prepares for destruction that she may thereby bring forth afresh. It may well be that you do not understand me; but I understand myself. I could weary of existence if it were worth while to die." He felt an impulse towards work of another kind, to be achieved when holding a sure and honourable position. Fränzel, a musician of his acquaintance, had come to Dresden for a week, and Schiller says he is going to write him the words for two arias and a terzett in his operetta. He means to compose them while having his hair dressed, just to learn how to scribble. But scribble he could not. At this time, too, in compliance with the wishes of Körner and his wife, he gave sittings to his friend Graff. They had chosen the pose in which to place him; he was to sit as they



Schiller, from the painting by Axton Graff.

had watched him sit for hours when alone; thus they would get him to remain in a natural, easy position—not his usual one, with head tossed somewhat defiantly backwards. Schiller sat only four times; the hands and head were at once finished, the rest of the picture being merely sketched in. We here give the portrait, completed by Graff in 1791, and afterwards engraved by J. G. Müller; ours is taken from the only correct engraving of the original.

On the afternoon of May 16 Schwan with his two daughters reached Dresden. By nine the next morning he had not yet visited Schiller, who, failing to see him before evening, intended to call upon him at his hotel. Though offended with Schwan, he still felt gratitude towards him, as being the first who, outside Württemberg, had told him of his ability, and who had taken a more than trifling interest in his literary progress. And Schwan, after his own fashion, felt real attachment to the poet, though he was hardly sensible how deep such attachment was. Whether he called on Schiller first is not known to us; it is certain, though, that they met as good friends, and Schiller introduced his publisher to the Körners. Since her father's refusal he was far from wishing to revive in Margareta any of the old tenderness she might once have cherished. He is said to have walked with the two sisters on the Brühler Terrace, while their father sat with Graff the painter. Schwan afterwards wrote from Leipzig his thanks to the "dearest friend" who had made their short stay in Dresden one "ever to be remembered," nor would they forget the cordial welcome given to them by Schiller's friends there.

Schwan had told the poet how highly Wieland esteemed his talent, to whom the poet sent a letter, as Schwan was travelling back by way of Weimar. This spoke of his unsettled position; it deplored his present state of enforced independence, which otherwise he held to be of all lots the most enviable. He wished for Wieland's judgment upon the *Thalia* when more of its matter should be complete for publication. Schiller was thinking of Weimar, of forming a connection there. He writes to Goeschen on June 1, to send him

without delay a nice copy of the first number of the *Thalia*, which he wished to present to "His Grace of Weimar."

He made no advance with the journal, however, while his *Carlos* was put aside for another dramatic poem in prose, *The Manhater Appeased*, a first outline of which he had already planned when in Mannheim. Then, too, he was dreaming of a romance, *The Ghostseer*, where his original scheme for *Friedrich Imhof* was to be developed in quite another fashion.

By way of merrily celebrating Körner's birthday, the 2d of July, Schiller, with the help of Dora's paint-box, prepared a series of thirteen grotesque caricatures, setting forth Körner's good-humoured weaknesses. Huber supplied droll explanations for these, which bore the title "Adventures of the New Telemachus; or, The Life and Labours of Körner the Decent, the Consequential, the Piquant, etc. etc., set forth in fine illuminated plates by Mr. Hogarth, with appropriate explanations by Winckelmann. . . . Rome, 1786."

Minna's expected lying-in was now a cause of grave anxiety to all. On the 24th of this month she gave birth to a son, but her continued illness threw a gloom over the whole circle. Schiller was too distressed to answer his father's letter, which told him of Christophine's marriage, but which, it is true, contained allusion to Margareta and to studying medicine. Even the kind inquiries of Charlotte von Wolzogen, once so dear to him, gained not a word of acknowledgment.

Once more he sought to succeed in drama, and accordingly began to prepare his *Don Carlos* for the stage. He had heard through Beck of the interest taken by Schröder in the fragments hitherto published of the play; and this strengthened his resolve. Schröder was at that time the Director of the Hamburg Theatre; on September 12 Schiller applies to him by letter, saying that the zeal for drama-writing, half lost to him when in Mannheim, had now revived, yet that he dreaded the awful maltreatment which plays received at the German theatres. "By this time I have thoroughly got to learn the bounds imposed upon the poet by stage-scenery, and by all the other requisites of a theatre; there are other and closer limits, however, fixed by the small-mindedness of the incom-

petent artist ; and these the genius of a great actor and thinker overleaps. But I would wish to be free from such limits ; thus I the readier hail the thought of realising by my closer relation to you an ideal which without you I should have hopelessly to abandon." Schröder was to have all his plays, who, by revising them, would make him write with greater enthusiasm. By the end of the year he hoped to have re-cast his *Carlos* in dramatic form. Next January, too, *The Man-hater* would be finished ; the chief character in it could only be acted by one who had already created for Germany the parts of Lear and Hamlet. While waiting in eagerness for Schröder's answer, he finished the opening portion of *The Ghostseer* (to be inserted in the fourth number of *Thalia*), and worked on at *Don Carlos*. He also announced the issue of a work to which various authors would contribute, *A History of Remarkable Conspiracies and Rebellions, from the Middle Ages down to the Present Day*. For this he hoped to furnish his *Fall of the Netherlands*.

The accession of a new king to the throne of Prussia brought our poet no hope, for those in authority at Berlin showed him little favour. On the other hand, he advised Frau von Wolzogen, who was in distress as to her two youngest sons, to apply to His Majesty, then in a bountiful mood ; he offered even to write a letter on her behalf that the King should never callously reject. He tells her, besides, that she shall certainly receive money from him at Easter.

By the 18th of October Schröder had already asked him upon what conditions he would come to Hamburg as playwright. There was no need at his theatre to fear such treatment as he had received in Mannheim ; in any case Schröder wished the plays to be sent to him. But Schiller hesitated, wavered ; he would not bind himself. Parting with Körner was a bitter thought ; and he was daily expecting Charlotte's answer, who, staying then for her health's sake with relations at Gotha, designed to draw him to herself. Moreover, it was not possible to appear at Hamburg before *Don Carlos* was completed. Thus he delayed giving reply for nearly two whole months. And it was fortunate for him that he did so, that

he did not a second time turn playwright, but that he left work in this field until his powers had grown riper.

He arranged with Goeschen for the publication of *Don Carlos*, which was to appear at Easter. He was paid at the rate of ten thalers the sheet. The sale of *Thalia* was such a bad one, that the publisher wished to issue the numbers in volume form under another title. Schiller was nettled by what he termed a stupid critique in the *Neue Bibliothek der Schönen Wissenschaften* of his *Carlos*; its blunt vehemence showed it to have been written with a motive; the form in which the complete play would appear, should be his only answer. Director Döbbelin had just accepted the piece for the Berlin National Theatre.

It was a sad December for Körner and his household. The infant died on the 10th, while Minna's health still caused them anxiety. Her husband went to Leipzig during the middle of the month to consult a physician there, and Schiller with Huber took up his quarters at Körner's house. He now gave answer to Schröder; it was impossible to come, he said, for he was living in the bosom of a family that had need of him. Circumstances made it necessary for him to stay in Dresden, and he must first arrange matters formally with the Duke of Weimar, as it was a regular engagement which took him to Hamburg. He was still ever hoping for some sort of intercession on the Duke's part, little though the gift of just a councillor's title helped to strengthen such hope. Next year perhaps he would come. As to the *Carlos*, which would be ready in six weeks' time, he asks whether he ought to re-write it in prose, and if the play may last three hours. In Körner's absence he grew depressed, suffering at times from deep melancholy; his letters contained self-reproaches that he was of such little use to his friends, that he had not yet been able to requite their kindness. He was working at *Carlos*, as he must keep his promise to Goeschen, yet he was not in the vein for writing. He felt how in the most moving scenes he lacked fire; here and there, only, under the ashes, one might detect a spark. Körner urgently besought him not to finish the play in a hurry; it would be far better to postpone its issue.

Schiller was also uneasy at Charlotte's silence, who from Weimar had gone to Kalbsried, although it pleased him to feel that he had not to leave his friends for some time to come. When, after three weeks, Körner at length returned, their circle won back its old gaiety, for Minna was now on the road to health. There were the same philosophical discussions, the same serious ponderings with Körner upon life. Schiller gladly hailed Reineke's offer of a hundred thalers for a prose version of the *Don Carlos* which was needed for the Dresden theatre. But Döbbelin, on the other hand, now that Engel and Ramler had the joint management of the Berlin playhouse, was obliged, in their name, to retract his former promise to accept the piece. Engel found that Schiller's dramas conformed too little to usual rules. The prose version was quickly thrown off, and the closing scene completed ; yet with the edition for press but slow progress was made. And into the poet's life of work and enjoyment now suddenly came another influence, the influence of love, which lit, which wholly wrapped his heart and soul in its resistless flame.

CHAPTER III.

FROM FEBRUARY TO JULY 1787.

AT a masked ball to which he went with the Körners and Huber, Schiller was accosted by a pretty fortune-telling gipsy-maid. She thoroughly captivated him, and after Minna, wearied by the crowd, had gone home with her husband, he stayed behind with Huber for a long while. The fair fortune-teller proved to be Elizabeth Henrietta von Arnim, a lovely damsel of nineteen, the second of three sisters. Their mother, an officer's widow, was attached to the court. Schiller was irresistibly fascinated by Mademoiselle von Arnim's beauty of face and archness of manner. He often met her after this at Sophie Albrecht's house, and in time he obtained an introduction to her family. The mother was not averse to see the famous poet among her daughter's adorers, among whom were a Count Waldstein-Dux and a rich Jewish banker. On many an evening now Schiller's place at the tea-table was vacant; Minna quickly guessed what the magnet was that attracted him; and he did not deny that by winning Jettchen he looked to reach the zenith of his earthly happiness. He gave her his portrait, and received one of hers in return; he could not enough admire its heavenly beauty. Vain were all the warnings of Körner, Minna, or Dora; his whole heart was filled by the maiden's unequalled loveliness of person and of character.

Early in March the second act of his play had gone to the printer; the remaining one, though for the most part ready, needed still thorough revision, and the closing metres would have to be amended. Wieland had spoken admiringly of

Schiller's genius in his *Mercur* when reviewing the three last numbers of *Thalia*; and though he found less evidence in the *Carlos* than elsewhere of the writer's poetic force, Schiller hoped that the play when entirely revised would gain Wieland's unstinted praise. He was also planning out his exciting novel, *The Ghostseer*, and had begun upon the *History of the Revolt of the Netherlands*.

Koch, the director of the Riga Theatre, visited him in Leipzig, and wished for the prose version of the forthcoming play. Groszmann of Frankfort also asked for it, but upon moderate terms, as he had suffered heavy loss by fire. "You shall have it," wrote Schiller, who just then wanted money. "The terms shall be those asked by one *burnt-out* man of another, *never built up at all*. Twelve ducats is a sum that, for you and for me, I hold to be cheap." Love in all its joy and teen had overwhelmed him; to see his fair, to gladden her by speech or gifts, was his one desire. On some evenings he was often hindered from entering her house, and though they told him that this was done with Jettchen's consent, it only fanned the flame. When the Arnims left Dresden for a time, at Easter, he stayed behind; all the many memories of his beloved filled him with unrest; all poetic energy, all interest in life, flagged. Then Körner and his wife determined to bring him away from Dresden; they took him on April 17 to Tharand, a pretty little town some two miles distant. By such rest his heart might here win back its mirth, and his mind, its bent for poetry. But life at an inn was all too prosaic for him; it seemed like exile on some barren island. Unfortunately rain fell for several days together, so that he could not leave the house. "I have been working, though," he says on the 20th. "How? No matter about that." He wrote a letter to Jettchen, which Dora was to deliver at her house and receive its answer. But if she had not come home from her journey it must be brought back. On the 21st he gets three delightful letters. The first from Jettchen, who had fixed her home arrival for that evening. The second was from Charlotte, saying that she intended to spend the summer in Weimar, where she longed for his presence, and that she

had given a landscape-painter introductions to him. The third letter was from Dalberg, who agreed to accept the *Carlos* for the sum of one hundred thalers. He wished for it in its verse form, in iambics, as he had already had some success with a piece written in like metre. On the 22d, the first day of tolerable weather, Schiller roamed over the hills, for he had absolute need of exercise. He fitted together the fragments of his *Carlos* and recast the prose scenes; one fine week of spring should now see all completed, so he thought. Of course such tremendous haste had obliged him to reject many a happy idea, many a suggestion made by the higher part of him; but that was good, he said, for his piece was already overcharged, and these germs of thought should "bring forth splendid fruit in a time of ripe perfection." During the same day Jettchen's little brother came to Tharand. On Sunday, the 23d, he sent the re-revised prose version of *Don Carlos* to Körner, who was to get three acting copies made of it. He promised to forward next day the continuation for press. That afternoon he had a visit from Jettchen and her mother; unfortunately Count Waldstein also arrived at Tharand, and this exasperated Schiller no less than Jettchen, especially as he saw how her mother encouraged the nobleman's suit. Körner felt annoyed that by this the *Carlos* was once more likely to be neglected; but Schiller consoled him by saying that there were thirteen sheets at the printer's, and that he was not pressed for time; he had thoughts of writing an additional scene; perhaps of completing the third act also. But his passion disquieted him and kept him from this. He lost no time in writing to Jettchen, telling her of his early love episodes, informing her, too, of his intimacy with Charlotte. Jettchen's answer of the 28th ran thus:—

"I had firmly resolved never to love again," she confesses; "never to believe myself loved; I meant to be as fickle as are most men, and to guard against all that could awaken sentiment; still I wished to keep a troop of adorers about me, listening to each, and putting faith in none. But here I erred, for I judged all men by the standard of one whom I had judged all too well; I did not think that there were excep-

tions. Hardly had I spoken twice with you, when I speedily discovered that, in counting to keep all love away from my heart, I had erred. True, I confess, that before this I had already felt affection, but in a far less degree than now, for my first passion was prompted by vanity; I was surprised, without the power of analysing my real feelings." She only ventured, she said, to confess all this *to him*, from which he could judge how deeply she loved him. That which Schiller told her of his intimacy with his friend Charlotte had made her most curious; it would hardly seem to be altogether a proper friendship, since he was so terribly mysterious about it. She therefore asked if he would or could be more explicit. Every letter of his, even the smallest, she had preserved; hers, again, were not worth the reading—full of huge blunders, and with all the fine, high-flown passages manifestly clipped from some old romance. Just these remarks of Jettchen must have confirmed the opinion of Schiller's friends about her, and must have served to cool his ardour; here she frankly confesses to have loved some one else through vanity, and to have coquetted with many more, even though she now wished Schiller to effect her conversion. Perhaps in this letter he saw her mother's influencing hand. He was still too troubled in mind for any work at his play; the pain at finding that Jettchen was not she for whom his heart craved, tortured him. And though he might throw all blame upon her mother, and try to respect Jettchen's warm-hearted, noble sentiment, there could be no longer thought of heart-unity between them, as she could never yield him that rest of soul for which he yearned.

The actual ending—we might almost say the breaking off of this love episode—was made by some charming verses which Schiller sent to Jettchen on May 2. He here speaks but of "sympathy of hearts," of "friendship," "whose rare and lovely lot" she shared. The lines closed thus:—

" For me, too, be there kept this name so splendid,
Oh, guard a place for me within thy heart!
Fate made us meet when youth was almost ended,
And yet our bond the ages shall not part.

True friendship, this is all that I can bring thee ;
And what I earn will be my heart alone ;
For ever will I strive how I may win thee ;
Thy heart I hold, didst thou but know mine own."

We have no knowledge whether a letter went with these lines, but from them alone Jettchen must have seen that he was changed ; and if she failed to do this, her mother would have brought it to her notice. Madame von Arnim counselled her daughter for the first to make no reply ; it was the only way, she said, to win back the poet. Schiller, after two days of vain expectancy, then vented his rancour in a letter, taxing Jettchen with indifference, and in which he stated his resolve to stay another week at Tharand by way of revenge.

"Does it flatter you to feel that you have roused sentiments which you cannot return?" he writes. Further, he insinuates that by her feigned affection she probably had only wished to yoke him to her car of triumph. To this, next day, there came back a curt rejoinder, in which we seem to hear the mother's voice rather than the daughter's. His letter showed, it said, that pride had far stronger sway over him than love.

"You know this but too well, that you first awoke love within me, and perhaps out of courtesy you pretended to feel something also ; but now it wearies you to waste your time over so wretched a mortal (as in your eyes I must be), so by degrees you beat a retreat, though gallant enough to inform me, by way of sparing my vanity, that I am to blame for your indifference. . . . But must I then be nothing short of a sublime creature in order to gain your love? Is what I count in of no merit in your sight, namely, to love you above all things? To do that, you think, is easy enough, but to win *your* affection, that means, of course, a great deal more." She ends with the news that her mother intends to visit him to-morrow, Sunday, at Tharand, if he were not expecting other and better company—some more intellectual friends—with whom such homely everyday folk as they would form but a sorry contrast. Schiller could only see the clearer from all this that with such a mother-in-law he could never expect to spend a quiet life

with Jettchen; thus he the readier gave up all claim to her hand, though his own future was still blank and hopeless. Love's fire cooled down to the even temperature of friendship.

Before the middle of May he at last returned to Dresden, where he earnestly worked at the final portion of *Don Carlos*. As Goeschen had promised to bring out the piece at Easter-tide, which was now over, he only let the first section of the play appear, with the note that the second part, together with plate and title-page, should follow in a fortnight.

Schiller now firmly resolved to visit Charlotte as soon as possible in Weimar, who was longing to see him again, for it was her deepest desire to live where he lived. He thought, too, to revive his friendly relations with the Duke of Weimar, and to become connected with some of the leading men of Ilmathen. He does not regret that Goethe was away, travelling in Italy, for he had little wish to put himself forward in Weimar at the side of so great a man. When *Carlos* should be completed, he believed he might contentedly let it stand upon its own merit.

The prose version of this for the stage had been submitted; but that in iambics must also be prepared. When he finally sent this last to Schröder on the 23d of June, he said that many matters, and one hindrance stronger than all, in that it was an *affaire de cœur*, had kept him from finishing sooner the version promised for January. With the other acting editions (now for the most part sent out) he had made all possible haste; Schröder, however, must be furnished with riper and more thoughtful work. "Ah! that I might now reap the fruits of my toil, that I might revel in the sight of my *Carlos* put upon your stage. . . . I shall see you, and my sense for drama, well-nigh extinct, will wake anew within me. To you I look for this reconciliation of my muse with the stage, which most of the theatres that hitherto I have seen have discouraged rather than helped. Perhaps by the end of the summer you'll have me at Hamburg. In two or three weeks I shall set out on a journey that is to end with Hamburg. I am going to bring you a new piece (*The Manhater*). Now, to descend to prose. If, before I start, you could send me some

money, it would be very welcome. I need it to travel with, and I think it would be ridiculous on my part to make a secret to you of such a thing. I have thoughts of leaving Dresden at the end of this month." He informed Charlotte of his intention to go to Weimar, in a letter wherein he opened out his heart to her, making special confession of the now vanished passion for the bewitching Mademoiselle Arnim. This letter, Charlotte tells us, having reached her at midnight, she kept unread till the next day. But when morning came she could not find it, and this seemed so strange to her that she believed it all to be a dream, and lived through many melancholy days while waiting for the poet's answer. He, again, was surprised at her silence.

Schiller found it impossible to leave his friend before the 2d of July, Körner's birthday, that two years since had been to both such a notable feast. The little farce he now wrote, called *Körner's Forenoon*, shows how strangely merry he then was. Many a comic situation, many a droll event, was here pictured with great skill; how, for instance, Körner loses a whole morning through numberless petty interruptions, so that he is finally driven to send an apology to the Consistorium for his absence. All the free, unconventional style of living in the Körner household is here humorously immortalised. The poet himself had four different rôles to play besides his own; the costume for this last was to include "summer overcoat, yellow slippers, and a snuff-box."

By the 4th Schiller was able to thank Schröder for twenty-one louis d'or in payment for *Don Carlos*, and for a translation by Huber of a short French comedy. The letter of acknowledgment said that now he could start for Weimar unhindered, and after a few weeks spent there he should come on to Hamburg. Still he wavered. He could not bring himself to leave his friends even for a short time; a dread came over him that he was standing at a turning-point in his life—that he was taking a step whose importance lay far ahead in the gloom of the future. Resolved at last, he at once wrote to Charlotte, for whose answer to a former letter he had vainly looked. He then discussed the question of his departure at great length.

with Körner and Huber. He procured himself a court dress, which, however, he never used, as his plain evening clothes were enough for the visit he had to make. Körner jestingly proposed to him the daughter of Privy Councillor Schmidt as a rich heiress to espouse. He parted with the Arnims on friendly terms—some of the old affection for Jettchen lingered still in his heart. He undertook a message for her younger sister, who was then in a convent at Erfurt. Notwithstanding Körner's help, at whose table he was treated as a guest, in spite of the sums gained by *Don Carlos* and the journal *Thalia*, his love episode had made him extravagant in the matter of gifts, and he had fallen into debt. Körner, after knowing the amount he owed, helped him to pay off the most urgent debts by standing surety for his friend, who could thus borrow the loan of three hundred and ten thalers from one Beit, a Jew. On the 19th they spent their last evening together at Loschwitz, walking to a little coppice which crowned a hill close by, where the time passed mirthfully amid clink of glasses and song. Next day the poet had Dresden behind him; he travelled to Leipzig with an old acquaintance, the wife of Schneider the publisher.

The chief intellectual result of Schiller's stay at Dresden had been before all things the *Don Carlos*, which was in many ways a great advance upon his other dramas, although the poet had not wholly kept his immense power in check. Perhaps through the lengthy process of transformation and rearrangement the play may have lost something of poetic unity. Beside that and *The Manhunter*, he had been planning another drama, *Julian the Apostate*. In this last the beauty of Greek mythology was to be set in sharp contrast to the stern asceticism of Christianity. He had promised to issue six numbers annually of the *Thalia*, yet during these two years spent at Leipzig and Dresden, in spite of help from Huber, Reinwald, and others, three only had appeared. But he had begun upon another work, *The Ghostseer*, which was hereafter to prove of high importance to him; he had turned to history as well, and was preparing a description of the revolt in the Netherlands. Körner's society and influence had, moreover,

led him to take interest in philosophy. Here, sharing the pleasures of this cheerful family circle (the first he had ever known of domestic enjoyment, for he had met nothing like it in his own dismal home), his sympathies were one and all quickened. Körner's noble, manly friendship had raised him, and the first rays of real affection had touched his soul and left upon it their abiding trace.

BOOK VII.

FRESH FIELDS OF ACTION.

CHAPTER I.

FROM JULY 1787 TO JANUARY 1788.

ON reaching Naumburg, Schiller found that the Duke of Weimar had just passed through the town on his way to Potsdam. He was sorry to have missed seeing him, although his Grace, then absorbed in politics, would scarcely have taken closer interest in the poet. Arriving at Weimar that evening, Schiller put up at the hotel in the market-place, *Zum Erbprinzen*, and instantly went to see Charlotte. "Our first meeting," he writes to Körner, two days later, "was so hurried, so bewildering, that I am at a loss to describe it to you. Charlotte has remained all that she always was, even with some slight marks of ill health, which, hidden from me by the excitement of our meeting, I had not noticed until to-day." A fortnight afterwards, he tells his friend the whole truth.

"She had been expecting me with keen anxiety and impatience. My last letter, assuring her of my coming, caused her such uneasiness that her health suffered thereby. She had clung but to this thought, and, having me, her capacity for gladness was gone. Such lengthy waiting had exhausted her; joy was benumbing in its effect." This was his explanation of the chilly welcome given to him by his old friend, as morbid, as unhealthy in mind as ever, and only more sickly, more full of repining than before. He too was changed, and looked for consolation where he had to console. Strange, the confession he makes on the 23d.

"Charlotte is a great and an extraordinary being—a real

study for me, and one who could cause trouble to a mind greater than mine. As our intimacy deepens I gradually discover new points in her character, which, like lovely portions of some vast landscape, astonish and delight me." She, clever woman, filled as she was with enthusiasm for the poet's genius, drew him again within her toils. Already, on the first day, he was introduced to Frau von Imhof, Frau von Stein's sister, who was also living in separation from her husband. She instantly spread the news, at a large *soirée*, that she had met the author of *Don Carlos*. Another of Charlotte's visitors was the young and talented Count Solms, then resident for a time in Weimar; Schiller and he had much pleasant converse together.

The poet lost no time in calling upon different people. Charlotte, after her fashion, had told him those persons of note whose acquaintance he must make, strongly urging him to hold his own against the magnates of Weimar. He first announced himself to the veteran poet Wieland in a few lines, saying that all his best pleasure in after-life would depend upon his love and goodwill. Wieland, then in his fifty-fourth year, was deeply engaged upon a translation of Lucian. He gave the young poet a most genial welcome, who had turned more than once to him for counsel, and of whom he had heard much through Schwan. After two hours' conversation, they parted as the best of friends. Wieland spoke with enthusiasm of their mutual influence, for he counted upon Schiller's staying a long time in Weimar, and the poet had said no word of his prospects nor of the scheme which he had in view. Herder was the next celebrity to be visited. He had much to attract Schiller and to call forth his sympathies. "His conversation," he says, "is full of soul, full of force and fire; but he has but two emotions—hate and love. He loves Goethe passionately—half idolatrously." They talked much of Goethe; also of philosophy and politics; of Weimar, of Schubart, now finally set free, and of Schiller's own quarrel with the Duke of Würtemberg, a tyrant whom Herder hated. He asked the poet to come often and see him. Neither spoke of the other's work in literature. Schiller believed that

Herder had never yet read any of his poetry, though he must, at least, have heard of his early plays, which, one and all, had been given at Weimar. Schiller also called upon Einsiedel, a man of musical and literary attainments, who was chamberlain to the Dowager Duchess. They spoke together of the confederacy of German princes which the Duke was so zealous to have established.

Charlotte, who well saw Schiller's agitated state, first feigned a vivacity that bordered upon pertness, and he caught something of her hilarious tone. While the merry mood was still on him, he got amusement from a visit paid to him by Vulpius, the Weimar poet, who, after striving to support his sisters and himself by novel-writing, had been obliged to accept a secretaryship at Nürnberg. We feel some pity for the poor crooked little man "in white coat and yellow-green vest," whom Schiller thus summarily dismissed without a single friendly word, for Vulpius worked earnestly at his craft, and wrote only because he had to write.

On the 27th Schiller, with Wieland, accepted the Dowager Duchess's invitation to Tiefurt, where he was most graciously received. But the Duchess made no favourable impression upon our poet; he thought her narrow-minded, interested only in the sensuous, which explained her taste for music, painting, and the like. Perhaps Charlotte helped him to form this hasty and unsparing judgment. With her he went next evening a second time to Tiefurt, to a concert and a supper, at which Wieland and Count Solms were also present. Charlotte had assured him that everywhere in Weimar his manners would go down. Thus she was to blame when Schiller so far forgot himself as to address his answer to her instead of to the Duchess, who had asked him a question. Returning that night to his hotel he found Gotter there, the poet, with Ettinger, the Gotha publisher. He was much discouraged by Gotter's strictures upon the *Don Carlos*, who then first gave him a notion of how Weimar would receive the play he himself so highly rated. Charlotte relapsed into her former nervous, weakly state, and this troubled him also. He had just taken lodgings for three months in a house formerly

owned by Charlotte ; for two rooms and a bedroom he had to pay seventeen thalers and a half—"a deal of money," as he called it. Then he must keep a servant at six thalers a month, who, if needed, could do copying work for him also.

He dined on the 30th with Wieland at his club, whose verdict respecting the *Don Carlos* he anxiously awaited. He met Herder again in August, and he also promised an opinion. Then he went to Erfurt to carry out the Arnims' commission. He was shown over the convent, where, of course, he was sufficiently stared at. On learning at the hotel who he was, he met with great attention—was treated "like a Christian ;" the members of an amateur dramatic club met together before the door, though none ventured to deliver an address. Governor von Dalberg had been for a long time absent from Erfurt, being kept away by his new appointment at Mainz. Schiller informed Jettchen that he had executed her commission, and expressed hope of receiving a letter from her soon. On getting back to Weimar, Gotter told him, to his annoyance, that he had read aloud the acting version of *Don Carlos* at Tiefurt, Wieland listening with the rest, and that a portion, the first half only, had produced an impression, the remainder finding little favour. This explained Wieland's silence. Schiller had already decided to spend some time at Meiningen, where his brother-in-law could secure lodgings for him either in Frau von Wolzogen's house or elsewhere. For this reason he wrote to the Baroness on August 1. He made excuse for having, through adverse fortunes, let four years pass without yet paying his debt ; the thought of this had often tortured him. Perhaps in a few months, he said, his circumstances might change for the better, when probably he would find a friend willing to advance him the money. This was but one of the many transient schemes he was for ever forming.

Fortunately Charlotte made speedy recovery ; she grew easier in mind, though their life together was not all that Schiller had fancied it would be. He wrote to Körner that the formation of unalterable friendship between Charlotte and himself depended only upon his own development of mind

and character. She had, at least, a more equable temperament, although she was more capricious in mood ; long solitude and persistent attachment to her being had fixed her image deeper in his heart than his in hers. Körner hoped that this quiet life together would help to cement their friendship. But Schiller needed a calming influence which Charlotte, con-



Frau von Stein. From a photograph of her own drawing.

sumed as she was by nervous excitement and the distress of circumstances, could never exercise.

Wieland still held back, while Herder, on the other hand, spoke publicly in Schiller's favour at the Duchess's table. Herder at the first had formed no very high opinion of Schiller, but he took now an interest in the young poet, and after reading the instalments of *Don Carlos*, his favourable impressions were confirmed. Schiller at this time met Frau von Stein, Goethe's

friend, whom he held to be the best of them all, terming her "truly singular and interesting." But such was not his judgment of Major von Knebel, Goethe's most intimate friend. Weimar became distasteful to him, for it took too much of his money and too much of his time; he had also given up all hope that the Duke would provide him with some appointment. Charlotte would probably not stay there any longer; this was to be decided at the end of September, when her husband had promised to come to Kalbsried. From his answer Schiller perceived that Kalb's friendship for him was unchanged, although the husband loved his wife, and must have seen through her intimacy with the poet. But he trusted Charlotte implicitly; it was the world's opinion alone which caused him fear, which made it the harder for him to say nothing.

Anxiety about the future now forced Schiller to take up his pen, and he began to work at the *Revolt of the Netherlands*. "I am full of my subject, and work with a will," he writes, four weeks after reaching Weimar. "This will be, as it were, my *début* in history, and I hope to produce something really readable." He believed that he would find the necessary rest for this at Meiningen. But he wished first to visit Jena. Wieland's daughter, Sophie, married to Professor Reinhold, was staying at this time with Charlotte, who, on the 20th, took her to Jena. Schiller joined them, intending to stay for a day or two with Professor Reinhold. With this enthusiastic apostle of the Kantian philosophy he sympathised much, although he must have felt that Reinhold, to whom the realm of fancy was as a sealed book, could never be his friend. Charlotte returned the same evening, but Schiller remained there six days; he had felt nowhere so comfortable and at his ease. Writing to Körner he says, "I could never be perfectly happy at any time or in any spot; that you know; for I can never, while in the present, lose thought of the future. I spent six idle days at Jena; yet they alone were enough to poison genuine gladness for me." It was in this town that he made the acquaintance of Schütz and Haseland, the editors of the *Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*. He was pleased that

Schütz, a man of taste in literature, should approve of the *Don Carlos*; in Haseland, so he thought, there lay the makings of a great man. While here he also met Döderlein and Griessbach, the theologians. He spent the evening previous to his departure at the latter's house, where Charlotte, Reinhold, and many more were assembled. Reinhold assured the poet that before spring came he could certainly get some appointment at Jena. But Schiller was not tempted by such a prospect. He wished to live independently, but undivided from his friends, if it were possible to earn a comfortable livelihood by authorship, a question which would be answered within a year's time. It was in these days that he sent his version in iambics of the *Don Carlos* to Mannheim.

He celebrated Goethe's birthday, the 28th, with Charlotte, Frau von Imhof, Frau von Schardt, and the two eldest sons of Voigt and Herder. They spent the day in the grounds of an estate owned by Goethe, where Knebel was now living. Herder was absent through illness, and Frau von Stein was at Kochberg. "We ate heartily," wrote Schiller, "and I drank to Goethe's health in Rhenish. He little thinks, in Italy, that he has me among his guests, but Fate brings wondrous things to pass." While taking Charlotte thither they met the Duchess, with whom, however, only bows were exchanged. Schiller thought her without beauty, yet, in figure, tall and noble-looking. Charlotte had told him that with the Duchess he might be completely himself; that he would find her full of sympathy for the beautiful; she described her even as a zealous admirer of his writings. But Charlotte had often misinformed him upon such subjects, and from other quarters he had heard that the Duchess was very proud and reticent, approachable only by entrance into her select circle. He had already declined all advancement from the Court; he wished to rely solely upon himself; to try what he might, by his own strength, achieve. On the morning of Goethe's birthday he had just written as follows to Huber:—

"The result of my experiences here is that I know my weakness, while my soul, however, strikes at higher summits than before. By industry and by study I can remedy the

defects which comparison with others shows me I possess, and then the joy of pure and perfect knowledge of my own entity will be mine. . . . Believe me, an immense deal lies within our might ; we have not measured our powers ; it is in time that these powers lie. To use our time conscientiously, carefully, may work wonderfully for us all, . . . What right have we to call fate or Heaven to account if we are less favoured than others in the world ? Time was given to us ; a capital which, when possessed of understanding and zeal of purpose, we have to employ to the best advantage." And accordingly, from this time forth, he worked earnestly to qualify himself for earning "a competency" within the year. The project of a journey to Meiningen was abandoned, and he worked unremittingly at the *Revolt of the Netherlands*. Even the extraordinary success which the *Carlos* had met with in Schröder's hands did not incline him to make any fresh efforts in play-writing ; and for a time, at all events, he gave up all intention of visiting Hamburg. He worked now for ten hours every day. Twice a week he visited Charlotte ; on other days he called in turn upon Herder, Voigt, Bode, or Bertuch, while each Monday evening was spent at the club. Of course so much work affected his health and "racked" his brain, but even in this state of "hypochondriacal despondency" he did not lose heart. As the coming of Charlotte's husband was delayed, her distressful condition did not change. "What was the point of my coming here ?" he writes gloomily to Körner. "I am so worn out with meditating here upon that I avoid bestowing thought upon the matter, and until my present work be finished I have wholly given up thinking about myself."

At the beginning of October the Duke returned to Weimar. He left again for Holland on the evening of the 5th, before Schiller could have audience of him. The Duke had himself asked for an interview, but when Knebel told him this, Schiller must have seen that it was for no very special reason that His Grace wished to speak with him.

The poet was not able entirely to renounce all social pleasures. Since the 1st, a weekly Wednesday gathering of the townsfolk had been organised, when they all dined together,

and their amusements were cards and dancing. Schiller, who craved for distraction, gladly joined them, and even made one of a whist-party comprising the court singer Corona Schröder, a friend of Goethe's, Caroline Schmidt, Haseland, and Riedel. Their rubber was always played at the Wednesday club meeting. His other evenings were spent with Charlotte, or at Frau von Imhof's, where card-playing also went on. Mademoiselle Schröder pleased him by her naturalness. She gave him a volume of her own songs, while he in return, begged, her to keep as a souvenir the copy of *Don Carlos* that he had lent her to read. They often met, and Schiller found her society most congenial.

As a proof of his present more temperate judgment of others, we may take the fact that he also gave a copy of the *Carlos*, together with a most graceful dedication, to Caroline Schmidt, whom he had formerly spoken of only in a jocose, contemptuous manner. But still he complains to Huber that, among so many acquaintances, he had no friend to love, for a female friend could not be reckoned as one.

He was still sorely pinched for money. The expected fee from Dalberg for his *Carlos* was not forthcoming, as the play's production had been delayed. His need drove him to ask Crusius, his publisher, for twelve louis d'or on account of his history of the *Revolt of the Netherlands*. It was almost finished, he said, and he was just transcribing it; he wished to receive the rest of the sum due to him on the work at the New Year. Of course he could not take up Beit's bill. Körner would have to pay the interest thereon up to Easter, when it must be renewed. Fortunately for him, he now became reconciled with Wieland, who had reviewed the *Don Carlos* favourably. Schiller joined the staff of his journal, the *Mercur*, and they intended to convert it into a leading national organ, concerning which Reinhold had to be consulted. Schiller already looked upon himself as "heir presumptive" to the paper. He saw, too, a possibility of drawing Körner to Weimar.

He went into a new house at the end of the quarter. We are not sure if it was the one in his neighbourhood recommended by Mademoiselle Schröder. At this time, too, he

made his appearance as a Weimar poet, by writing a prologue which, at the opening of the Bellomo Theatre, was spoken by the little daughter of Neumann, an old Mannheim friend. She was a pupil of Schröder's and only nine years old. Körner tried, but in vain, to draw him back to Dresden, saying that he greatly wished for him, and that it was unnecessary for him to await the uncertain arrival of Charlotte's husband. The poet was now quite fascinated by the pleasant Wieland circle, although, as a man of the world, he thought himself out of place among such simple, inexperienced people. This year he spent his birthday at Jena, whither he had travelled with Wieland's second daughter. They found Reinhold ill; so Schiller was obliged to visit him continually in his sick-room, and could only write to Körner that he had much weighty matter to impart to him. The fact of his having completed his twenty-eighth year set him musing. Immediately upon his return Schiller consulted Körner as to whether he should take a wife—whether he should choose a woman in all points so opposite to himself—one so innocent as was Wieland's second daughter. Körner counselled him to wait for some years, as his vivid imagination was over-apt to lift a passing fancy into a serious passion. When they were all come safely into port, they would rejoice to welcome in his wife a new friend and a helpmeet worthy of him.

This well-meant advice no longer reached the poet in Weimar. On the 17th of November Charlotte had gone to meet her husband at Kalbsried, with whom she returned after twelve days. During her absence Schiller received, through his sister, a renewed invitation from Frau von Wolzogen, who was then entertaining her son Wilhelm and her daughter's betrothed, Councillor von Lilienstern. In spite of Schiller's many unfulfilled promises to repay her loan, this noble woman still regarded him as a member of the family, and as a faithful, trusted friend. She thus wished him to make Lilienstern's acquaintance. This time he halted not in coming to a decision, for he wished greatly to see his sister again, and in a few hours he was on his way. The days spent at Meiningen, Bauerbach, and in that neighbourhood were full of enjoyment,

although none of the places which, in his hermit period had so strongly influenced him, held any special interest for him now. He was able to make the acquaintance of several noble families besides that of the Duke of Meiningen, in whom he could discover little that was remarkable. On the other hand it delighted him to find here Reinhard, the artist, who drew



Caroline von Beulwitz. From a miniature.

his portrait, which proved a fairly successful likeness. Reinhard also promised to give him one of his landscapes of the surrounding country.

His return journey he made on horseback with Wilhelm von Wolzogen, who induced him to go by way of Rudolstadt to visit relations there, Frau von Lengenfeld and her two daughters. Schiller had met them once before at Mannheim. Caroline, the elder, was married to a Herr von Beulwitz, a

cultivated and intellectual man, full of spirit, but whose whims and crotchets threw a shadow over their childless union. She was a blonde, without grace of form or beauty of feature, but her hands were small and delicate in shape, and her fiery soul shone through deep-set eyes, while her voice was strangely musical. Her conversation showed that she had



Charlotte von Lengenfeld.

intellect and sentiment, and her warmth and sincerity of manner was the more charming by being tempered with a certain melancholy. She suffered with her nerves, and believed she would die at an early age; her unhappy marriage had, of course, a saddening influence upon her life. She was tenderly attached to Wilhelm von Wolzogen; and the Tugendbund, a benevolent society in Berlin, for the spread of moral and mental culture, and at the head of which stood the beautiful

Henrietta Herz, the wife of a famous doctor, claimed her as an associate. Her sister Charlotte, just turned twenty-one, was tall and *svelte*, a blue-eyed brunette, who, although without positive beauty, was charming if only by reason of her youthful grace. Less self-reliant and with less originality than her sister, she sought to have influence in society by her talents and by a certain quiet charm of manner; she liked laughing at the foibles of others, though always most calm and gentle in mood, with strict regard for the *convenances*. In speaking she adopted the fashionable court-lisp.

On a rainy winter's day, the 6th of December, the sisters saw two horsemen, wrapped in cloaks, riding up the lonely road. In one of them they soon recognised their cousin Wilhelm. The two dismounted at an inn close by, and Wilhelm shortly appeared, to ask if, in the evening, he might bring in his fellow-traveller. He came, and among much else the talk turned upon the *Philosophic Letters*, which gave the ladies opportunity of discussing the glowing description found therein of friendship and of love. They had not yet read the *Carlos*, it seems. Schiller, on leaving, announced his intention of spending the ensuing summer in this most delightful neighbourhood. Wilhelm accompanied him to Weimar, and returned thence after a couple of days, to Rudolstadt.

Schiller, in a letter to the sisters two years later, says: "Your presence went with me to Weimar, but it did not yet bid me hope." On the 9th he wrote to Körner about this journey and mentioned his Rudolstadt visit. "A Frau von Lengenfeld [*sic*] lives there with her two daughters, of whom one is married and the other still single. Without being beautiful, both are attractive, and please me much. I find them well acquainted with all the new literature; they are refined, and have both intellect and sensibility. They play the piano well, which made my evening a very pleasant one."

Körner could never guess that his friend's heart had been touched when Schiller further hinted that in six or eight years perhaps the Fates would suffer him to find some more interesting maiden even than Fräulein Wieland, saying that what

he had written about her was just a mere passing thought, and should only be taken as such. "After my 30th [35th?] year I shall not marry," he adds. "I have already lost the inclination for wedlock; I spoke in favour of it from motives of necessity. I could never have happiness with any woman of mark, or else I do not know myself."

In Weimar he found Charlotte and her husband. After their first meeting, which was at dinner there, with Wilhelm, he seems to think that the Major is the same as ever; but he could see that towards Charlotte the husband had changed, and that this change might increase. He went oftenest to Wieland's house. He was deeply occupied with his *Revolt*, which forced him to wade through many a musty folio; this kept him from accepting Wilhelm's invitation to come again to Rudolstadt before Christmas. "Every hour, every minute is taken up until the holidays. Bitter necessity, dear friend, compels me to this sacrifice. . . . Next spring, I hope, will see the fulfilment of the fondest of my present desires, which is to enjoy a lengthened visit to you and to your dear surroundings at Rudolstadt. Commend me heartily to them." Lotte also had ardently expected him; and she applied the poet's message to herself.

Wieland was to print the opening portion of the *Revolt* in the January number of *Mercur*. He announced in December that henceforth Schiller would contribute to the journal, and that possibly each monthly issue would be graced by work from his hand, the hand which already in its earliest essays had betrayed the master. Now, therefore, when the poet's genius had touched a point of maturity, those expectations, roused by *Fiesco* and *Don Carlos* would here be justified. Wieland also urged him to turn his *Oberon* into an opera, a proposal strongly condemned by Körner, who watched with growing anxiety Schiller's well-nigh exclusive attachment to Wieland. The poet was happy in his present tranquil yet most active life; he had never felt more industrious; each day had its twelve hours of work for him, sometimes even more. It was not until evening, generally at six o'clock, that he went out, to the Kalbs, three or four times weekly, who

were now constantly at court or elsewhere. Besides Wieland, there were other acquaintances whom he often visited ; occasionally, too, he was at the theatre or the club.

But this incessant application of the mind to one subject affected his health ; he also grew dispirited. " This mental overwork wearies me," he writes ; " I am weakened by a perpetual warfare of my emotions. . . . My present labours are probably in part to blame for this. I have to contend with heterogeneous, often with strange and ungrateful matter, to which I must give life, bloom ; but from which I draw none of the needed inspiration. The aims to which this work will bring me are what feed my zeal, are what forbid me to halt midway." He looked to win wider regard by his historical, than by his dramatic works ; this was plain to him from the very unappreciative way in which the *Carlos* had been received. Perhaps in six months, through his history, he might get an appointment in Jena, although the low salary offered (two hundred thalers, a stipend which Reinhold had with difficulty secured for his friend) would probably prevent his accepting it. But neither should he wholly decline it, for he wished first to see whether his share in the *Mercur* would allow him to marry ; and a wife was a possession that he now considered absolutely necessary. " I need a being about me and belonging to *me*, whom I *can* and *must* make happy, and in whose existence I can refresh my own. You cannot know how wrecked is my temperament, how darkened my brain, and all this, not through outside misfortune (for in that respect I am really comfortable here), but through the wear and stress of the feelings within me."

The prospect of gaining this happiness by his works helped him to bear all with patience ; by them he hoped to do real service to others ; and, in giving charm to dull science, in providing pleasure where toil was the only outlook, he believed he would earn for himself a great and an honoured name. Körner and he had many discussions about this, but Schiller was not to be turned from his present desire for work, nor convinced that his despondency sprang from no need of domestic life. He would never be fit to enjoy this, so Körner

thought, for some years to come, when he should be possessed of a certain calmness, a certain equability of mood. For Schiller was assuredly destined to become a great poet, and to this all the cares inseparable from matrimony were thoroughly opposed. Nor could Körner refrain from hoping that his friend would wisely consent to spend the summer with him. All things, however, happened quite contrary to his expectation. One only of the six volumes of the history was, after long waiting, completed ; Schiller felt himself chained to Rudolstadt, and later on accepted a professorship without any emolument, merely in order to obtain a position.

CHAPTER II.

FROM FEBRUARY TO NOVEMBER 1788.

ON the 1st February a public *fête* was held in honour of the Duchess's birthday. Schiller had composed a poem for the occasion. There was to be a masked procession, and one of a band of priestesses of the Sun should present his verses to the Duchess. At the commencement of the carnival, on the 5th, he had the pleasant surprise of meeting Lotte von Lengenfeld, who had arrived shortly before. He was highly delighted to find her here, amid the glittering masqueraders, and to be able, by right of acquaintanceship, to spend many happy hours at her side. He was also allowed to visit her at Frau von Imhof's, where she was staying. But these meetings could only occur rarely; and as he had no introduction to the society in which she moved, he saw her but seldom. He was specially anxious that Charlotte von Kalb should have no inkling of this attachment. The remembrance of his Dresden ball-room acquaintance probably made him wary as to any fresh infatuation, which, as before, would lead to nothing. Crowded assemblies were least of all the place where he could enjoy Fräulein Lengenfeld's society; and besides he was at this time so deeply occupied with his *Revolt*, that he never even had leisure to visit the theatre. On one occasion he was obliged to work all night in order to send some "copy" to the printer. After finishing this, at three in the morning, he writes to Körner: "The masked balls here and some other gatherings have served to distract me a little this week; and I have consequently had to make up for lost time. . . . The

masked balls are really pretty,—less vulgar than those Dresden ones, as many of the aristocracy attend them. I regularly enjoyed myself at them; probably because of my numerous acquaintances there.” Soon after he tells his friend that he has not yet got a wife; and when he playfully asks them all to pray that he be kept out of any serious scrape, it was probably because he felt this growing attachment, and knew that he must subdue it. Although he seldom saw Lotte, to be near her was happiness.

He now took such pleasure in the writing of history that he deemed himself less a poet than a politician. Then Goeschen came to Weimar for a week, with whom Körner was displeased, as he had left his first love for another. Wieland, Bode, and Bertuch gave the publisher hearty welcome, and as Schiller was often with these, he had to join their merry meetings. He gleefully learnt that the edition of *Don Carlos*, in spite of a reprint for the Vienna market, was nearly out of print. Goeschen, hearing that Crusius was about to begin printing the *Revolt*, promised to bring out the fifth number of the *Thalia* at Easter, which should contain the long-expected continuation of *The Ghostseer*. Schiller thought of finishing it with the sixth number; as, now that he had the *Mercur*, he could not find time to carry on the other journal. He rarely had sight of Lotte; he was shy of interviews, and saw little chance of ever making her his wife. He liked most to meet her at Frau von Imhof's, though they also saw each other at Charlotte's house, where he used to go in the evenings, after eight o'clock. How greatly Lotte cared for his society is seen from a little note of hers, asking him to postpone his visit to Frau von Imhof until the next day, that lady being extremely busy. He had sent her once before a letter on pink paper, very stiffly, formally worded; and often in later days Lotte used in banter to remind him of this pink billet.

While busily employed at his *Ghostseer*, as he had need of money from the *Thalia*, Frau von Wolzogen told him of his debt to her, suggesting that it be repaid at stated periods. On 6th March he sent her four drafts payable at the Booksellers' Fair next Michaelmas. Unfortunately, he was just

then very pressed for money; yet he hoped by Easter to be able to send her the interest. He was at that time so hard-worked that he found no opportunity for letter-writing. It surprised him to hear that Crusius was rapidly printing the *Revolt of the Netherlands*; Wieland was asking also for a contribution, poetical if possible, to the third number of the *Mercur*. Körner, it seems, had received trustworthy information about Schiller's new love affair, so the poet wrote to him on the 6th of March, saying he was "as far off such a thing as ever he was in Dresden;" only then comes the statement: "'Tis true that I lately let fall certain words which might have led you to form some conclusion; but this slumbers deep down in my heart, and even Charlotte, who sees through me and narrowly watches me, has as yet no inkling of it. If the affair should draw me on farther, rest assured that you, as in all the serious events of my life, will be the first in whom I shall confide."

Charlotte at this time was soon to travel to Waltershausen with her husband. Schiller worked steadily on, and, in spite of all hindrances, he in a few days produced the stirring poem, *The Gods of Greece*. Speaking of this, he is rejoiced to find that his muse has not deserted him. Wieland was struck with the poem's correctness and finish, and he drew Schiller's attention to every little blemish which he thought could mar its effect.

From this vivid picture of a world of deities, with their joy in existence and in things sensuous, set as it is in contrast to Christian asceticism and a purely mechanical conception of Nature, we may see that love was astir in the writer's heart. Of course, he was quite out of sympathy with his other work, *The Ghostseer*, and could make no progress with it. Again, it needed much thought, he said, "to create a plot where plot there was none, and to knit together so many broken threads." He was rejoiced to find his zeal for history waxing deeper. Despite his limited means, he bought Schmidt's compendious *German History*, Pütter's three volumes on the *Historical Development of the Constitution of the German Realm*, and Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*; for they were works that he

must needs possess. Writing to Körner, he says: "The prospect of fields vast and unworked has such a charm for me. With each step I advance in ideas, and my soul's horizon widens."

After Charlotte's departure on the 13th of March, he felt lonely in the evenings, as his work kept him from going out until after eight o'clock. He tells Körner that "Wieland's house, and at all events one other, are at present my only spots of refuge, excepting, of course, the clubs; I hardly ever go to the comedy." This "one other" house to which he alludes happened to be Frau von Imhof's, and his visits there grew more and more frequent, although necessarily they were made within limits, for Lotte's gossiping friend then staying there might else have told tales. About the 15th Lotte, whom he still always formally addressed as *gnädiges Fräulein*, sent him her album. He replied by promising to write in it next day, saying too that an engagement to play chess at Madame von Koppenfels alone kept him from coming to *her*. He much hopes that Lotte might feel constrained to pay a call there also. "Days have a fairer light for me on which I can hope to see you; and the prospect of such days helps me to endure gloomy ones."

On the 23d, Easter Day, he writes to Wolzogen that Fräulein von Lengenfeld is his favourite companion; he means to spend the greater part of the summer at Rudolstadt; if his visits there are too frequent, it is Wilhelm who is to blame. When at Frau von Imhof's, Easter eggs are given to him, which in the excitement of conversation he forgets to bring away, pleasant, though, is such recollection of his childhood, and such souvenir of the fair giver. When sending her Robertson's *History of Mary Stuart's Times*, he tells Lotte that the work is only lent, not given. To this he adds Bode's translation of *Tom Jones*, wherein the story of Sophia Western would surely move her tender sympathies. He kept working on incessantly at *The Ghostseer*. He tells Körner that "few employments, not excepting my correspondence with Fräulein von Arnim, have ever seemed to me such a sinful waste of time as the writing of this scribble. But it'll be paid for at

last ; and really, in the whole thing, I have had Goeschen's advantage in view."

Writing in Lotte's album was no easy task, for he dared not give even the faintest expression to his love. He solved the difficulty strangely enough by affirming that all Lotte's friends, who had taken to themselves something of her youthful beauty and innocence, were viewed by her in the light of her own pure spirit ; but that they were one and all unworthy. These ultra-gallant sentiments—in sooth, a sorry compliment to the young lady's friends—he wrote on the back of a page where Frau von Kalb had expressed her joy at finding, late though in life, so fair a flower as Lotte. When returning the album, on 3d April, he sent a note with it, saying how sorry he felt to have seen her so seldom, hoping to enjoy her society at Rudolstadt, and wishing to meet her yet once more that evening. Lotte in answer assured him that she made no distinction between new friends and old ones ; she was beset, alas ! by a maze of difficulties from which there was no escape, but she felt all the gladder at the prospect of his stay with them at Rudolstadt. He must come and see her early in the afternoon, as she was going that evening to Frau von Stein's. So he had his wish ; he met her once more and could hope even that she would remain for a few days longer. He was asked to Frau von Schardt's on the 5th, but excused himself from going, as he knew Lotte would not be there. She wrote to him that same night that she was to return next day to Rudolstadt, and asked for the other volumes of Fielding's romance. His *companionship* (as *friendship* was a word he did not like) had given her much pleasure ; he must soon come to Rudolstadt ; the prospect of his visit made this parting easier. As he did not wish to disturb her in all the bustle of preparation for the journey, he took his leave in writing ; it was the fitter mode of giving his feelings expression. "Let but the little seedling come up" (the seedling of friendship, he meant), "and when the suns of spring shine thereon, we shall know what flower it will bear. . . . Your soul, dear lady, I shall one day read, and I rejoice beforehand at the thought of the beauteous discoveries in store for me. Perhaps

I shall find that we sympathise on many points; and that were for me a discovery of infinite worth." He begged her in all friendship to let him tell her now and again when his fancy was busied with her image; he absolved her from any answer to his letters, yet she must inform him if he could or could not obtain the house at Rudolstadt that he had thought of taking. Other than this, there was no more definite way of confessing to her his new-born love. And Lotte also held back her affection; she hardly realised that something stronger than mere admiration and respect drew her to this gifted poet.

Three days after her departure Huber arrived, who had been appointed secretary to the ambassador, Herr von Büнау, at Mainz. Schiller rode with him next morning as far as Erfurt. From that place he hastened to Gotha, to tell Charlotte of Huber's coming, as he wished her to meet him. He called at her house, but she could not see him, as she was giving a dinner to twelve starched dignitaries whom Schiller did not know. Huber was unable to make any stay, so this wished-for meeting never took place; nor could Schiller remain there longer himself. He wrote to Lotte immediately upon his return, assuring her of his faithful attachment. With the fine weather, his spirits grew gay; he specially liked walking in the Welsch garden to hear the nightingale's song, which reminded him of the love he carried at his heart. But besides *The Manhater*, he had now another original plot in his mind, the fateful meeting of two brothers who are enemies. It was worked out many years later, when he wrote his *Bride of Messina*. At this period he contributed a few critiques to the *Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*, which were gratefully accepted by Hufeland, who invited him to continue giving such help.

He now resolved more zealously than ever to free himself by degrees from every debt; the thought of this made him glad and hopeful, and he looked forward with eagerness to the profits to be reaped from the second edition of his *Rebellion*, from a complete version of his dramas, from a collection of essays and poems, as well as from the theatre payments. He was the more annoyed that the Schwan-Götz publishing-house in Mannheim, which had only paid him, and that but shabbily,

for the first edition of his plays, should go on reprinting them wholesale, without offering him the slightest indemnity, but exacting payment even for the copies supplied to him. He asked Körner whether he were not in need of the sums which he had generously advanced, and Körner satisfied him on that point, telling him, besides, of his wife's successful *accouchement*. Meantime Charlotte had returned from Gotha, where she soon became so suffering that she could not receive Schiller when he called. It was her intention to move to Kalbsried with her relatives at an early date.

About this time Schwan, who had long kept silence, sent the poet his portrait, and observed in his letter that Margareta still remembered him. Schiller's whole answer to this was written with a rare courtesy, behind which there lurked a certain humour, as he gave his quondam friend a sketch of his present life of comfort and ease. He speaks quite temperately of the unfavourable reception at Mannheim of *Don Carlos*, which Dalberg had arbitrarily revised and altered. His tone is that of a man conscious of his own powers, who hints plainly enough that if there has been failure, the blame rests for the most with others. He learnt, though, that the play had found greater favour upon its second performance, when even further abridged.

Lotte had meanwhile taken rooms for Schiller in a pleasant house at Volkstädt, a little village some short distance from Rudolstadt, and she had told him of the pleasure she foresaw from his companionship. He only waited for fine weather and for the completion of various petty affairs, before following the wish of his heart. Ere leaving he was to make the veteran Glein's acquaintance, who for several days had been the guest of Herder. Thus he again came into closer contact with that poet, and was drawn afresh into social and literary circles. The number of the *Thalia* had just appeared, containing a part of his *Ghostseer*. It made a great stir. All spoke of it, and the poet was covered with praise. He would profit by the public interest this story had aroused, and determined to make it as long as possible, thereby earning the more money. Besides going on with *The Ghostseer*, which would probably

cover some thirty sheets of letterpress, he looked to complete, while at Rudolstadt the first portion of his *Revolt*, and also to write its sequel. Then, too, he must finish *The Manhater*, or work out his plot for *The Hostile Brothers*, besides sending contributions to the *Mercur* and the *Literatur Zeitung*. Moreover, he hoped to have leisure for reading and study.

Hardly had the weather improved when, on the 18th or



Schiller's House at Volkstätt.

19th, he hastens to Rudolstadt, staying overnight at the hotel there. Next day he sends to ask Lotte for the address of his landlord, and to know at what hour he might call upon them. He could then forward his luggage without delay and get into the rooms before noon.

Writing to Körner a week later, he describes his pleasant home. "The village is in a small but charming valley, through which the Saale flows between gently-sloping hills. From

these I get a most delightful view of the town, which lies curled at the foot of a mountain ; one may sight it from afar by its princely castle, set high upon the rock's summit, and I am led to it by a pretty footpath, which runs along the river through gardens and cornfields." The house where Schiller lived is now wholly changed ; yet the wild mountain-top, covered with rugged stone and brushwood, whither he often used to wander, was jealously guarded for a quarter of a century after his death by Chamberlain Werlich, in affectionate remembrance of the great poet. And now the "Schiller's Height" is under princely care.

He had no other acquaintances here besides the Lengenfelds and the Beulwitzes. Frau von Lengenfeld and her son-in-law, Herr von Beulwitz, lived in houses adjoining each other in the New Street, behind which a garden stretched westwards. Schiller confided to Körner his affection for Lotte ; his friend had already divined it. But, said the poet, he would most earnestly seek to avoid becoming *very closely* attached to the house, or too *exclusively* devoted to any one of its inmates ; such a thing might happen if he were wholly to let himself go. "For it would be about the very worst time if, through such a distraction, I were now to destroy all the little order into which, by dint of labour, I had got my head, my heart, and my affairs." It behoved him first of all to earn all that he possibly could by his pen, so as to free himself by degrees from debt.

Schiller used to go to the Lengenfelds regularly each evening at six o'clock. Sometimes he came earlier, when invited to do so, or later if the family were out on a visit, or if he himself had more work to finish. He long kept recollection of the road from his house to theirs. When crossing the bridge over the Schaalbach, he could see the mountains beyond the Saale in the red light of evening ; Rudolstadt lay in the foreground ; and, from afar, he could descry the green pavilion of the Lengenfeld's garden. The two sisters would often come to meet him as far as this bridge. On Fridays only he used generally to absent himself, for then the Lengenfelds had company, and the two young princes were among their guests. Everybody spoke French on these occasions, yet Schiller used to come if

there was to be a French comedy acted in the garden. He took several pleasant excursions with the family to various parts of the neighbourhood. For him it was best when alone with the two sisters, but the mother and her son-in-law, Von Beulwitz, were generally present.

Beulwitz was an enthusiastic admirer of Schiller's; his crotchets, however, and his ill-humour did much to damp the spirits of the circle, and earned him a nickname—"The Bear." Lotte from her prudence and forethought was playfully christened "Wisdom;" while Caroline, who liked tranquillity, they called "Comfort." In her, a woman of intellect and culture, Schiller found much to attract him, yet the simpler grace and charm of her sister had won his affections. He might not show this, however, but discreetly sought to give each an equal share of his attention.

"Both sisters have a touch of rhapsody," he tells Körner, "but in each this is kept under by intellect and tempered by mental culture. The younger sister is not wholly free from a certain *coquetterie d'esprit*, but there is a discretion, a measure in such vivacity which is more pleasing than otherwise. I like to talk of serious things, of mind-workings, of impressions; here, I can do this to my heart's content, and can as easily rebound to the humorous and absurd." As Schiller hid his feelings thus, and seemed equally intimate with the one sister as with the other—nay, as Caroline from her superior intellect appeared, if anything, to attract him the more, Lotte hesitated also, wavering between the sweet joy of believing herself loved and the doubt as to whether he felt any real affection for her. Schiller, again, thought her reserve was due to indifference.

Lotte was a skilful draughtswoman, and both the sisters delighted the poet by their musical talent. The chief source of their entertainment was reading; French and English works had place in their library. Schiller was but slightly familiar with English, but neither Shaftesbury nor Bacon even could terrify his fair companions. They discussed, among much else, his *Philosophic Letters* and those portions already printed of the *Revolt*. He might speak, too, as he liked about religious matters. One morning, when Lotte with her mother

and sister had gone to confession, she told Schiller that he would have laughed at her, for she looked as venerable and saintly as a nun; it was only her dress, though, that seemed so. Schiller gave her strictly pious mother an English Bible in which he had dared to copy some lines from his elegy upon Weckerlin, saying that they would certainly meet hereafter, though maybe not in the dreamland of wisecracks, not in the paradise of the mass. She might see from this at least that he was not an atheist. Now and again the poet could not help showing Lotte signs of his affection, but she took it for mere gallantry on his part.

Among the acquaintances he had made through the Lengenfelds were the Hereditary Prince's two sons and Minister von Ketelhodt. The last named, ever eager to know celebrities, put his rich library at the poet's disposal, entertained him at supper, and sent a servant to escort him back to Volkstädt. It was a great delight for Schiller when his friend Wolzogen arrived at Rudolstadt on a visit. He asked Frau von Kalb to come thither also, but she, who saw not without jealousy how rootedly attached he was to the place, simply excused herself. Soon after she went back to Weimar, where, to Schiller's annoyance, people were already speaking of his relations with Fräulein von Lengenfeld. This he had discovered from one of Wieland's letters. Frau von Kalb contemptuously stated that Lotte could not enslave him for long.

It was a sad blow to Schiller when the news reached him that his kind friend the Baroness Wolzogen had died suddenly on the 5th of August, after a successful operation. Her son besought him to write some verses upon the deceased, or, better still, to come to him speedily, for he needed a friend in his distress.

But Schiller proposed that Wilhelm should visit Rudolstadt, and promised to ride as far as Ilmenau to meet him. It was too late now, he said, for a poem, but he had thought of another way in which to show honour to the memory of her who was gone, who had been as a mother to him. "For long past," he wrote, "we have already been linked together by the bond of tenderest friendship; let us, then, in all brotherly

affection, strengthen, cement even closer, if possible, this bond. We will be as brothers to each other. . . . You need sympathy, comfort, distraction. Come, then, and find this with us!" But Wolzogen was unfortunately so pressed for time that he found it impossible to visit Rudolstadt before travelling to Paris, nor could Schiller at the moment get away.

During the eleven weeks spent at Volkstädt, he had certainly made far less progress with his work than he had intended. On 5th July we hear that the first part of the *Revolt* will be finished in ten days' time; he had worked so hard at it, though, that he would absolutely need a pause. He felt afresh his power for dramatic composition. He was sure of the success of his *Manhater*, but its plot must be thoroughly worked out ere he should put pen to paper. Yet this was never done, though he looked forward with pleasure to its performance at Hamburg during the coming autumn. Nor had he satisfactorily finished the first volume of his history, while with *The Ghostseer* no progress was made. The greater part of this was to appear in *Thalia*, and he would complete it afterwards in separate form. He only wrote the first four of a series of letters upon Posa's character in *Don Carlos*, which he had promised to Wieland for the *Mercur*, and to *Pandora* he contributed a humorous poem entitled *The Famous Woman*. Of the twenty critiques for the *Literatur Zeitung*, not a line was written, except perhaps the introduction to an essay on Goethe's *Egmont*.

He had already been suffering frequently from colds, so as to be sometimes compelled to go in a chaise to Rudolstadt. In the early part of August a more serious attack made him more sensible of his loneliness, and he longed passionately for Lotte. Fearing to be hindered all too often from seeing her family, he determined to take up his quarters at Rudolstadt before the shooting season should begin on the 19th. His lodging was quite close to the Lengenfelds' house. On the 19th he dined with them, but kept away from the prince's ball given that next night, to which Lotte had greatly looked forward. In a note of his written on the following morning there was a tone of jealousy and discontent. He was vexed, too, at the

thought of Lotte's projected visit to Kochberg, and the news of Körner's ill-health also troubled him. While in such a frame of mind, he warned his friend that he would gain little benefit from his society.

"Heart and head throb ever and always; I can at no moment call myself happy, at no moment say that I have joy in living. . . . There have been many social pleasures for me here, but now, when I must break away again from them, present enjoyment is spoiled for me by thoughts of the future. Were my blood but a little less heated, I should be a happy man." This was but one of those sudden and frequent fits of depression caused by hopeless passion for Lotte, a passion which hindered all serious literary work, which robbed him of all intellectual power. "My history," he complains, "has destroyed much of the poetry within me, and this journalism is all too unsettling work. The time is no more when I could bring all my mental force to bear upon one subject only." Leaving aside *The Manhater*, he got interested in the plot of *The Hostile Brothers*, which might be treated in "the Greek manner," for the classic style in its grand simplicity counted for all to him now. For some time past he had read only Homer, the *Iliad* in Stolberg's prose translation, and Voss's version of the *Odyssey*, with which latter, despite the, to him, detestable hexameters, he was greatly charmed. He only found delight in the ancients now, and felt how thoroughly he needed their writings to refine his taste, which had become vulgarised by tricks, by mannerisms, by tawdry wit. He had lost all interest in his story, *The Ghostseer*; it repelled him; yet, on account of the *Thalia*, he must continue with it. At this time he became acquainted with Rudolph Zacharias Becker, a literary man whose qualities seemed to Schiller of high worth.

He ever yet lacked the courage to declare his love. One evening he found Lotte in deep agitation, owing to some disagreement with her mother. She told him in Caroline's momentary absence what had occurred, and of the bitter injustice she had suffered. Schiller affectionately comforted her, and begged her not to take the matter overmuch to heart. In her emotion she warmly pressed his hand to show her

gratitude for his sympathy. It was then that he first thought she loved him, but with Caroline's return the chance to make confession of his own feelings had been lost.

On the last day of August Lotte went to Kochberg to stay for some days with Frau von Stein. Her absence was to Schiller intolerable. He consulted her mother and sister as to how he might remain in their neighbourhood, when Jena among other places was suggested. Lotte still wrote too coldly, he thought; albeit, it was prettily said, her wish that Fate might permit him to stay near her home, and give them happy and delightful days.

"Ah! could I do something towards beautifying your life," he answers, "I believe that my own would be dearer to me, then. What is there nobler and more pleasant than to help a beautiful soul to enjoy its own beauty, and for me what thing more desirable than to watch your mind in all its varied aspects, and to feel it near me and about me for evermore! When you are happy it is not you *alone* who are so. I cannot thus easily yield to necessity, as you—as indeed all your sex can. I always feel that I must vanquish the fate that would snatch me from your circle." Schiller, grown bolder now on paper, was in a fair way to disclose his love. On the 5th of September Lotte returned, telling them that Goethe had been staying at Kochberg with Frau von Schardt, and that he and some other guests were coming on to Rudolstadt in a couple of days. So Schiller was now to meet the great and famous poet, whom all admired, whom some envied, and whom vulgar flattery had not spared. Before this they had exchanged polite greetings; Goethe had even courteously informed Schiller that he would have visited him upon the return journey, had he known that the poet lived so close to his route. There was warfare at this time within Goethe's soul—he was playing a part; he was hiding from others the love which gladdened him; Frau von Stein was wrathful with him, and her presence must have been galling; yet of all this Schiller could know nothing. Goethe was most affable to every one, and during an excursion to the Saale he walked at Schiller's side. But they found no opportunity for closer converse. All were charmed by Goethe's vivid descrip-

tions of his stay in Italy. On the table lay a number of the *Mercur*, containing *The Gods of Greece*; glancing at it, he asked permission to take it away with him. When the company dispersed that night, Schiller, who instead of kindly patronage had expected a far heartier display of sympathy, assured himself that they would never grow more intimate. He was disappointed even in Goethe's outward appearance, who, shorter somewhat than our poet, walked very straight, with shoulders thrown back. Schiller, who himself was ungainly in carriage, thought this stiff, and there were many who agreed with him. Goethe's face wore a look of reserve, it seemed, though his eyes were full of expression and vivacity, and his features, if grave, benevolent and kindly. But though this meeting in no way lessened the high esteem which Schiller had for Goethe, he still felt so little drawn towards him, that he was anxious to find cause for their mutual want of sympathy, though this was certainly not to be ascribed to their personal acquaintanceship. Goethe saw in Schiller a man of pleasant manners, and he was not slow to notice the marked impression that he had made upon the Lengenfelds. But Goethe, as we have said, was absorbed by his own emotions; he could not go outside himself to take interest in others; thus the two failed to come nearer each to each. That their views were at variance respecting dramatic poetry was clear to Goethe when reading soon after a critique upon his *Egmont* from Schiller's pen, who found the *morale* of the play quite excellent, though, in poetry, it stood behind others of its class. The writer afterwards heard that Goethe had thought most highly of this essay.

Schiller found it still impossible to summon up full energy for work; he managed to send Wieland some trifling contributions for the *Mercur*, who thanked him heartily for them, and the letters upon *Don Carlos* were also to be continued. In the first heat of temper he had meditated upon a retort to Stolberg's foolish criticism of *The Gods of Greece*; but, though encouraged to this by Wieland, he let the matter rest.

The lengthy absence of Lotte and her family made him very melancholy. Towards the middle of the month he was

laid up for a fortnight with rheumatic fever, suffering also acutely from toothache, which made all mental effort impossible. By the 1st of October he was so far restored as to be able to write to Körner. He tells him that his spirit has kept all its buoyancy, despite the trouble and pain through which it has passed. He would ever strive to shake himself free from every trivial annoyance, so as to save for his own enjoyment all his time and the whole force of his being; he would return to Weimar calm in mind, and with the resolutions of a man. He had to hide from his friend that love was the disquieting element with him; he scarcely dared confess this even to himself. He had determined not to leave Rudolstadt, now so dear a spot to him, until after his birthday, and Charlotte's entreaties to come back to Weimar were made in vain.

During his time of ill-health, Frau von Laroche's son arrived on a visit, to make Caroline's acquaintance. He much interested the sisters by his account of a stay made with his mother in England. Her religious writings, however, edified him as little as they did Schiller and the others. Hardly had the poet recovered health, when he chose the first beautiful autumn day to go to Volkstädt, to arrange what papers had been left there, and to get calm enjoyment from the fair landscape around him. He stayed there until the next day. It was then that his hymn to Nature was composed, which was later printed in *Thalia* with the title *In October 1788*. *The Artists* was probably also begun here, or at least the idea originated for its after-development.

In a letter to Lotte he says that this beautiful day had made him think of their parting, now near at hand.

"It is gone by, this beautiful summer, and with it much of my joy. You are going back there, in a short time [he means to Kochberg], and in one respect it is a good thing for me. Yet see that you soon return—that I may at least be able to bid you farewell. I know not, but I have no great faith in the future. Is this a presentiment? Or is it only low spirits? Now, you must keep this note. Maybe, it is presentiment, but to-day I have no wish to think more about it." When she goes to spend a week with Frau von Stein at

Kochberg, he finds the days most tedious without her, yet he cares not to meet her there, surrounded by strange faces in society, where they could be but as nothing, the one to the other. He rejoices to know that she thinks of him. He says: "Men better than I you will find everywhere; but I challenge all to say that they have kindlier feeling for you than I." During Lotte's absence, he at length sent his publisher the conclusion of Volume I. of the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, and a line of news about the first volume of the *History of the Rebellion* for which he had not yet been able to furnish a preface; neither had he completed his sketch of the Fiesco conspiracy.

When, on the 17th, Lotte came back he spent some pleasant days with the sisters. Frau von Kalb was annoyed that he did not come to her, in spite of such urgent request. "I will not unsay my former judgment of her," he writes to Körner, "she is noble and full of intellect, but her influence upon me has not been for good."

He felt this the more, now, in the society of these charming sisters, who, it must be confessed, had kept him idle, so that his literary earnings were considerably lessened. From Körner came reminders about Beit's bill and a tailor's account. Seeing that Schiller could not pay, and wishing to save the expense which another delay would cause, he discharged the debt himself, while letting his friend believe that he had only renewed the bill (which now amounted to 280 thalers) until the New Year. "If each month you can pay off something beforehand," wrote he, "you gain five per cent." But Schiller had to tell him that he had been obliged to borrow of Wieland or Goeschen, merely in order to get everyday necessities. This shows, then, how little his impecuniosity could oblige him to write. In the course of the year three more numbers of the *Thalia* might probably be issued; he was also to complete a newly-begun translation of the *Iphigeneia in Aulis* of Euripides. This would exercise his powers as dramatist, it would show him more of the spirit of the Greeks, and insensibly he would catch something of their manner. "I am economising greatly, and shall do so even more," he

says in answer to Körner's warning. "I am deeply anxious to set my affairs straight in some degree. Perhaps Goeschen will advance me all the money." He has intentions of paying the sum owing to the deceased Baroness to Wolzogen's lawyers, and "with God's help, at Easter to make a thoroughly fresh start."

Schiller's last days at Rudolstadt were of course saddened by the thoughts of parting. He wrote to Lotte at this time :—"Let this fair hope gladden us, that we have founded something for eternity. This from the first has been my conception of our friendship, and each day has made it a clearer, a more certain one."

When Lotte sent him as keepsake a little sketch, he told her that it should hang before his writing-table, to remind him on many a lonely evening of the kindly influence of one who had passed thus swiftly across his life. It often seemed to him that he had said much, overmuch, yet again he felt that he could and would have said more; time, however, would bring all things to ripeness. On the eve of his birthday he read his poem *The Artists* to the sisters, which they greatly appreciated. Next day they sent him their good wishes and congratulations in writing. He did not arrive at their house until five in the afternoon, and Lotte then presented him with a bouquet. They spent a pleasant evening, enlivened by music, although the thought of his departure during that same week saddened them all. The sisters were also leaving Rudolstadt for a time, having been invited to stay with friends at Erfurt. The next morning they sent Schiller a fragrant bunch of flowers, with a note, telling him that they were to leave home on the morrow. He wept at the bitter news, but could not bring himself to see them once again. So he wrote his adieux and his thanks for their kindness. Lotte replied that evening to his letter, adding next day affectionate words of farewell, and the hope of speedy meeting. She sent him also a geranium which she herself had tended. Then he wrote again thus: "I would fain see you once more to-day, were it only from afar and for a moment. The preparations for the journey stupefy me; I shall not come to myself until I

am on the road. . . . The prospect of our re-union stands clear and fair before me. Everything shall and will lead me back to that. . . . Yes, dearest ones, you are part of my soul, and I shall never lose you. . . .”

Yet, though he felt such inseparable attachment to Lotte, he could not muster courage sufficient to declare this to her; indeed he hardly dared hope to possess her, when in such straits himself, and when help seemed so far away.

CHAPTER III.

FROM NOVEMBER 1788 TO MAY 1789.

UPON his return from Rudolstadt, Schiller fell a prey to gloomy reflections ; he firmly determined to shun society, and to use all time and energy towards bettering his life, towards changing his position in the world. He first made arrangements with Wieland about the *Mercur*, and the proposed issue of that journal in altered form was again discussed ; Schiller should receive 100 carolines for supplying 24 sheets of matter to it per annum ; payment was also to be derived from articles he had already furnished. Then he was to join other writers in the issue of a series of select memoirs, and this was work both easy and remunerative. The *Thalia* should be pushed forward with all speed. Left thus alone, with the sad remembrance of his Rudolstadt friends now parted from him, it was easier to lead a life of seclusion. "There is much still enjoyment in this existence," he tells Körner. "Specially I like the evenings which once I used sinfully to waste in society. Now I sit over my tea and a pipe, and one can think and work splendidly." Probably it was Körner who had taught him to smoke. Schiller, however, had not confided to his friend the story of his love, but gave out that he was heart-whole. It is true that he had not, as in Dresden, blindly abandoned himself to his passion ; he had not compromised himself in any way, but his whole heart was now Lotte's ; she alone could bring him happiness ; and for her sister, too, he had deep regard. Lotte confessed to him that no one had ever touched her inmost sympathies as he had done ; his tender words of comfort to her when in distress had

moved her to tears, it seemed a necessity in her life to look forward to days of coming happiness spent together with him. A nobler attachment, this, than Frau von Kalb's professed affection, who only selfishly aimed at keeping him close to her side. Schiller had been to see her, but did not find her alone; at his second visit, she seemed in good health and spirits. They came to no explanation; still less did any passionate correspondence pass between them. Charlotte felt certain of his intimacy with the Lengenfelds, and she now treated him with indifference, trying to seem gay and vivacious, and giving a ball at which she herself danced and sang. Schiller also went once to Frau von Stein's, for whom he felt real attachment, particularly as she was the warm friend of Lotte and Caroline.

Correspondence with the two sisters formed his chief delight. On the evening of 22d November, Lotte's birthday, he wrote to tell her how agreeably he had spent it. "Since I came back here I had been harassed, crushed down by work for which I lacked thorough sympathy, and this was the first day that my faculties seemed to have got life again. I gave myself up to sweet, poetic reveries; all the glow of fancy was re-lit within me. And for this pleasure let me thank you. You are the saint of this day, and my delight is great at having so precious a source of inspiration." He continues to tell the friends of all that happens to him. He calms their anxiety as to his health with the assurance that he got benefit from fresh air and exercise, and that he felt really well; Bertuch, too, showed him "much careful sympathy," he said. Besides the *Iphigeneia*, he had begun to translate the *Phœnicians* of Euripides, and was also working, though with little interest, at *The Ghostseer*.

During the unusually cold weather of that December he never left the house. It was pleasant for him to be visited by Schubart the younger and also by Moritz, who on his return from Rome was staying with Goethe. The former, who was travelling from Berlin to Mainz, told Schiller of the great effect produced by *Don Carlos* at the Berlin National Theatre; for Engel and Ramler, in spite of their opposition, had been obliged by royal command to put the play in rehearsal. The

scene between Philip and Posa had made a deep impression upon his Majesty. Schiller felt thoroughly happy at being thus busily employed. After the translation from Euripides, he meant to go on to Æschylus' *Agamemnon*, a real *bonne bouche* for him, he said. And in a year his style would show the rich benefit it had gained from his study of the Greeks. He still thought of continuing *The Ghostseer*, and of making addition to the *Philosophic Letters*; *The Artists*, another work, was also unfinished.

In the meanwhile, at Weimar, his *Revolt of the Netherlands* had created much stir. Voigt, who had always felt interest in Schiller, hereupon thought of calling him to Jena, in the room of Professor Eichhorn, who was gone to Göttingen. Goethe quite agreed to the plan, asking Voigt to inquire whether the poet were willing to accept a supernumerary professorship, which for the first might be without emolument. Voigt's kind words of persuasion led Schiller to comply. On 30th November Goethe had gone with the Duke to Gotha, and Voigt at once informed him of the result of his inquiry. He asked him to mention the matter to the Dukes of Gotha and Weimar, and to Minister von Frankenberg. These gave willing consent, and Karl August instructed Goethe to lay the matter before the Privy Council without delay, which he accordingly did upon his return on 7th December. The *Pro Memoria* submitted to the Council ran thus:—"Herr Friedrich Schiller, upon whom some years ago His Serene Highness conferred the title of Councillor, and who for some time past has resided in the neighbourhood, has won a name for himself by his writings, and especially of late by a History of the Revolt of the Netherlands under Spanish Rule, has given promise of success as a historian. . . . By those who know him, he is described as being of excellent character; his conduct is serious and his manners pleasing, so that one may trust him to exercise great influence upon the young. . . . He would seek to master the subject of history, and in this field to be helpful to the Academy."

Two days later the official letter of appointment was sent round for confirmation to the Dukes of Gotha, Coburg, Mein-

ingen, and Hildburghausen. On the 12th Schiller made his long-postponed visit to Goethe, who, alluding to the Jena appointment, calmed the poet's fear as to thorough qualification for the post by the trite remark that, in teaching, one learns; and he expressed his conviction that Schiller would bring benefit to the Academy and to himself. By the 15th already, Goethe, whose sympathy was most grateful to him, forwarded Schiller the official note he had received from the Government, bidding him make ready for removal to Jena, as his appointment was as good as decided upon.

The suddenness of such reply threw him into great perplexity, for it lessened all hope of a speedy discharge of his debts. He wrote in his excited way to Körner on the 15th, complaining that Voigt had "taken him in." "I am in fearful straits," he said, "as, owing to the many, many works which for pecuniary reasons must positively be finished this winter, I can but make hasty preparation. Then again, my position as professor will entail various fresh expenses, not counting the cost of a lecture-room, etc. I must also take my degree as *magister philosophiæ*, a thing not to be done without money; and this year I can least of all spare the necessary time for study. Certainly, after this gloomy period my future will be a brighter one, for now at last my lot seems fixed." It also grieved him at heart that this professorship would hinder his long-wished-for stay at Rudolstadt during the summer; yet he might count it a piece of fortune to be still so near that beloved place, nay, he might now look to realise his fondest wish, to wed his beloved. First of all he must continue *The Ghostseer*, so as to complete the sixth number of *Thalia*; there were to be two more instalments of this, which should appear in rapid succession, as he was in sore need of money. When at his wits' end, with only pence sufficient to pay the postage of his manuscript, he was overjoyed at receiving a sum due to him from the *Literatur Zeitung*, money that he had not expected. Seven years later he has vivid recollection of the "glad surprise" this caused him.

It was on the night of the 22d, having returned from a supper, that he sat down to write the news of his appointment

to the Lengenfelds. His fondest wish, he said, was that, in that summer they might break in upon him as some "heavenly vision." How gladdening to him the prospect of seeing them often, now!

He made little of the fact that the appointment was an unsalaried one. To accept such a beggarly pittance as that offered to Reinhold would have been degrading rather than a help to him. "My whole object in this affair is to step into a position that is honourable, and which will give me the connections of a citizen, so that through these I may find other and better employ." This he wrote to Körner, who considered that he should secure a good salary. "Jena, of all places I know, is to my mind, the only fitting one. With four hundred thalers I can easily live; for a year I shall be pressed into academical work, and in a way it gives me a learned name, which is needful to me in order to be sought after." So nominal a stipend would only have laid him under an obligation, just as would an advance of two or three hundred thalers which, through Goethe, he could easily have secured. How overjoyed were his parents to hear of their son's appointment, and what esteem it won for him in Würtemberg! Even the Duke was flattered that a pupil of his had reached such a noteworthy post. But Schiller must now prepare himself for that post. Thus, for during the last days of the year he sank himself into deep study of the works of Schmidt and Pütter, and looked forward to getting thorough knowledge of the sources of German history.

It was a great relief to him when Bertuch, on New-Year's Day, 1789, promised to find him a publisher for his memoirs, who, if he put his name on the title-page, furnishing each volume with a separate essay, would pay him at the rate of a caroline for every sheet. In this way he could earn a livelihood by three hours' work in the day, while nine more gave him ample time wherein to study history and to prepare his lecture. In two years he hoped to be earning an income sufficient for his needs, sufficient, moreover, to help him to pay off the debts that embittered his life, and formed a bar to quiet literary work. Lotte sought to smooth over the diffi-

culties of his new calling, though it pained her to hear him speak of taking a post in some other university afterwards; she liked to believe such plans lay buried in the future. Just at this momentous time in his life he saw nothing of Frau von Kalb. "The circle to which she belongs is not mine," he writes, "and traces of her influence on my thoughts and feelings are absent."

While busily wading through many a dry volume of history, he continued to work at *The Ghostseer*, in which he finally grew interested, as he had to make the prince in it a pronounced freethinker before his conversion to the Romish Church. Then changes must be made in *The Artists*; and he felt strong inclination to begin upon a new drama, perhaps *The Hostile Brothers*. He was very glad that Bertuch had arranged so successfully with Mauke for the publication of the memoirs, so that by them alone he could earn a living. There were several expenses, however, in connection with his new office which he must necessarily meet. The extreme cold during that January had obliged him to keep his room for a fortnight. Upon regaining health, he felt his mental energies braced and strengthened for his new work, though he still regretted having made sacrifice of time and freedom merely for the sake of his prospect, and without the slightest pecuniary gain. Depression did not hinder him, however, from attending the public ball given on 3d January, where, as he jestingly said, he should find an ideal for the lovely Greek in his *Ghostseer*, who must be no less an arch-deceiver. In his conception of this bewitching character, he had before all others Henriette's portrait in his mind; yet to him she was far from being a jilt—nay, she was of all persons the very last to convert him to her Catholic faith. He well remembered last year's masquerade, where he had so unexpectedly met Lotte. Next evening for the first time in nine months he went to the theatre, where the unnaturalness of opera greatly impressed him. He was glad to hear that in May Beulwitz was to travel with the Prince, and that then, in the summer, the sisters would have greater liberty; Lotte even dreamed of meeting Schiller and Körner at the baths of Lauchstädt.

On 1st February Moritz continued his journey with the Duke. Schiller had found his society "droll and interesting." He deemed him a noble-minded man, a deep thinker, with full sense of what is beautiful in life, despite his idolatry of Goethe, his contempt for all poetry not perfect in finish, and his fervid dislike of Schiller's *Plot and Passion*. Moritz had mercilessly bantered such of the Weimar ladies as professed themselves touched by this play. But he gave warm praise to the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, and Schiller and he found much for mutual sympathy.

On the 3d (Caroline's birthday, as he afterwards joyfully learnt), perhaps spurred thereto by Moritz, he at last completed his *Artists*, which he held to be the most finished piece of work that he had yet done. He sent it to Wieland for the *Mercur*, by whose helpful criticism he hoped greatly to profit. With a view to continuing *The Ghostseer*, he also asked Wieland for a few volumes of the *Bibliothèque de la Campagne*.

While giving to the world in this new poem his conception of an ideal artist, he grew filled with bitter resentment against Goethe. As minister, Goethe had shown himself friendly, and as poet, Schiller expected their relations to become closer also,—a thing impossible then, both by reason of their widely-opposed natures, as by the thorough difference of their training. Goethe had sufficient to engross and to content him in his intimacy with Frau von Stein and Christiane Vulpius, and also in his deep attachment to Moritz, about whom there yet lingered something more than a breath of that Italy for which he so passionately longed. Though Schiller very rarely saw him, and could only go by the sayings of other ladies, stung to jealousy by the poet's preference for Frau von Stein, he took him to be a man who sought his ideal of happiness in consummate egoism and self-love. Then it rankled him that Goethe seemed ever to have been fortune's favourite, while anguishing poverty had wrecked his own life. So there were moments when in his excitement he hated Goethe as a man, when he gave vent to bursts of most passionate invective against him. "I could destroy his spirit, and could love him again with all my heart." Thus he

once writes to Körner, adding, it is true, in a later letter that his friend will have detected his weakness in what he had said about Goethe. Then follows the passage: "This man, this Goethe is in my way, ever reminding me how hardly I have been dealt with by fate. How easily his genius triumphed over his destiny, and see, how to this moment I have to fight on! There is now no retrieving all that has been lost (after thirty, a change of career is impossible); and I myself could not attempt such a change until three or four years were over, for at least four years must be still sacrificed to Fate. But I am yet of good courage; and I have faith in a lucky revolution hereafter." While Lotte, who formed her mind more and more on Schiller's, regretfully gave her judgment of Goethe, Caroline spoke in defence of the friend she honoured, who, as she said, only *seemed* to be cold and unsympathetic. But Schiller peevishly rejoined that one had too little *bare* life to be able to spend time and pains in deciphering men who were difficult to decipher. "There is a speech understood by all; and it is this: use your powers! If each labours with all his force, he cannot rest hidden from others. This is my plan. Once in a position to let all my energies have play, he and others too will get to know me, just as now I know his spirit." Caroline admitted that she had perhaps a false picture of Goethe, though personally she knew him more thoroughly than Schiller did; for his genius' sake, however, he should be forgiven much; and, she sagely remarks, man must forgive his fellowman, or all social intercourse would cease.

Schiller had a lively discussion with Körner about his gifts as a poet. All through the winter he said it teased him to be unable to make progress with *The Hostile Brothers*, the play that he had begun in Rudolstadt. Yet though it was irksome to have to busy himself for years, maybe, with things so far distant from the goal of his abilities and his leanings, he was yet convinced that this would have happy influence upon his first dramatic work, and that, despite all alien checks and hindrances, his talent would find and fix its rightful bent. Körner had pointed to lyric verse as a field in which he

excelled, being alone ; whereas, in drama, Goethe proved a dangerous rival ; but Schiller was so little of this opinion that he deemed lyric-writing the most petty, the most thankless of arts, a land of bondage rather than a newly-won province. He meant to make fresh essays in drama ; for though of course he could in no way measure himself with Goethe at his strongest and his best, though in the natural drama he stood behind him and many an earlier poet, yet Schiller believed that he had originated a special school of drama in which he would excel, just because it was of his own making. Körner would not have it said that Goethe was the greater genius ; in certain branches, perhaps, he possessed finer skill, a skill that Schiller could gain with time. Before this he had proposed as subject an epic upon Frederick the Great, and as model the Horatian ode ; now, Körner suggested high comedy. Schiller was irritated at such hints, and most at this, that Körner, while thoroughly admiring *The Artists*, denied it rank as a poem.

"If," says Schiller, "if within a year you could get me a wife with twelve thousand thalers, a wife with whom I could live, to whom I could cleave, in five years I'd write you a Fridericiade, a classic tragedy, and, as you are so set upon them, half a dozen fine odes into the bargain." Alas ! his debts and the load of work which must be finished were a yoke that still crushed him down. He still longed with all his heart for Rudolstadt, and for the friends he had left there. The close intimacy with Frau von Kalb had dwindled to easy familiarity ; she went her own way now. He heard from Rudolstadt that Frau von Lengenfeld had accepted the offer of instructress to the two little daughters of the Hereditary Prince. On the 10th of March, already she went to live at the Castle. Five days later Schiller rode over to Rudolstadt, and his presence gave great delight to the sisters. He could make no stay, but travelled on to Jena, where he had to get settled in his new home. Among the lecture-notices he advertised his own lectures, to be given twice weekly, an *Introduction to Universal History*, Schütz having discouraged the plan of lecturing privately upon the Revolt of the Nether-

lands. Schütz, Hufeland, and Reinhold were very helpful in smoothing the difficulties of his new position. He took lodgings with the sisters Schramm, at the corner of the market-place, and dined with Schütz, whose coquettish wife "besieged him with attentions." He joined the Professors' Club, which counted a few students among its members. "One pays eight thalers every half-year," he told Körner; "for which one sups five-and-twenty times; but of course wine is extra." Though he foresaw little enjoyment from belonging to this club, it was convenient for many reasons to have a place for finishing work which must else be got through at home. Jena could yield him nothing in the way of society, society refined by the presence of ladies; not even at the Griesbach's house could he look for this.

Returning on the 20th to Weimar, the study of history absorbed all his attention, and to this end he hastened to procure works by Beck and Abbé Millot, a translation of Gibbon, Spittler's *Church History* and Herder's *Ideas*. Bosuet, Robertson, and Schroeckh would also serve him in the preparation of his lecture. He had finished the eighth number of the *Thalia*, which, besides his translation of the *Phœnicians*, contained an exciting passage from the second volume of *The Ghostseer* and a description of Egmont's *Life and Death*.

His heavy debt to Beit, the money-lender, forced him to offer Crusius a collection in three volumes of miscellaneous essays, for which he should receive the fee of a caroline the sheet. The manuscript should be delivered at once, but set up in type a year later, after fresh revision. To Schiller's delight the publisher consented, the terms being that two hundred thalers should be paid at Michaelmas and twenty-four carolines at the following Easter, though a year's interest must be deducted from this sum. It was galling to be obliged to pay fifty thalers to the Faculty for the degree of *Doctor Philosophie*. Otherwise Schiller had good hopes of success; if only a fifth of the nine hundred students formed his audience, and if but the half of that audience paid fees, he would receive annually a hundred louis d'or; he had no rival lecturer to fear, and his subject was a subject of interest to all. It was true

that at first his lectures were to be given gratis, but, through the summer, his *Memoirs* would support him. In August he hoped to meet Körner at Leipzig, or perhaps in Jena too; he even thought of taking him to Rudolstadt, to be introduced to the Lengenfelds.

Towards the close of April he became acquainted with Bürger the poet, who, by the injustice of party faction, had still been debarred from a professorship. Bürger's poems were just published in a second edition. Schiller found this simple man "a straightforward noble fellow;" his nationality, certainly, disappeared on knowing him, a nationality that in his poetry was pushed to dulness; the spring-time of his genius was past now. Schiller talked with him of the poem, *The Gods of Greece*, and of its ignorant critics, and he praised the translation of the *Iphigeneia*. They planned to translate a piece of the *Aeneid* in a metre that each should fix. Schiller also got to know Reichardt the musician, whose overbearing, arrogant manner greatly repelled him. Like many more in Weimar, he felt most offended that Goethe should live with such a man and give him his confidence just because he had written the music for his *Claudine*. The Weimar ladies at this time had little good to say of Goethe, owing to the rupture with Frau von Stein. Schiller parted in all friendship with Wieland, promising to send to the *Neue Mercur* of 1790 a yearly contribution of twelve sheets of letterpress, the matter to be mostly historical.

His emigration to Jena was delayed. He felt glad to go; at Jena he was nearer to Rudolstadt, and he looked forward to a new life full of promise for the future. Two years ago Charlotte, she whom he thought of introducing to the Dresden circle, had drawn him to Weimar; now, she and he were estranged, and, with Lotte and Caroline as his friends, a new, happier, brighter life lay spread before him. In that past time he had hoped for some mark, however slight, of the Duke's favour. Now, by his writings, by his talent, he had reached a professor's post; one which for the first brought him no money, it is true, but he had touched a point whence he could advance to larger things and could make himself needful to the leading German colleges. Fate's rude hand, alas! was to crush his fondest hopes but all too early.

BOOK VIII.

THE PROFESSORSHIP.

CHAPTER I.

FROM MAY 1789 TO FEBRUARY 1790.

ON May the 11th Schiller moved into his lodgings at Jena, and they proved far more comfortable ones than he had expected. "To look on such pleasant surroundings," he tells Körner, "makes my life very agreeable. There are three rooms adjoining each other, fairly high up, with light-coloured carpeting, many windows, and everything either new or in good preservation. I am amply and handsomely supplied with furniture; two sofas, a card-table, three chests of drawers, and a dozen and a half of chairs covered with red plush. I have had my writing-desk made for me, which cost two carolines; in Dresden you would have had to pay three for it. This is what I've long been trying for, as a writing-table is, to me, the most important piece of furniture, by which I have always had to help myself. Another advantage of my lodging is the flooring, which is polished, clean, and spacious. . . . I have, as landladies, two old maids, very willing workers, and very zealous talkers to boot. They serve my meals in my room,—dinner costing two groschen, for which I get the same that in Weimar used to cost four groschen." As he hardly had need of more than 450 thalers, a sum that the *Memoirs* would bring him in, he intended to use any additional earnings in paying off his debts and in setting himself straight. For the *Memoirs* he thought of translating the French version of Princess Anna Comnena's *Alexias*, and Otto von Freising's history (in Latin) of Frederick the First. He would also prepare an historical treatise upon the Crusades.

It was pleasurable to him now to feel that he formed part of a distinguished body, and that from his present position he could step to one higher in honour and in gains, which would allow him to ask Lotte for her hand. He soon got used to life at Jena, though certainly not without some "sinful" waste of time. A public ball showed him the grace and beauty of the Jena ladies, but they impressed him so little that he spent his evening at the card-table. A cleric's daughter, the prettiest of them all, was at the same time the emptiest and most soulless; in point of character, Dorette Seidler pleased him best, the daughter of a late Weimar councillor. To Schiller the prospect of associating with so many scientific and literary men was most agreeable, though he shrank from the pervading spirit of jealousy and clique which is never absent from such circles.

There was so much to distract him, that the beginning of the lecture-season almost took him by surprise. By his *Introduction to Universal History*, a course of addresses to be delivered on Wednesday and Thursday evenings at six o'clock, he meant to review the historical development of mankind, and in doing this he had not clearly determined down to what epoch he should carry such revision. The first lecture upon the difference between the philosopher's mind and the pedant's showed his standpoint to be opposed to that of a mere specialist. May 26 was the date fixed for his opening address. He had chosen Reinhold's lecture-hall, which held about a hundred people. Of course the students might be expected to come in a body to hear the author of their favourite play, *The Robbers*, lecture upon history, yet to choose a larger hall would have looked like presumption.

"By half-past five the auditorium was full," wrote Schiller to his friend; "from Reinhold's window I saw troop after troop coming up the street, as if they would never end. Though not wholly free from nervousness, I was pleased to see the growing numbers, and it rather strengthened my courage. I had indeed steeled myself into a certain firmness, not a little helped in this by the thought that my lecture need shun no comparison with any other delivered in Jena, and,

above all, by the consciousness that all my hearers would avow my superiority. But when the throng grew ever greater, so that hall and stairs were crammed, and many turned back from the door, some one near me suggested that for this lecture I should make use of another hall. Grieszbach's brother-in-law (Schütz of Bückeburg) happened to be among the students, so I let the proposal be made to them that I should lecture at Grieszbach's, and they joyfully accepted it. Then there was a droll scene. Everybody rushed out, helter-skelter, down the street, and the Johannisstrasse, one of the largest in Jena, was quite filled with students. As they thus ran, with might and main, to get a good place in Grieszbach's lecture-hall, there was alarm in all the street, and bustling at every window. At first people thought it was a fire, and the castle-guard shared in the common stir. 'What is it?' 'What's the matter?' was asked by all. Then came the cry, 'The new professor is going to lecture.' . . . After a little while I followed with Reinhold; passing down the streets of the town I felt as though I were running the gauntlet. Grieszbach's hall is the largest one, and, when filled, it can hold between three or four hundred people. This time it was full, so full that an ante-room and the passage leading to the front entrance were both blocked up, while in the auditorium many stood on the side stairs. So I walked in along an avenue of spectators and listeners, and could hardly find the chair, which I took amid loud knocking, that here counts for applause. . . . Though the atmosphere of the hall was close, in the chair it was bearable, for all the windows were open, and I got fresh air. At the first ten words that I could repeat in firm tone, I had thorough control over my countenance; and I read on with a strength and a sureness of voice that was surprising even to myself. Right back at the door I could be heard quite distinctly."

Though Schiller read and did not recite his lecture, its wealth of thought, its grace and vigour of language, made most strong impression. That night all Jena spoke of it. The students serenaded him, an unheard-of honour to be paid to a new professor, whose post was, moreover, a super-

numerary one. Grieszbach gladly gave up his hall for the other lectures. There were 480 persons at the next one, and fifty more who found no place. Schiller spoke somewhat extempore on this occasion, setting forth his conception of the philosophy of history. His closing remark had wonderful effect, where he told his listeners that each who, to clearness of mind joined tenderness of heart, should desire to pay to posterity the debt he owed and could not give back to a bygone generation for the many precious benefits it had bequeathed him. Despite all applause, Schiller felt no thorough taste for lecturing; he was not sure of his hearers' sympathies, and he could not easily descend to bald simplicity. He feared, too, that his success might make others jealous.

During the short Whitsuntide holiday, he found no time to see those he loved at Rudolstadt. A hope of meeting them at Lobeda proved vain; their journey through Jena to the baths of Lauchstädt was also delayed. Körner, however, gladdened him with the promise of meeting him at Leipzig in August, whence they would travel in company to Jena and Weimar. In the second week after Whitsuntide, Schiller gave his third and fourth lecture upon man's primitive social life as shown in Mosaic record. The crowd of listeners was as great as before, yet to maintain his hold of such as had hitherto been caught merely by the newness and the sparkle of his lectures, he felt he must make them more generally easy to understand; though this would cost him more pains, and might result in failure. "My lectures now cost me an astonishing amount of time and trouble," he tells Körner, "as it behoves me first to learn; and then, too, the matter grows greater under my hand—greater than is needed for the moment, though I am loth to let the thoughts go past." He soon gave up the *Alexias* translation, and made it over to a student, probably to Berling, the poor Swede, whom Schiller helped to support. He longed for Lotte, tortured still by doubts if she would ever be his, hoping least of all that such joy could come to him now. His state was the more distressful that he must hide all his heartache from the world. He even led faithful Körner astray, who, so he feared, might speak to others of his

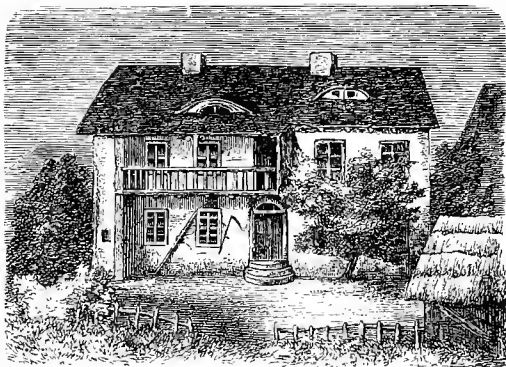
secret. At length, on Friday the 19th he rode over to Rudolstadt, where he stayed until Sunday, a day longer than he had intended. Many a plan was here mooted ; among other things, his visit to Lauchstädt and meeting with Körner were talked of. He went back to Jena in high spirits. In his lectures he had now reached the Babel epoch, the confusion of tongues and of peoples.

The Lengenfeld sisters travelled to Jena on 10th July, where they were to stop at Grieszbach's, and Schiller should meet them outside the town, under the tall elder-trees on the banks of the Saale. The pleasure of their meeting was, alas ! somewhat marred. That evening there was a party at Grieszbach's, and Schiller, Professor Paulus and his wife, were among the guests invited. Unfortunately, however, Schiller was detained, only arriving at the last moment. Lotte long remembered how anxiously she had waited for his coming, as she paced restlessly through the rooms ; Paulus and his wife, being Schiller's compatriots, she found the most endurable. Next morning the poet went with his friends for some part of the way to Naumburg. Writing afterwards to Lotte, he says : "Your last stay in Jena was to me but a dream—and not all a delightful dream, for never had I wished to say so much to you as then, and never did I say less. What I was forced to keep in, weighed me down ; I got no joy from seeing you. I have so often found this ; outward hindrances were not always to blame for it. One can hardly believe that people, wholly at one in sympathies, and who so easily, so rapidly, understand each other, have yet so long a road between them. So near and yet so far !" This showed plainly enough his cherished secret, and Caroline, with her characteristic love of action, determined to put an end to all this bashful silence.

On her way to Lauchstädt, to meet an invalid friend at Burgörner, near Hettstädt, she there encountered Laroche and Wilhelm von Humboldt, then in his three-and-twentieth year. Schiller had seen Laroche at Rudolstadt ; he and Humboldt had in that January come thither from Göttingen to make Caroline's acquaintance. Caroline saw that her suffering friend, "wrapped in her feelings," had liking for them both,

and, as she told Schiller, she was resolved to "unravel" the plot. Her remark to him that Humboldt was worth far more than Laroche showed whom she preferred. Schiller thought that maybe she would also undertake to "unravel" his own love-affair.

On the 1st or 2d of August, at their pressing request, he followed the sisters to Lauchstädt. They were living with their friend at KÜCHLER'S, a carpenter in the Armenhausgasse. Before Schiller started, on the 3d, to meet KÖRNER at Leipzig, he confided the secret of his love to Caroline. She listened



Schiller's House at Lauchstädt. From a drawing by his wife.

kindly, sympathisingly, telling him that Lotte loved him heartily, and was wholly his; yet this should not loosen their own close bond of friendship. Caroline the rather hoped to live with the young couple, as she could not be parted from Lotte, nor give up the pleasure of Schiller's society. Her relations with her husband were as sad as ever; his roughness and caprice had long embittered her life, and she now determined at all hazards to get a divorce. Schiller was delighted at knowing that Lotte was his own, and that he would still have Caroline's helpful influence. Not wishing to see Lotte

again before starting, he left a note for her. In this he spoke of what Caroline had told him, stating the reason for such long silence, and offering her all that he was, all that he owned.

"Is it true, dearest Lotte; dare I hope that Caroline has read your soul, and has given me its answer—the answer that I dared not give myself? Tell me that you will be *mine*, and that my happiness costs you no sacrifice. Oh! make me sure of that, and with a single word. Our hearts have long been near to each other. And now let all that is yet estranging, all that until now stood between us, fall away, that nothing, nothing trouble the free communion of our souls." This was the first time that he ventured to call her by her Christian name.

On his arrival that evening at Leipzig, he had the joy of meeting faithful Körner, whom luckily he found alone, and who told him of his intention to move to Jena within the year. And Schiller had news for his friend as well, which, in the gladness of meeting, he could no longer conceal. It came as a thorough surprise to Körner, yet this was no time to show the enthusiastic poet what actual imprudence there lay in such a step. Schiller at once wrote to the sisters that he had told Körner his secret, and that within a year he and his bosom friend would be living together in Jena. Lotte and Caroline should choose Friday the 7th for their visit to Leipzig, as on that afternoon Körner was at liberty. "You *must* see my friends," he said, "and I must soon see you." They were to tell him in writing that Lotte would be his, and that he was able to make her happy. "I still mistrust a hope, a joy, of which hitherto I have no experience; let my delight soon be wholly freed from *this* fear. You cannot act as ordinary people act, so towards me you need only use truth, and we can put all formalities aside, and freely, plainly, lay bare our hearts to each other."

Lotte answered both his letters thus:—"I have twice begun writing to you, but *my feelings were each time too great* to find expression. Caroline has read my soul, and has answered for my heart. The thought of adding to your happiness stands clear and bright before me. If deep, true love

and friendship may do this, then my heart's fervent wish is gained, to see you happy.—For to-day, no more ; on Friday we shall meet. What delight to see our Körner, and to let you, love, read in my heart *how much you are to me*. Here is the letter I was just going to send you. Adieu. Ever your faithful Lotte." In the letter enclosed, of the 27th July, she had written, "I should ever wish you to remember our friendship, and to have true and certain conviction of mine, dear friend."

On the 7th Lotte and Caroline came to Leipzig with Privy Councillor von Barckhausen. They were introduced to Körner and his family, but the lovers had so much to say to each other, that they were left almost entirely alone, and Körner found little opportunity of growing intimate with Lotte. Next morning Schiller went back with the sisters to Lauchstädt. Here it was agreed to keep the engagement secret, until Schiller should receive a salary, however slight, from the Duke. He left Lauchstädt on the 10th, meeting Körner and his family on the road, who travelled to Jena with him, where they stayed at his house. The friends had no chance for confidential talk ; Schiller was wrapped up in his newly-found happiness, and Körner felt himself in the background. Visits and excursions formed another hindrance. They went to Weimar, where Körner called upon Privy Councillor Voigt, and explained his wish to enter the ducal service. Schiller also took him to Frau von Kalb, who was then most unhappy at hearing nothing of her husband, to whom she had now proposed a legal separation. Schiller had not lectured for a fortnight, so, before leaving, Körner was able to hear him in his capacity of professor. On the 16th or 17th he attended the address upon Lycurgus, where Schiller followed the lines laid down by Nast. This lecture was the ninth of the series ; the foregoing one had treated of Moses and his mission.

Körner left on the 18th, disappointed at this longed-for meeting with his friend, which, so far from bringing them closer, had rather estranged them. Two days afterwards the sisters left Lauchstädt and came back to Jena, where they once more stayed at Grieszbach's. So Schiller saw them again, to

his great delight, and they laid plans for the future, and spoke of his projected stay at Volkstädt during the vacation. After they were gone, he felt perpetual craving to be with them again. To him the three weeks which still parted them seemed like an eternity. Preoccupied as he was, those many startling events in the world's history, of which rumours came across from Paris, and which Wolzogen witnessed and described, made far slighter impression upon him than upon others, who hailed the breaking of a new day, bringing with it freedom to the people. He thus answered one of Caroline's glowing letters: "Prepare, noble being, to find nothing in me but the power to excel, and the will and the enthusiasm to use such power. I will look into your beautiful soul, will understand and give response to your fine sensibilities; yet if I be out of tune, that must neither sadden nor surprise you. Then believe, and firmly, that this strange influence upon my mind has come to it from without. The traces of such influence, working upon me from youth until now, my better self could never quite shake off. But you trust in my soul, and I build upon that faith. With all my shortcomings (for, finally, you will get to know them all), that which you once liked in me, you will always find. You will love me for my affection. . . ."

Schiller intended to finish his course of lectures about the middle of September with Alexander the Great. "I am hurrying along now tremendously," he writes on 1st September, "and my students are right glad at the rate we go; whole centuries fly past us. To-morrow I shall have done with Alcibiades, and then I go on to Alexander, with whom I end. Our Plutarch stands me now in good stead, though certainly I've now more occasion to get irritated over him." He revised the translation of Anna Comnena's work for the *Memoirs*, and sent it to press, but he could neither prepare an essay promised for the opening volume, nor complete the first part of *The Ghostseer*. His whole existence, his whole sympathies, were centred in Lotte and Caroline; Körner, even, must be content with a short, hasty letter. "For a time much joy is taken from me," he tells the sisters, "so that I cannot let my heart speak against him [Körner]; but how much you make me forget!"

Already, on the 1st of September, he had engaged his old lodgings at Volkstädt. To prevent any feeling of ill-will or of suspicion on the mother's part as to his visit, he sent a letter stating his resolve to the sisters, which they should show their parent. For our poet everything fell from sight in the radiant joy of his love. Nature and all her beauties had nothing for him now; he seemed to think that she charmed only with that lent to her by man. Even when Lotte spoke of her heartfelt satisfaction at the revolution in France, he said not a word in answer. For all society such as Jena offered he felt very strong distaste.

Frau von Kalb and her domestic troubles now disturbed his happiness. He was thoroughly glad that she had not come to Rudolstadt, as intended, for her presence would have put restraint upon Lotte and himself, and, with her suspicious nature, she must readily have guessed all. "She has the justest claims upon my friendship," he tells the sisters, "and I must admire her for having kept pure and true the first feelings of our friendship through all the strange labyrinths in which we have rambled together." He was on excellent terms with her still, and he hoped these might last as long as could be, especially as Charlotte, being then in contention with her husband, had need of his advice and support. Frau von Karl asked Schiller on the 10th to come to her at Weimar to consult him as to how she should act; but he could not leave his duties. However, to prevent her taking offence at his stopping on at Volkstädt, he invited her to meet him with Corona Schröder in Jena. In her present position she felt bound to decline such a proposal; and he, in making it, believed he had done all that could be expected of him.

On the 15th he ended his course of lectures, but he could not start until the 18th, as the expected money from Mauke, his publisher, did not arrive in time. At Rudolstadt he used to visit the sisters on afternoons, but sometimes in the morning too, as he generally chose a time when their mother was absent at the court. During his first week he suffered acutely with toothache. In this time he re-cast his two opening

lectures for the *Mercur*, wrote the conclusion to the first volume of *The Ghostseer*, and prepared himself for the winter course of lectures. At Volkstädt he felt some fresh touch of the old passion for Charlotte von Kalb. This is seen from his remark to Körner on the 28th that a strange matter about which he disliked writing strongly absorbed him; it had reference to Frau von Kalb and his new relationship to Lotte. Caroline wrote a month later, saying that she thanked Heaven that Charlotte was not going to be his wife. While at Rudolstadt it had been a trying task for him and for the sisters to keep their mother in ignorance of the secret. Caroline grew seriously unwell, and it was feared that she would never completely recover health. Her mother attributed this to her stay at Lauchstädt, whence Caroline had returned in a greatly agitated state. The more she suffered, the more Schiller showed for her his tender care, so that Lotte sometimes feared that he loved her less than her sister, and that he might repent him of his choice. But in his gay society all such fears were dispelled. Caroline liked specially to dream of all the good fortune that the Koadjutor of the Kurfürst of Mainz should bring them. Freiherr Karl Theodor von Dalberg, brother to the director of the Mannheim Theatre, was then in his forty-fifth year. Governor of Erfurt, and a firm friend of the Dacherödens, he was known to be an enthusiastic patron of the arts and sciences, and he had spoken in high praise of Schiller's poetical gifts. Lotte and Caroline were to come to Weimar in the winter; the "great matter," the breaking of the secret to their mother, should rest for the present. Schiller let himself be kept back in Rudolstadt until the 22d, and this hindered him not a little in the preparation and arrangement of his lectures. Then there was delay in the printing of his prospectus, which was not distributed among the students until the majority had already subscribed to other series. This time he lectured six times in the week, five times—from five o'clock to six—upon general history, from the Frankish monarchy down to Frederick II.; and once—every Thursday from six to seven—on Roman history. That the number of his hearers did not exceed thirty was, of course, grievously disappointing,

but another cause for this, besides the delay in advertising, was, that his lectures were given simultaneously with others that



had to be attended. His whole receipts amounted to sixty thalers. Despite such scanty attendance, he would prepare his lectures as carefully as if he had a hundred listeners. At

his free lectures the hall was "fairly full," although, owing to their subject, these could not have such charm for the mass as those delivered during the summer. The first volume of the *Memoirs* was printed at such speed that by the end of October it lay ready for publication. Still he found neither time nor humour to write the promised essay for this.

This daily lecturing, so far from being a strain, rather quickened his zeal for work. Yet, if aught else took his attention, the lectures were put aside. He twice postponed them at the beginning of November when writing an "Historical Survey" of the Crusades. Composed when in a happy moment of inspiration, this grew under his pen to such lofty form that he believed never before to have put so much thought in so beautiful a shape, never more fitly to have joined intellect with imagination. But this too remained unfinished, as he reserved its sequel for another volume. He now grew discontented with his position, in proportion as it seemed to have brought him farther from, instead of nearer to, her he loved. Writing on his birthday, he exclaims: "What evil genius could have prompted me to tie myself down here, in Jena? I have gained nothing, absolutely nothing, thereby, but have lost an immeasurable deal. If I were not here, I could live where I liked, could try to carry out plans for settling myself in life with far greater ease than at present, as all my time would be my own." He was still hoping that his friend, the Koadjutor of the Kurfürst of Mainz, would get him some appointment in that town; he thought, too, of going to Berlin or Vienna. At this time he had singular dealings with the Jena senate. It seems that on the title-page of his printed *Introductory Lecture* he had styled himself professor of history. But this touched the rights of Professor Heinrich, who, properly speaking, was the real professor of history at Jena. Heinrich, in a miserable spirit of wounded vanity, insisted that the title should be changed, that Schiller should call himself what he was, professor of philosophy. He even caused the advertisement exposed at the bookshop to be torn down by a college servant, thus making himself for ever ridiculous by such petty show of insolence towards genius. The senate,

however, had of course to declare the *Professor historicarum* in the right.

The Koadjutor's friendly reply unfortunately gave Schiller no immediate ground for hope. Did it depend on him, he said, he would put the poet in such a position at Mainz or Erfurt as would let him give pinions to his muse unchecked. But it was the Kurfürst who ruled matters, and who, justly enough, wished that men of such merit should apply directly to him. By staying in Jena, Schiller deemed it impossible to hasten on his marriage with Lotte or to bring her sister to his side, for, being still in debt, the receipt from his lectures yielded him no sure income.

Lotte still feared that one day she might cease to be to him all that she was now. In a letter to the sisters, he calms such fear. "Caroline," he says, "Caroline is nearer to me in age, and thus her thoughts, her feelings are more on a level with mine; she has worked more upon my sense for utterance than you, Lotte mine,—but for all the world I would not have you other than you are. Those advantages which Caroline has, you must get from me; in my love your being must develop itself, you must be *my* creation, your season of blossoming must fall in the springtime of my love. Had we found each other later, you would have robbed me of this delight of watching you bloom to perfect beauty—for me."

He now looked forward to the 2d of December, the date fixed for his journey to Weimar. While there he hoped to see Lotte sometimes; even occasional visits to Jena were not unlikely. He sighed for the soft spring days to come on; he longed for the time when he should be at Rudolstadt with her. The pleasantest time for him now was when the lectures were over on Friday evenings, and he had a few days to spend undisturbed in thinking of his beloved ones. Lotte asked him to come to Rudolstadt at the end of each week, but, to his grief, he was obliged to decline this invitation. For to others these visits might seem strange, and neither of them would rightly enjoy such hasty meetings. He dare not even show himself in Weimar until Christmas, if he would avoid notice. In the early part of the year he intended to ask the Duke of

Weimar for a stipend which at the most would not exceed two hundred thalers, but he still despaired of soon marrying, as his letter to Körner of 23d November shows. Yet, four days afterwards, he tells the sisters that Lotte must as soon as possible share his life with him at Jena, where he meant to remain for some years longer.

"I know not how else I could bear it! No bright outlook for me in the future, and this restless longing at my heart! . . . Head and heart will not support so long and violent a strain, and even as an aid to work, it is needful that after mental exhaustion I should be refreshed by pleasures of the heart. This unrest of mind hinders me from bettering, so far as possible, my prospects, for it keeps me from all work, I have no gladdening genius at hand, without which all striving is vain." He calculates that if, at Easter, the Duke should grant him 150 thalers, and if the lectures only brought him in as much, his literary earnings at the least amounted to 400 thalers, so that his yearly income might be estimated at 700 thalers. On this they might manage to live even if Lotte's mother did not contribute, though she had done so in Caroline's case. But they would not settle in Jena, where he had no intention of remaining. For in two years he might go to Mainz, or receive some post at the Berlin Academy. Caroline would of course have to stay in Rudolstadt; there was no help for this. Lotte gleefully agreed to all.

Early in the afternoon of 2d December the sisters reached Jena. They at once sent for Schiller and spent a couple of hours with him in confidential talk, not going to Grieszbach's house until just before starting on their journey. Schiller had to lecture from five to six. Shortly before six the ladies drove off with their maid and a man-servant. Directly after his lecture Schiller followed them on horseback, and rode for a long way in the moonlight beside their carriage, While returning he tortured himself by the thought that perhaps he had shown them too little care, that, in this haste, he had not given vent to all the brimming love at his heart. On the 4th the Duke came to Jena, with Goethe and the Koadjutor, and was introduced to the professors. The

Koadjutor showed himself very friendly to Schiller, questioning him as to his position in the town, as to his writings and present literary employment, though in doing this he was often interrupted by the Duke. All Schiller's thoughts were now set upon hastening his and Lotte's "entire union." In Weimar people spoke already of their engagement, at all cost they must prevent the mother from hearing about it through strangers. As Goethe at court had shown such politeness to Lotte, and was not unversed in such matters, Schiller thought she should entrust him with their secret, so that, if possible, Goethe might further their plan of getting married in the spring. Most singular was Frau von Kalb's conduct. In the beginning of November she had written her faithless swain a "strange" letter, for she found it so hard to give him up. There was bitter recrimination with her husband, who had accompanied her to Weimar, whither her brother-in-law, the President, and his wife also came. A divorce was talked of and arrangements made for the division of their property, but all was thwarted by Caroline's refusal to give up the guardianship of her son. She fell ill herself, but was soon so far convalescent that Lotte could visit her. Schiller cautioned his *fiancée* against Charlotte: she was unfair towards her, he said, and took a cold, biassed view of their love; she felt offended at his not coming to see her, but his presence would wound her even more, for she was in no way capable of sympathising with his love. Frau von Kalb invited Lotte to her house, and in manner towards her was composed and friendly; Caroline also had to pay her a visit. But just this interest which Charlotte showed for the Lengenfelds made Schiller suspect that she was weaving some new plot or other, and that she had not wholly renounced him.

On the 12th he arrived at Weimar, where he lodged close to the Lengenfelds, at "The Elephant," on the south side of the market-place. Ostensibly he had come hither to attend a performance of Goethe's *Claudine*, though on the evening of his arrival another play, Weisze's tragedy, *Fanaticism; or, Jean Calas*, was given. This time Schiller surprised the sisters by proposing a totally different plan of action, accord-

ing to which, all help from the Duke should be refused, and Frau von Lengenfeld spared the pain of parting with her daughter. For he meditated living with Lotte at Rudolstadt in a house adjoining her present home. His income would amount to 300 thalers, while Lotte was to have another 200 from her mother. He needed about 200 for himself, and the *Thalia* alone would bring him in the requisite 500 for housekeeping. He had quite given up his connection with Wieland's *Mercur*, issued now in altered form, as the only actual change was that Wieland should write more for it and give special attention to the newest German literature. Helped by a few able writers, he hoped with very little labour on his part to earn from three to four hundred thalers by the *Memoirs*. At Easter he would ask for a fixed salary, and, if this were refused, he should resign the professorship and spend four or five years in study, in training and strengthening his mental powers before giving public proof of them. It occurred to him later that he might take a year's holiday in which to finish his *Revolt of the Netherlands*. He could only stay a night at Weimar, and rode back to Jena early the next morning. The sisters drove to Erfurt on the 14th, and while here they suddenly decided to tell their mother of the engagement. Not a word of this had been said when Schiller met them at Weimar. They called upon the Koadjutor, he was most amiable, and told them that Goethe was also in the secret. Caroline now helped to bring about the engagement of her friend Fräulein von Dacheröden with Wilhelm von Humboldt, and obtained permission from that lady's father to take her to Weimar. Frau von Lengenfeld on receiving her daughter's letter was so surprised, so agitated, as to be unable to send a word in answer, only Lotte must feel assured that she only wished for her happiness. Not until the 18th did Schiller write, asking for Lotte's hand, saying that if love could make her happy, such love was his to give.

In the afternoon of the 19th he came with the Paulus family to Weimar, where he met his beloved, and spent a happy time with her; he was at the theatre, too, to see an act of his friend Neumann's play, *Kunz von Kaufungen*. He

learnt that the Duke had called that afternoon upon Frau von Stein, and had asked her about Lotte's engagement. His Grace approved of it, and seemed not unwilling to grant the wished-for salary. Schiller, so soon as he had the mother's consent, intended to tell the Duke everything, asking only for a year's leave of absence, not for a salary, which the Duke for his merits' sake might offer him later. He returned to Jena that night. Lotte next day was sharply upbraided at the court by Frau von Kalb, who complained that Schiller had not visited her. Goethe was away at this time, in Jena, wholly taken up in completing his treatise on the metamorphosis of plants. Schiller did not see him, but wrote in a letter, "I should be glad, could I be more to him." The old frankness towards Körner was once more established, who was overjoyed; Schiller too felt as though freed from a nightmare.

On the 22d he got the mother's answer, who declared herself ready to give him her best and dearest possession, as Lotte's love and his own noble-mindedness were sufficient surety for her daughter's happiness; she wished only to feel at ease as to his means of livelihood, for without an adequate income there could be no happiness in the home. Schiller, in grateful joy, at once replied to this letter. If the Duke, he said, were to grant him 150 or 200 thalers, his yearly income might safely be reckoned at 800 thalers. He would write to the Duke next day, and if his Grace put him off with promises until 1791, for 1790 he had a proposal to make that perhaps she would not dislike. Simultaneously with this letter he sent one to the Duke of Meiningen, asking him to confer upon him the title of Count Councillor (Hofrath). For Lotte, by marrying him, sacrificed her rank, and Schiller wished to make up in some measure for such loss. He hopefully awaited the request made on the 23d to the Duke of Weimar; yet, be it what it might, he felt quite easy as to his income. Just then Goeschen asked him to furnish an article on the "Thirty Years' War" for his *Historical Ladies' Calendar*. The fee offered was four hundred thalers. The subject had long attracted him, and the task seemed an easy

one, as he had only to content dilettanti—not students of history. So this commission came to him as a veritable marriage portion. The wedding was to take place at Easter; he intended to hire the other rooms on the same floor as his present lodging; and there was no need to trouble about furnishing them.

Full of his joy, he hastened to spend Christmas Eve at Weimar. There he found Laroche and Fräulein Dacheröden with her *fiancé* Wilhelm von Humboldt, whose acquaintance he now made. He returned on the 26th. Lotte and Humboldt visited Goethe on the 28th, to whom on Christmas Day a son—his first—had been born. The poet had invited them to come to him that morning; he showed them choice engravings, and was most friendly and confidential. On that or on the following day Humboldt arrived at Jena, where he stayed with Schiller, and they visited the neighbourhood in company. Schiller, wholly absorbed in his love, thought Humboldt too flighty, his identity too broken up; knowledge had enriched his mind and set it working; but he needed depth. His heart was a noble one, but there was wanting to him the rest, the calm of a soul which fondly cherishes its object, and which keeps staunchly to its most loved creation.

Humboldt was Schiller's junior by some seven years. Versed not only in law and politics, but also in philosophy and the modern languages, he had mixed much in good society, and belonged to Henriette Herz's circle of intellectual acquaintances, having Jacobi and Forster as his most intimate friends. He felt very wishful to know the famous poet and historian who had given *The Robbers* and the *Revolt of the Netherlands* to an admiring world; but Schiller was then in no temper to understand him. Humboldt well saw how deeply the poet loved Lotte, and he urged him to use every effort towards hastening on the marriage.

On the last day of the year Schiller felt driven to return to Weimar. The Duke no sooner knew of his arrival than he sent for him to give his request a personal answer. He would gladly do something, said the Duke, to show his

regard; yet unfortunately, added he, with lowered voice and in some confusion, unfortunately he could not afford to give more than two hundred thalers. Schiller expressed himself completely satisfied with such a salary, and gave the Duke his warmest thanks, who then questioned him as to the date fixed for the wedding.

Fräulein Dacheröden, Laroche, and Humboldt were still in Weimar, so Schiller met them again. On the first evening they went to the theatre, where he saw Kotzebue's immensely successful play, *Human Hatred and Remorse*, which Körner had told him was a wretchedly feeble piece. Still, he wanted to see it, and though the friends made merry over its false sentiment and want of power, he felt genuinely aggrieved that the taste of play-goers should have sunk so low. The author, a native of Weimar, who had risen under the Russian Government to be President of the Magistracy of Esthonia (in virtue of which office he put the *von* before his name), scored a triumph with this most affecting drama. Through the very distaste with which Europe received his work, he grew famous; and it marks the beginning of that flood of Kotzebue-plays, poured forth as an antidote to Iffland's domestic pictures and to Schiller's dramas, at a time when that poet's genius was turned to history and the philosophical side of art. But let us go back to our friends. They spent pleasant evenings together at a gay *café*, for Humboldt liked such distraction. On New Year's Day Schiller dined with the sisters at Frau von Stein's, who now encouraged the match of which she had before disapproved, owing to the poet's ill health. The Duke himself came to her house, and declared, with a droll air of self-satisfaction, that he had given the best thing towards the marriage, namely, the money. Instead of the expected reply from Frau von Lengenfeld, the poet while at Weimar received news of the serious illness of his mother, and this greatly dulled his happiness.

When at Jena, a letter came from Christophine stating Frau Schiller's condition to be hopeless, but it was soon followed by other and more comforting reports. Lotte's mother still delayed sending her decision, for which Schiller

now clamoured. Their speedy union was necessary to him amid so much work, for this waiting and longing did but disturb and unsettle his mind. He confessed to the sisters : "I have never seemed so poor, so small to myself, as now, at the approach of my most blissful happiness. The present is no more anything to me ; the joys of hope are no longer mine ; and still you are yet far from me. I gladly lose identity to take it again, enriched and beautified, from the hands of love, from your hands."

On the 12th, the mother-in-law's consent reached him, who promised Lotte an annuity of 150 thalers so long as she remained his wife. In a few weeks Frau von Lengenfeld would come to Jena, and the wedding could take place on the day following her arrival, either there, or at a neighbouring village. Directly after this Schiller received patents from the Duke of Meiningen, conferring on him the title of Hofrath without cost, and this was specially pleasing to the mother of his bride. He at once let notice of his new rank be published in the *Literatur Zeitung*. In this exciting time he found the six weekly lectures very tedious. It is true, he no longer worked them out carefully, but delivered them extempore, which saved him the time spent in writing them down, but the facts and the line to follow in each lecture had for this cause to be fixed firmer in his mind.

A separation of more than a fortnight was intolerable to the lovers. During the two delightful days Schiller spent with the sisters they planned the arrangement of their home. But when Lotte's mother hesitated to let the marriage be fixed for a day before Easter, Schiller, in his disappointment, excitedly begged the sisters to write less often, as their correspondence now agitated him overmuch. "Otherwise," said he, "I lose fitness for all work, and my existence becomes unbearable ; how this attempt will succeed, I know not ; but I must try to rouse my interest in something scientific." Lotte felt all the happier, fully convinced, now, that some good genius had so formed her character as one day helpfully to influence his ; her disposition, her way of looking at things, would never jar upon him, she said. Wishing to do all that

was possible for his amusement, she was now taking great pains with her music, in which she had already made a good start; besides this, she means to draw and read much, so that their evenings may always pass pleasantly by. An active life of retirement, she observed, would help to give her that peace which abides; she must live for her soul, her heart; and this she could most fitly do in the time that lay before her, spent in the sunlight of a husband's love.

After lecturing, on the evening of the 29th, Schiller drove with Paulus and his wife to the masked ball, held annually in honour of the Grand Duchess's birthday. Here, at this ball, three years ago, he had had the joyful surprise of meeting Lotte. The sisters came to it also, and he stayed with them until five o'clock next afternoon, managing to spend much of the time alone with his betrothed. Frau von Lengenfeld had fixed to come on the 10th or 12th of February. As there was not sufficient room in Schiller's house for the reception of Caroline and her mother, spacious and well-furnished apartments were taken for them at Fräulein von Seegners', close by, at the "not very cheap" rate of fifteen thalers the half-year. But unfortunately the mother's coming was postponed.

Meanwhile, he gave Körner explanation as to his choice, saying that, in taking a wife for himself, happily he had won a heart that was noble, a nature that was finely touched.

"I rejoice at your present joy," wrote Körner, in reply, "but from this union, too, I believe I may hope great things for your after life. Without paltry deliberation, you have chosen a wife suited to your individual need, and by no other road could you have found the treasure wanting to you—a happy home. You are not fitted to live as an isolated being, just for selfish enjoyment; though some luminous idea may flash on you, blotting out for a time all else save an intoxicating sense of your own superiority, still the need of loving and of being loved soon comes back to you. I know, I understand the pulses of your friendship and how fitful they are. Yet they do not set me at a distance from you; they are essential

to your character, are joined to other qualities that I would not wish changed. So, with your love, it will not be otherwise; and were I sufficiently intimate with your wife, to venture it, I would wish her no better thing on her wedding-day than to have the tact not to misunderstand you in such moments."

Schiller let Lotte see the letter, who thought Körner was perfectly right. Love, she said, was not the sketching-out for oneself of some immaculate hero; it was to love men, just as they were, and to treat their feelings with a heart full of charity. And so, she hoped that Schiller, too, would forgive her, if by a too great show of zeal or calm, or by a proneness to melancholy, she should at times dull for him the brightness of her love.

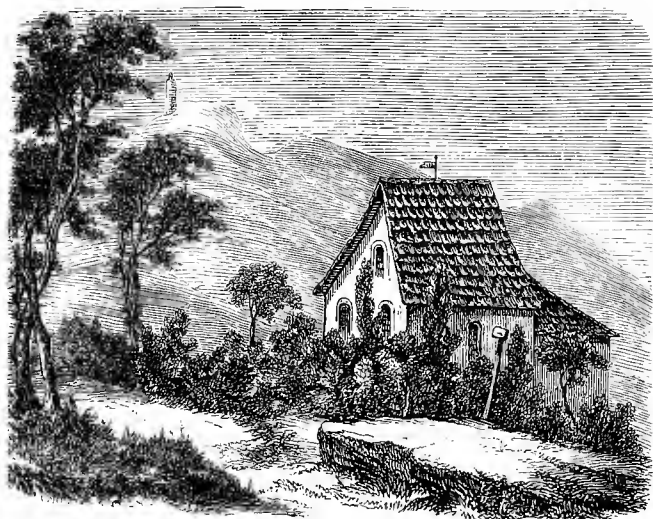
While now the old frank footing had once more been established between the friends, Frau von Kalb showed increasing bitterness towards the happy lovers. She held Schiller guilty of faithlessness as base as that with which Frau von Stein in her fury charged Goethe. She wrote him, after her vehement way, a "most ungracious" letter, warning him among other things against "poisonous tongues," that he "never should have suffered to speak truth." When sending an answer, she begged him to write her address accurately, that the letter might not fall into her sister's hands. Schiller had already twice avoided seeing her, once, when she spoke of something highly important that she had to tell him. And when, dreading a scene, he positively refused to meet her, she mentioned, as reason for the interview, a matter that could well have been discussed on paper. In reply to his judgment that she was hardly in a fit mood to make their meeting an agreeable one, she said that he erred in connecting her present conduct with "that madness," "that grotesque and long-forgotten dream," meaning the past. Schiller then assured her that, as by-gones were wiped out from her memory, he was at last able to speak frankly of all his coming happiness, which in the fulness of his heart he then described. Care was really necessary, he said, in writing the address, as some letters sent by him to Weimar had actually

fallen into strange hands. The sisters suspected Frau von Kalb of having intercepted one of their letters to Schiller, which, after some delay, reached him with only one wrapper round it. They also believed her to be the author of an anonymous letter sent to Lotte, telling her to try and become a good housewife, instead of hunting after poets. It was she, so Lotte thought, who had spread the rumour that Schiller was in love with Caroline and not with her. They met soon after at Frau von Stein's, when Charlotte was icy in manner and seemed warring with inward grief.

Schiller's bliss is shown in the words : "I can now scarcely survey all my beautiful possessions. How much that is noble and excellent am I taking to myself and calling mine ! My heart is fused into one great and glorious sensation." And, to fulfil his cup of happiness, the voice of genius now spoke forth again, after long silence. He succeeded in completing Hutton's monologue in *The Manhater*. "Love and the poet's genius are not jealous of each other," he says ; "it is rather to their advantage (in my case, at least) to keep friends. I can in no way describe to you, my dearest ones, how glad I feel at the prospect of working at poetry in your midst. To blend the fullest meed of artistic enjoyment with that of the heart had always been my highest ideal of life, and in joining both these pleasures I have the surest way of bringing each to its highest perfection. . . Love alone, without this inward bent for work, would soon withdraw from me its fairest delights. If I am to be *abidingly* happy, I must have a sense of my [poetic] powers—must feel worthy of the bliss that is mine ; and this can only come by seeing myself reflected in some work of art."

Frau von Lengenfeld was now to arrive on the 22d, the marriage taking place on the following day. Schiller should fetch Lotte and Caroline from Erfurt, and pay a visit there to the Koadjutor, who had been most friendly to them all, offering to defray the wedding expenses, which of course Frau von Lengenfeld could not allow. He had talent as a painter, and began upon a picture of Hymen, intended for the bride. Having made the necessary clerical arrangements, a

task that he found extremely disagreeable, and after sending back at her request all Frau von Kalb's letters, Schiller drove to Erfurt on Thursday evening, the 18th, after his lecture. He stayed with the sisters at their hotel. The Koadjutor showed him warm sympathy; so soon as he should be Kurfürst, Schiller must come to him at Mainz, where he would quickly find him a good post. The sisters and



The Church at Wenigen-Jena. From a sketch by Schiller's wife.

Fräulein von Dacheröden raved about the Koadjutor, calling him their "gold-mine;" they pictured themselves already at Mainz, living together as on some happy island. And Schiller too was charmed by his company; through him he felt mentally quickened; his sparkling talk was delightful to hear; although perhaps there was something willowy, something irresolute about him. Goethe had likewise enjoyed the "ceaseless" conversation of this kind-hearted and sagacious

man of the world. The bridegroom spent three pleasant days at Erfurt where the highest circles gave him their congratulations. On the 21st he drove with the Lengenfelds through Weimar to Jena; unfortunately Frau von Stein could not accompany them, as her husband was suffering from a fresh paralytic seizure. At Jena, Herder's wife sent them her good wishes, and they stayed, as before, at the Seegners' house. Next morning they drove to meet the mother-in-law at Kahla, and, leaving there at two o'clock, three hours later they reached the little village church of Wenigen-Jena. Here a clergyman, one Gottlieb Friedrich Schmid, being commissioned by Superintendent Oemler of Jena, privately married them. Schiller told Körner that "the scene was a very short one," for to him the whole ceremony seemed but an empty form, that, however, he had to go through. Lotte could not resist sketching the little church where heaven's blessing had consecrated their marriage-vows.

"We spent the evening in quiet talk over our tea," wrote she, in her widowhood, sixteen years later. Without any show, the poet brought his wife to their modest yet well-appointed home, where his highest happiness was now centred. All attempts to surprise him on the part of the students or their professors he had fortunately escaped.

CHAPTER II.

FROM FEBRUARY 1790 TO OCTOBER 1791.

TEN joyful months, among the gladdest in all his life, were now, after long waiting, in store for our poet. All his most fervent hopes for happy wedlock were realised to the full. Lotte had deep sense of her husband's worth; in raising, in beautifying his life, she found at once her holiest duty and her sweetest pleasure. She seemed destined to ward off all his cares, to give him all her heart's sympathy and attachment, a close sharer of his mental life, moulding herself upon his pattern, and aiming ever to make him glad. Besides her drawing, she made diligent progress with her singing and playing, for Schiller was cheered by music, whose charm Goethe too had found helpful towards calming the soul, and towards kindling the fires of poesy. Italian also formed another subject for study. As a husband, Schiller was tenderness itself, freely yielding back to his wife, his "little mouse" as he called her, all the affection which she lavished upon him.

The landlady saved Lotte all trouble as regarded household matters; they were well waited on by two servants, and their home had all that pleasant neatness which was needed to make it comfortable and tranquil. The Koadjutor's promises laid bare bright visions for them in the future, and there was much hoping that the old Kurfürst, "the Papa," would soon shuffle off this mortal coil, and even droll surmising as to how, while yet living, he might forfeit his rank.

The first week of their honeymoon was disturbed by

visits from the mother-in-law and Frau von Stein. At the beginning of March Schiller returned to active work. The lectures in particular took up much of his time; he had been over-careless with them, and had often missed lecturing, so that now he must hasten to recover what was lost; then, too, his second volume of *Memoirs* needed revision. Goeschen clamoured for the tenth number of *Thalia*, and Schiller was still busied with scenes to appear in it from *The Manhater*. Amid all this crush of work he longed to find some congenial subject of a poetic kind on which to spend pains. He seized anew the idea of writing an epic upon Frederick the Great, and set about translating the second book of the *Æneid*, as a training for the correct form of verse he should use. But in this he failed to succeed.

Early in April he went with Lotte and Caroline to spend the holidays at Rudolstadt, where he was everywhere most cordially received. But he was obliged to continue working at his lectures and for the publishers. This time he had announced the first part of his history up to the founding of the Fränkish monarchy, but also a lecture of one hour upon the theory of tragedy, to give play to his thoughts upon a favourite subject. He also began to take serious interest in politics, now that the peace he deemed so needful was like to be endangered by a rupture between Prussia and Austria. "I tremble at the thought of war," he tells Körner, "for we shall feel it in every corner of Germany." Just then the Koadjutor had sent Lotte his painting of Hymen writing the names Lengenfeld and Schiller upon a tree, beside which were Hippocrene, the muses' spring, and the emblems of Tragedy and History. When sending it, he wrote:

"My daubing is for me generally a rest, a pastime for leisure hours. This time I love and value it for giving the illustrious Schiller and his amiable wife pleasure." Schiller, like the sisters, thought the picture a skilful piece of work, even if in idea it had little that was original.

When April ended he came back with Lotte to Jena; Caroline stayed on at Rudolstadt for a few weeks. It was an unusually wearying summer for him; besides the lectures he

had to get his *History of the Thirty Years' War* ready for Goeschen by August. Certainly this last was not such a strain to him as the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, for he only made free use of such histories as could be had upon the subject when working out his conception of the nature of this war. As a chain of brilliant pictures of the battles and their leaders, his work should aim at instructing and delighting a wide circle. The book gained by being written at such enforced speed, carrying its readers away by the freshness and the fire of its descriptions, as by its searching flashes of thought. While burdened by all this work, to which were given up fourteen hours of each day, he thoroughly valued the joys of home; he had long felt the need of them. The lectures on Tragedy deeply interested him, exhausting though they were; the keen sympathy of his audience inspirited him; so that as he told Caroline, each week he had a cheering hour in a place where cheering hours could scarcely be sought. "I disclose many experiences," said he, "gained already by my practice in the art of tragedy, and which I myself never knew that I possessed. I seek the philosophic basis for these experiences, that thus insensibly range themselves into one luminous and coherent whole." He was amused once when, during the lecture, Lotte made tea for him in a side-room, and listened to him for two hours. Yet with all this business there was still time for pleasure and for excursions to the many lovely places lying round Jena. Weimar was also visited, where Herder's praise of Schiller's *General Survey* was most gratifying to its author. In Jena he knew no one intimately, except his countryman Paulus, whose young wife attracted him by her sweet singing and charming gaiety of manner.

It was grievous, his first parting with Lotte, when, on 26th July, she went to Rudolstadt, to join in the festivities of her mother's birthday. She was also to comfort Caroline, unable as yet to come to any friendly understanding with her husband. For their mother's sake, they had to keep silent as to a divorce. Schiller urged Caroline to profit by her husband's present lenient mood, and obtain a greater share of

liberty. Being very pressed for time to finish the *Thirty Years' War*, he resolved to postpone some of his lectures by pleading ill health. But, as if in punishment, he was suddenly seized by violent toothache, suffering also with a swollen face. One of his most passionate admirers now visited him, the young Danish poet, Jens Baggesen, who shortly before had married a granddaughter of the famous Haller. Baggesen, full of enthusiasm and reverence for Kant, Schiller, and Reinhold, his cherished trinity of great writers, had come to Weimar to make Wieland's acquaintance. Wieland most warmly received him, entertained him for a long while as his guest, and took him to Jena, to meet Reinhold, with whom Baggesen was equally charmed. Lotte showed the strangers every courtesy, and Schiller, though hindered by physical pain, would not let them go without his greeting. But they were of course unable to have any talk together. All that Baggesen heard from others could but have given him a very false impression of Schiller, and this impression was probably strengthened by Reinhold, then vexed with the poet.

In the ten verses that Schiller wrote in Baggesen's album on 10th August, the poet's lyric is termed the fairest crown of his deservings.

September began ere the *History of the Thirty Years' War* was brought to temporary conclusion with the battle of Breitenfeld. On the 28th Schiller had got his free-copies of the *Ladies' Calendar*, adorned by twelve engravings. Before taking his holiday, he must finish the third volume of the *Memoirs* and the eleventh number of *Thalia*. Yet despite this press of work, having domestic happiness, he felt thoroughly content. From home, too, came most cheering news. The father wrote gleefully to say that all in Stuttgart were reading his son's works with enthusiasm, and that towards himself the Duke had grown far more gracious. When Lotte and Caroline went to Rudolstadt on 3d October, Schiller stayed behind, as he had to write a dialogue, half historical, half philosophical, for the *Memoirs*. Yet so little inclined was he for the task that in its place he sent a "poor and flimsy" sketch of the most notable political events during

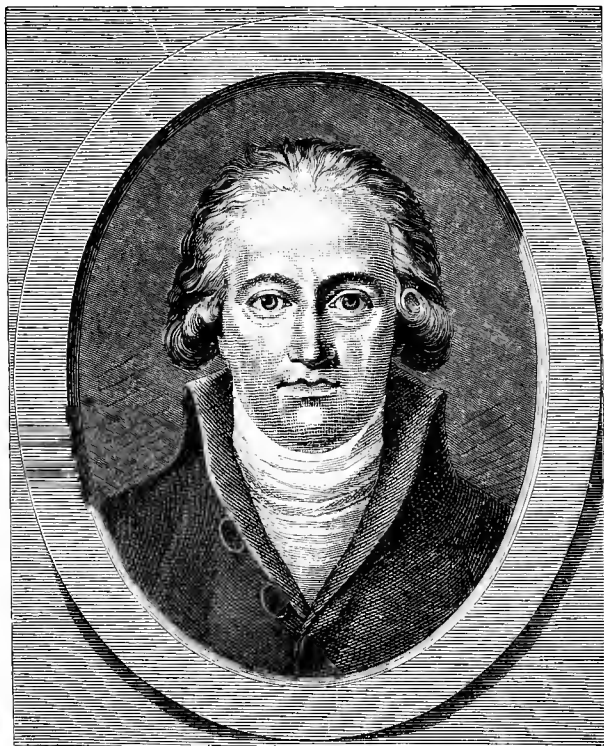
the reign of Frederick the First. The materials for another "Summary," ending with the crusade of Conrad III., were mainly drawn from Schmidt's *German History*. When on the 6th the Duke, returning from Silesia, was welcomed in Grieszbach's garden by the deputies and students, the University sent no representative, and Schiller also kept away. He heard that his Grace had taken *The Ghostseer* with him, and that Goethe, who accompanied him, intended shortly to pay a long visit to Jena.

Our poet had never felt greater need of rest and change than after these months of exhausting work. And how he longed to be with those he loved! "Your dear picture is ever before me," he tells the sisters on the 8th; "all seems to speak to me of where the little wife [Lotte] walked, and *My Lady Comfort* [Caroline] sat enthroned. And to feel that my hand can always reach what my heart would have near it, to feel that we are inseparable, *that* is a sense which I unceasingly foster in my bosom, finding it exhaustless and ever new." On the afternoon of the 11th, having finished his work that morning, attended by a servant, he rode to Rudolstadt.

He kept firmly to the plan of spending all his time with his wife and her sister; writing to Körner, who now was made *Appellationsrath*, he humorously confesses that twelve days had been devoted to eating, drinking, blindman's-buff, and chess. Lotte and he returned to Jena on the 28th, where good news from his father, together with a present of wine, caused him pleasure. Shortly after this was the old man's birthday, which they gaily celebrated. He at once began his professional duties, that were more agreeable to him than before.

He had advertised two private lectures on general and political history, and another public one, upon the Crusades. He felt elated at the great success of his *Thirty Years' War*. The Duke thanked him courteously for so charming and remarkable a work sent to him through Voigt; he told Schiller that he had forwarded it to the Duke of Brunswick. It had particular interest for the Duchess, and Frau von Stein had read it a second time to her aloud. On the

31st Goethe, with Lips the painter, came to see him; the two were attending Loder's lectures on myology for a few weeks. Goethe brought greetings from Körner, with whom



Goethe. From the portrait by Lips.

he had spent a pleasant time in Dresden. "The talk soon turned upon Kant," says Schiller, writing to his friend. "It's interesting how he clothes everything in his own individual fashion, and suddenly brings out all that he has read; still, I

should not care to argue with him upon subjects that interest me very closely. He completely lacks whole-heartedness in any profession of creed; all philosophy with him is, so to speak, subjective; and thus conviction and argument alike cease. Nor do I wholly approve his philosophy; it draws too largely upon the sensuous world, where I draw upon the spiritual. Moreover, his whole method of theorising is too much a matter of the senses for me. But his whole nature is at work, and explores in every direction, striving to build up for itself a systematic whole—that is what makes him great in my eyes.” Another theme for their talk may have been Goethe’s *Metamorphosis of Plants*, which Schiller looked upon as a mere theory. He must have felt repugnance at Goethe’s relationship to Christiane Vulpius, though, so little did he understand its nature, that he believed the poet’s final piece of extravagance would be to marry her. Körner tried to make him conquer this dislike to Goethe, saying it was good to have a brush with him so as to make them wary of going too far in their intellectual discussions; if Goethe loved the girl, there was no reason why he should not make his life more bearable by marriage. Goethe, who revered Nature, failed not to see that Schiller had no sympathy for such reverence, and the total difference in their present employments was another cause to make him stand aloof. Schiller believed that, working earnestly, he could become the first of Germany’s historians; then, prospects must certainly open out to him. For some time past, he had planned the issue of a “German Plutarch,” of which two volumes should appear annually. By such work, to be paid at the rate of not less than three louis d’or the sheet, his literary powers would grow more solid, more even, more balanced; and so, too, his lectures would cease to be a needless and superfluous distraction. He would not set his hand upon drama until he had thoroughly mastered the principles of Greek tragedy, until his dim ideas as to the rules of the art were changed into sound convictions.

He had never spent a happier birthday than this one; the crown of his joy was reached, and he could look into the future gladly, hopefully. It was in the brightest of moods

that he wrote a review of Bürger's poems, which the *Literatur Zeitung* had commissioned him to prepare eighteen months ago. While praising the author's work, he showed that it wanted art; and so failed in giving to some the finest pleasure. Schiller, of course, had "joined the partisans of Art;" but in his heat to preach its doctrines, he missed seeing how ill would be their influence upon one of Germany's worthiest, if most luckless poets, for whom it was too late to strike out a fresh and unfamiliar path; and moreover, how such criticism would lead him to kill all the natural charm of his poetry in an endeavour to give it polish.

During this winter some of Schiller's most talented pupils formed closer friendship with him. Of these we may first name the young Livonian, Gustav Behaghel von Adlerskron, a Rittmeister's son, who had left the Russian army, his mother having refused him any allowance, and now, under the name of Le Bon, was studying philosophy and history in Jena with great zeal. Schiller's friendliness, and that of Lotte and Caroline, gave the young student, so he said, new life, and put fire into a heart hitherto cold as the snows of his own bleak fatherland. Johann Benjamine Erhard, a young student of medicine, had come from Nürnberg to make Schiller's acquaintance, who thought his intellect the richest and most comprehensive he had ever known. Versed in mathematics and medicine, he was a shrewd student of the Kantian philosophy and an excellent draughtsman and musician. Schiller also got to know Baron von Herbert, who, on Reinhold's account, had come from Klagenfurt to Jena, and also the young law-student Friedrich von Hardenberg, another ardent admirer.

Huber and his friend Professor Georg Forster wished to get Schiller to settle in Mainz, but he shrank from the difficult and unwelcome task of securing an appointment at the aged Kurfürst's hands. Nor would he part with his independence except in exchange for a substantial salary, say of 1200 thalers; as in Jena, where he was his own master, he earned 500 thalers by the professorship, independently of his lecture-fees. "My relations to Dalberg grow ever stronger, closer," he tells

Körner, "and I promise myself an endless deal from nearer intimacy with him. I know few so pure, so noble, so high-souled as he; wholly above everything petty; full of warm sympathy for the beautiful, the true, the good; and yet free from rhapsody—grown free from this, for he was not always thus." An appointment at Würtemberg, which his father wished him to take, did not tempt him; least of all could he bring himself to apply for this to the Duke; reconciliation was impossible yet, impossible until his growing fame should make Karl Eugen more disposed to forgive. For this reason Schiller was glad to know that the *Thirty Years' War* was also being widely read in his own home. His father, with just pride, could tell him that over seven thousand copies were sold; for many years past no work had had even half such a vogue. He looked hopefully on towards the coming year, the opening days of which he was to spend with the Koadjutor at Erfurt.

On 3rd December Schiller and Lotte started for Erfurt, passing through Weimar, where they stayed some hours with Frau von Stein. At Erfurt their inn was the "Schlehdorn," now the "Rheinischer Hof." Caroline was also there with her husband. The Koadjutor, who had already pointed to drama as Schiller's proper field, now recommended him to write a play founded on the history of Wallenstein. On 2d January the poet was present at some amateur theatricals at the Koadjutor's, the first piece being Zschokke's tragedy, *Count Monaldeschi*. Next day, the Kurfürst of Mainz's birthday, he attended a meeting of the Electoral Academy of Useful Research, of which he was made a member. In the evening there was a concert in the assembly rooms, given by the singer Häsler. Many people from Weimar came to it, and one of the pieces executed was in special honour of the Kurfürst, "the people's darling." It happened, strangely enough, that, just at this concert, Schiller became so unwell that he had to be carried in a sedan-chair to his home. He was seized by rheumatic fever, and so severe was the attack that he did not believe he could recover. The doctor sought to allay the symptoms instead of thoroughly curing the malady, so that his patient might the sooner rejoin his friends. Schiller kept his bed for one day

only, and his room for several more. The Koadjutor, a constant visitor, made him "statements of the most positive and welcome kind." Schiller was to be his guest during the Easter vacation.

Among those in Erfurt who felt alarm at Schiller's illness was an old love of his, Henriette von Arnim, who had come thither with her younger sister in the previous October. Caroline von Dacheröden had heard that they had arrived there with a certain Count, whom the younger sister was going to marry; they plumed themselves not a little upon knowing Schiller. This is the last time in our poet's life that we meet with the fascinating Dresden beauty. Fate held strange things in store for her, but until now her life had been uneventful. We know that she was first married to Count Ernst Wilhelm Alexander Friedrich von Kunheim, whose death took place in 1810. That same year Schiller's verses to Henriette, included in the supplement to his works, were published, the editor remarking that he had received the lines from a "Countess von K . . . née von A . . .", to whom they were addressed." Henriette afterwards married the uncle of her first husband, Erhard Alexander, Count von Kunheim, who owned the fine estate Kloschenen-on-the-Aller, near Friedland. He died on November 15th, 1815. Professor Reusch of Königsberg in May 1821 made the acquaintance of the widow, living childless and alone at her enchanting country seat. In manner she seemed to him both dignified and charming; her features had still their beauty, and her eyes their fire. On the walls of her room hung Schiller's portrait. Not until long after did she go back to Dresden, dying there on the 12th of January 1847. Her grave is in the Catholic churchyard, with not a stone even to mark the name of one so beautiful and so distinguished, and whom a great poet loved.

On their return journey Schiller and Lotte stayed three days at Weimar, where for the first time he was presented at court. Frau von Stein received him as her guest. While here he was pleased to meet Beck, the Mannheim actor, and his wife, who had made a successful *début*. Other friends were visited, among these Voigt, Wieland, Emilie von Berlepsch and

Frau von Kalb. We do not find that he went to see Goethe. On the 11th he returned to Jena alone, commencing his lectures the next day. But immediately after his first lecture, the fever came back with fresh violence; he suffered from pains in the side, accompanied by blood-spitting. On the 15th he writes asking Lotte to come, as he can no longer bear her absence; yet there was no danger, he said. However, his state grew more and more alarming, and Lotte felt terribly anxious. After a few days her sister Caroline arrived, whose help and comfort she deeply needed. It was not until the end of the month that a decided change for the better set in. In Jena and in Weimar wide sympathy was shown for the sufferer, and many students, Adlerskron in particular, offered to help in nursing and in night-watching. The Duke sent a present of wine. Schiller on February 22d still felt pain and tightness at the chest, and he despaired of ever getting wholly cured of the disease; his strength came back very slowly indeed.

"I had excellent nursing," he tells Körner, "and it lessened the weariness of being ill not a little, to see such attention and such active sympathy shown towards me by my listeners and friends; they disputed among themselves as to who should watch at my bedside, some staying there three times in the week." There could be no thought of continuing his lectures; as soon as health allowed it, he would go to Rudolstadt and quietly make progress with the *Thirty Years' War*. When winter came, he proposed to deliver a course of æsthetic lectures, more in the form of conversations, at his own house. As the patient's state forbade all exertion of speaking or thinking, means were sought to drive away *ennui*, and cards proved a great resource. Not being able to sleep until a late hour, he used to spend half the night in play, the servants sometimes joining in the game. There was a preface to be written for the new volume of the *Memoirs*, to which Schiller gave no great pains; for the three following years of his History of the French Disturbances previous to the Reign of Henry IV., he took his materials mainly from Anquetil's *L'Esprit de la Ligue*.

Just as he fell ill, the critique of Bürger's poems had appeared, and many spoke of it in Weimar, not knowing, not

even imagining that he was its author. Goethe had declared that he would be pleased to have written it; and since then it was universally counted excellent. During convalescence, besides working at the *Thirty Years' War*, Schiller read Kant's *Critique of the Judgment*, and its lucid and thoughtful contents so absorbed him, that he felt wishful to make thorough study of the writer's philosophy. Before going to Rudolstadt, on 2d April, he had the painful and difficult task of sending Bürger a rejoinder. The latter, in a so-called "Preliminary Counter-criticism" that appeared in the "*Literatur Zeitung*", expressed his amusement at hearing people term the review of his poems a masterpiece, assuredly written by none but a Schiller. Yet, said he, no craftsman, no really practised man of letters could have indulged in theories so empty and so fantastic; though securely masked, he doubted not but that the writer would find courage sufficient to lift his visor. All this was very agitating to Schiller; and he was specially anxious to show the groundlessness of some of Bürger's counter-charges. By way of proving that those qualities of ripeness and sustained excellence which he asked for in a poet were not beyond the pale of human attainment, he quoted as examples, Wieland, Goethe, Geszner, Lessing, and others too of lesser fame.

At Rudolstadt every means was tried to raise the sufferer's spirits and bring him back to health; he took horse exercise, now, three or four times in the week. Curiously enough, the literary work to which he now turned was the metrical translation, originally begun in competition with Bürger, of the second book of the *Æneid*. This for some time had been left untouched, but now he completed thirty stanzas or more of it, besides writing a lyric; he thought, too, of composing a *Hymn to Light*. Though still troubled with chest-pains and the fear that his malady might again assail him, he kept as cheerful as ever. "I shall not want for courage, even if the worst come to the worst," he says in a letter to Körner. Yet this was but a momentary struggle against losing heart; he was really overwhelmed with anguish at the thought of leaving Lotte alone, and of being hindered from full use of

his poetic powers. On the 8th of May he had an attack, more violent than any, and this was followed two days later by one of such severity that suffocation seemed certain. Unable to speak, he wrote on a paper a short sentence in farewell to those around : "Take care of health ! without this, one can never be at ease !" He also sent a few words to Körner. Dr. Stark, his physician, was summoned from Jena that night, who, on arriving, found the patient somewhat better. He calmed Schiller with the assurance that his lungs were not affected, the suffering being caused by cramp in the bowels and diaphragm.

But if the more fearful attacks kept off, the patient was still seized by spasms, to relieve which he made great use of opium ; there was, besides, an ever-increasing loss of strength. Lotte, though in dreadful distress, fought bravely to conceal her grief, knowing that Schiller took pleasure in seeing her mirthful and "archly playing the little coquette." His young student friends at Jena were in deep consternation at the grave news of his illness. Adlerskron hastened to Rudolstadt to nurse the patient and to help in amusing him ; he did this with loving and tender care. The sisters named him "The Satellite." He grew passionately fond of Caroline ; her own impulsive nature and her warm affection for Schiller, strengthened this attachment. But circumstances unluckily would not let him make longer stay in Jena ; he went thence to Stuttgart, and on the 26th of May entered the *Karls-academie*. Erhard came to Rudolstadt, where he passed some delightful days ; Reinhold and Goeschen were also there at the same time as he.

By the 21st Schiller had already written to Goeschen about a fresh edition of his *Don Carlos*, smaller in bulk, and to be published during the coming year. Three days later he tells Körner that he has nearly recovered health, though the racking pain in the right side of his chest still continues. "What may come of this, I cannot say ; but I am less afraid than I was four weeks ago. For the rest, this fearful attack has done me much good, morally ; I have, through it, been made to look death more than once in the face ; and my

courage has thus been strengthened. . . . My spirit was untroubled ; and all the pain that I felt at that moment was caused by the thought of my darling Lotte, and that she would never have got over the blow." Körner urged him to take care of himself, and to spare no expense for the recovery of health. Goeschen, he said, had told him that he kept over a thousand thalers every year at Schiller's disposal, even though he should not furnish the two volumes stipulated for. A few sheets would suffice for the *Ladies' Calendar*. As to going to the baths, the doctor had to decide that—not the minister of finance. "My financial position," adds Körner, "is now better than of yore ; and if you won't make use of Goeschen, why, I'm there to devise ways and means." And again he earnestly begs Schiller to accept his offer. But the sufferer was still so enfeebled, that for the first there could be no thought of travelling ; a little drive even had had its harmful consequences. Lotte, on the 12th of June, speaks of another violent attack of cramp, though this did not last so long. The papers had already announced the poet's death ; and the shocking rumour reached Solitude also. Baggesen, in Denmark, was preparing with Count Schimmelmann to hold a festival in Schiller's honour, when the news came that turned all their mirth to mourning.

Another of the poet's student friends, Karl Grasz, hastened to his bedside on returning from Switzerland, and stayed faithfully with him in these dark days of suffering. Four years later Grasz wrote : "Every single moment of that time stands clear and plain before me. How and what we read to you, sitting on the bed ; how we showed you the landscape in the moonlight ; then, again, how your wife knelt by the bed, hiding her tears as your arms enfolded her ; how she drank with me to our next happier meeting ; all this, all that you said to me and that I felt, seems just as fresh in my memory as had it happened yesterday." And again, after the poet's death, he calls back another never-to-be-forgotten scene to Lotte's mind. "I was in his room, and, as I stood at the window, reading, the sufferer's features in all their greatness and nobleness became deeply fixed in my memory.

He had, if I mistake not, taken some opium to still the violent spasms, and he lay there, lightly sleeping, as some marble statue. You were in the side-room, where I had been reading his *Aeneid* translation to you; and at times you came to the door to watch if he should want you. Seeing him lie there, you gently approached and knelt down with folded hands at his bed. All your dark hair fell loosely over your shoulders, as the tears came into your eyes. You had scarcely noticed that any one was in the room. Then the fainting sufferer awoke, when, seeing you, he passionately threw his arms about your head, and so lay resting on your neck as strength again went from him."

On July 3d Hardenberg also went to Rudolstadt, whom Grasz had got to know shortly before. He brought the poet letters from Grasz and Professor Schmidt. The latter begged him in the name of Hardenberg's father to make the young man take serious interest in the study of law, and to help in thoroughly preparing him for a commercial career, which should be of benefit to him and to his family. And Schiller did this so kindly, so persuasively, that the young would-be poet recognised obedience to his father as a solemn duty, and determined to spend all his energies upon work which he certainly found distasteful.

Schiller's health had soon so far mended that by the 9th of July he was able to start for Karlsbad with his wife and her sister. At Eger he visited the town-hall and saw there a portrait of Wallenstein and Pachhäbel's house, where the great general fell. His life at the baths was very secluded, yet he liked the society of some Austrian officers of mark, who gave him an insight into military life. The Countess Lanthieri von Wagensperg, of Grätz, who knew Goethe intimately, took great interest in the poet. Recovery was very tedious. It was impossible for him to think of work; but still he could meditate upon the way to continue his *Ghostseer*, that should be worked out on a larger scale. Unfortunately his cure was interrupted all too soon, as Lotte could not be absent from the festivities at Rudolstadt on the 5th of August, when the newly-married Hereditary Prince was

to enter the town. So, to complete his cure, Schiller went on to Erfurt, which already at Easter he had wanted to visit. Here he stayed at No. 36 Langebrücke, in Widow Beyer's house, and there, on a pane in the little bow-windowed room



Schiller at Karlsbad, from a drawing.

of the first floor his name will be found written. At this time he took the Eger waters, and they did him much good. Talks with the Koadjutor, whom he visited each evening, formed his pleasant amusement. Fräulein von Dacheröden, now Frau von Humboldt, was travelling with her husband; but to Schiller's delight he met his old friend Wilhelm von

Wolzogen. Caroline also came to Erfurt. Without great effort he could manage to spend five hours daily in dictating his *Thirty Years' War*, so as to complete the requisite amount of "copy." He also swiftly revised his version in iambics of the *Don Carlos*, as, at the Koadjutor's wish, some Weimar players, now in Erfurt, were to give a performance of the piece. They were members of a company under Goethe's own direction, and they asked leave to act the play in Weimar also. There was quite a contest among them for the parts, and one actor refused the rôle of Domingo, as he had no longer any inclination to play villain's parts. *Fiesco* was given on the following night by another company, the "National Gesellschaft."

This year of illness had been a very expensive one for Schiller, and his uncertain position caused him great anxiety. Besides an old debt of ninety thalers and a hundred and twenty more paid by him as surety for another, he had spent fourteen hundred thalers; and now that his health was so broken, the prospects of making a livelihood seemed less and less hopeful. The Koadjutor was unable himself to give pecuniary help, but, acting on his advice, Schiller applied to the Duke for a stipend upon which he might count in extremity. Should this request prove unsuccessful, if driven to it, he would seek his fortune either in Mainz, in Vienna, Göttingen, or Berlin. The Duke, shortly before leaving, sent Lotte 250 thalers, assuring her that if in a year her husband were still unable to work, he would think over some means to help them. As Schiller in his suffering state found residence in a strange place both uncomfortable and costly, as, too, he longed to be back among his Jena friends, on the 1st of October he set out for his dear home. Körner had just then sent him news of the birth of a son, and Lotte was among the sponsors of him who afterwards wrote *Lyre and Sword*.

CHAPTER III.

FROM OCTOBER 1791 TO AUGUST 1793.

ALREADY when at Erfurt Lotte had asked an old friend of her childhood, Fritz von Stein, who was studying in Jena, to come and stay with them, offering him the vacant room in her house ; for Schiller was now obliged to live in the larger one that last winter had remained unoccupied. She also invited Stein to dine at their table. He had first arranged to have his meals with some other Jena students, Johann Carl von Fichard, Magister Göritz of Würtemberg, and Bartolomäus Fischenich of Bonn. But, as Fritz liked to be always with Schiller, his companions proposed that they too might be allowed to board with the poet. So during meal-time the sick man was fortunate in always having society both amusing and intellectual. Göritz, it is true, had no remarkable talent, and Fichard, destined for a diplomatic career, was not yet past the raw stage ; but Fritz von Stein's fresh and noble nature had got breadth from contact with Goethe, while Fischenich delighted in philosophy, and especially in Kant, whom he had thoroughly studied. And if their somewhat frugal meal was often disturbed by Schiller's illness, still the young fellows felt the better for associating with one so witty, so courteous, and so good-humoured. On most occasions the poet let others talk, remaining silent himself, but at times he would lead the fun and pleasantries, and when some subject seized his interest, he spoke with great eloquence and warmth. In his presence no one could feel constraint ; on days when he was better, all were as merry as the merriest of students. But he was often

exhausted and depressed by pain, and his companions strove to do all that was possible for his amusement. Thus they spent many an afternoon at cards, of which Schiller was very fond. Fischenich, soon after leaving Jena, wrote :—"When shall we be joking together again over some merry meal? When again shall I lie down when Schiller lies down and awake when he awakes?" Lotte's letter to Fritz shows us something of their raillery and banter. "Fichard, who is just here reading, wishes particularly to be remembered to you. He sleeps *comme à l'ordinaire*, and chatters just about the same. Fischenich and we have lately guessed the reason for his having struck up such hearty friendship with you when he was here; for, after all, there are not many points of resemblance between your character and his. First, it's because of your rank and because you're at the court, and he has such a liking for courts. Fischenich is also well, and pares his nails zealously. It strikes us that on the strength of this accomplishment he might travel about, and offer his services just as dentists do. Ladies would soon think it as indispensable to have pretty nails as pretty teeth." Once even the fun went so far, that blowing soap-bubbles formed their general amusement. Then, again, there were very sad and gloomy times, clouded by the poet's suffering. Yet his illness did not keep him from taking part at the social meetings of two friends—probably Reinhold and Paulus—nor from inviting three or four persons twice in the week to have tea with him. He looked upon these little distractions as necessary to his health. To get the air and exercise he needed, he would have liked a carriage; but, unfortunately, this wish had to be given up.

Cheerful society and his bent for occupation, "that never wearies," made Schiller at times forget his distressful state. The performance of *Don Carlos* at Erfurt had suggested several alterations to him that he wished to make before the play was given at Weimar. For this purpose Wieland should ask Goethe to allow him six weeks' time. And though Goethe was averse to such postponement and to the altering of parts already learned and in rehearsal, he still consented to put off

the performance until the last day of the year. Nevertheless, it did not take place before the end of February. Schiller promised to send Crusius at Easter, the first volume of his shorter prose essays, which he was now engaged in revising. But there was the continuation of the *Thalia* to be thought of, too. Therefore he again began to work at the *Æneid* translation, and with such swift success, that, to his delight, the 103 strophes needed to finish it were written in nine days. He now intended to set about translating the *Agamemnon*, which, beside being a supplement to the *Thalia*, should form the first volume of his "Greek Dramas," and should give him completer mastery of the classic style. The ease with which he had translated Virgil's lines led him again to think of writing an epic, for which this metre seemed to him most fit. Körner wished him to choose a subject not merely of national, but of world-wide interest, where to philosophy he could join brilliance of description and splendour of language. But a national theme could alone rouse Schiller's enthusiasm, and as in the late King of Prussia's character there was little to inspire affection, he felt drawn to another monarch, to Gustav Adolph, round whose figure centred interest both national, political, and romantic. Yet in this suffering state, and with so much to weigh upon his mind, it was impossible to begin a poem. Schiller thought of making the *Thalia* an important source of income, as Goeschen was to issue a number every two months. Next year the title would be changed to the *New Thalia*. Besides, the *Memoirs*, translations for which he only wrote the preface, should also be a means of earning money. In October he had become acquainted with Friedrich Immanuel Niethammer, a clever young student of theology at Jena, and whom circumstances had forced to take to literature. To him Schiller entrusted the translation of Vertot's *History of the Maltese Order*, and De Garsault's version of Pitaval's *Remarkable Lawsuits*. Niethammer also undertook the correction of the *Thalia* proofs. He joined those who sat now at Schiller's table in the evenings. As a thorough disciple of Kant, Niethammer took a vigorous part in philosophical discussions. With him and Fischenich the poet was able to speak upon the subject of tragedy, which

now engaged him ; for since the past December he had been working at an essay *Upon the Cause of Pleasure in Things Tragic*.

But spasms and difficulty in breathing made life a torture, and Lotte was ever racked by the dread of losing her darling husband. Then, all at once, their care was changed into rejoicing. Baggesen had written about the funeral celebration at Hellebek to Reinhold, who, in answer, said that Schiller might possibly recover if he were not teased by pecuniary troubles. "We have both of us two hundred thalers, and if we fall ill we don't know whether to spend them over the kitchen or at the chemist's." Baggesen read out this extract to the Hereditary Prince, Frederick Christian of Schleswig Holstein von Augustenburg, whose early prejudices against Schiller had been changed by the *Don Carlos* into warm sympathy. When at Karlsbad, Körner's sister-in-law had given him nearer details of the poet's suffering condition, and the Prince resolved to come to his aid. After due deliberation he commissioned Baggesen to ask the minister, Count Ernst Heinrich von Schimmelmann, whether during a course of years he would contribute something towards Schiller's support. Schimmelmann, the poet's senior by twelve years, was born in Dresden, where his father, a native of Pomerania, had acquired a large fortune during the Seven Years' War, thus setting the basis to the wealth and rank which came to him later. On 27th November, in a letter full of delicacy and kindly feeling, the Hereditary Prince and Count von Schimmelmann made Schiller the joint offer of a thousand thalers per annum for three years, so that he might obtain that rest so needed for his recovery. "Accept this gift, noble man!" they wrote, "do not let our rank incline you to refuse it ; we know what value to set upon that. We are proud of nothing save of being men, citizens of the great republic that includes more than the lives of a single generation, more than the confines of a single globe. They are but men, they are but brothers that here speak to you—not the vain, not the great, who by such use of their wealth only indulge in a somewhat higher form of arrogance." They would gladly see him established at Copenhagen, the great capital and seat of commerce, where they would not be

the only ones to know and love him; and, when he had regained health, a government post there should not be lacking to him; yet they were not so selfish, they said, as to make these the conditions upon which their gift should be accepted. The letter was sent through Baggesen to Reinhold, who came with it to his suffering friend like some rescuing angel. In truth, it was a new birthday for Schiller. He at once wrote the joyful news to his friend Körner. "That for which all my life I have ardently longed is now come to pass," he said, "I am freed for a long time, perhaps for ever, from all care; I have got the long wished-for independence of mind. . . . At length I have leisure in which to learn, to collect knowledge, and to work for all time. Within three years I can find an appointment in Denmark, or perhaps there will be some opening at Mainz, and then I am set up for life." To settle himself in Copenhagen was not expedient, he said, seeing that his relations with the Duke of Weimar were as yet so new; but he meant to travel thither in a year or so. Three days after this letter, he sent Baggesen his warmest thanks. Ever since he had learned to appreciate freedom of mind, he had been doomed to forego its enjoyment. A rash step had forced him to make a living by literature while still inexperienced, and before his powers were ripe. He had paid the price of those ten years of struggle and effort to earn his bread while yet doing honour to his art. He had paid it with his health. "Interest in my work, a few fair flowers strewn across my life's path by fate, kept me from perceiving my loss until as this year began—you know how?—I awoke from my dream. At a time when life had begun to show me all its worth, death approached me. The danger, it is true, passed over, but I only awoke to a fresh existence, and, with weakened powers, to renew my fight with Fate. In such a state the letters from Denmark found me." Three days after this he sent thanks to the generous givers. "I have to pay my debt, not to you but to mankind," he wrote; "that is the common altar where you lay down your gifts and I, my gratitude."

Besides giving care to his health and attention to work which needed completion, he felt that his next duty was

thoroughly to study the Kantian philosophy, even though he spent the whole three years in doing this; for he was deeply conscious of his great need of a sound philosophical training. On the 16th, already, he ordered a copy of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, together with Garves' *Miscellaneous Writings*. He also intended to read Hume, Locke, and Leibnitz, Kant's predecessors. At Christmas he was gladdened by a visit from his devoted pupil, Hardenberg, and the new year, 1792, opened happily. Though far from having regained health, his brain was still perfectly clear, and there was little to hinder literary work. For the *Thalia*, an essay *On the Tragic Art* had been finished, the *Ghostseer* was to be revised, and he intended going on with the *Thirty Years' War*, forgetting, maybe, amid these plans, that the alterations to be made in *Don Carlos* would probably take up two months of his time.

At the beginning of January he was bled, a remedy to which he ever afterwards had recourse. Nevertheless there came a severe attack on the 19th, yet he quickly recovered from it. Bad weather and extreme cold unfortunately prevented him from taking all the exercise his health required, though he passed the time pleasantly enough in working and in seeing friends. The gift from Copenhagen permitted him to pay off all debts this year, except the amount advanced to him by Körner, which, without pinching, could be restored later. To his question about Beit's bill, Körner surprised him by the news that he had discharged it long ago. Schiller was to let the matter rest if other and more pressing claims needed settling. "I think we understand one another upon this head," adds Körner in his generous, true-hearted way. However, Schiller managed to refund his friend in full for the sum paid to Beit. Prefaces had to be written against the Easter Book Fair for two volumes of translations, while the introduction to a volume of the *Memoirs* must be continued. Progress had also to be made with his *Thirty Years' War*, while he meditated working at "something more sensible," something of which he will speak to Körner by mouth. This was a tragedy in the Greek manner, with choruses suggested by Vertot's book on the Maltese, and from it there shaped itself

the mighty drama *Wallenstein*. "I am and I remain but a poet, and as a poet I shall die." He had written thus to Körner shortly before.

While waiting with impatience for the milder season to come on, when he and Lotte would visit Körner, Schiller hired a horse, but the terribly cold weather kept him from making any use of it. Indeed the dreadful cramps again attacked him, and his journey had continually to be postponed. It was not until about the 10th of April that he could start, when, with Lotte, Fischenich, and two servants, he drove to Dresden, staying at Körner's house there. The friends had, of course, much to tell each other. Schiller spoke of his projected tragedy and of the issue of a compendious journal, for which the leading men in literature should write. The principles of æsthetics formed another subject for discussion, as well as the efficacy of magnetism with regard to the poet's malady. Schiller was glad to make the acquaintance of Count Geszler, the Prussian ambassador, one of Körner's friends.

He also met young Friedrich Schlegel, then spending the vacation with his sister. If in Leipzig he affected to study art and philosophy, it did not keep him from leading a rakish life ; and his presumption, his instability, and want of character made a most disagreeable impression upon Schiller. As he was for ever asking questions, they dubbed him "the querist." These three weeks which the two friends could spend together were sadly interrupted by the illness of the one and by the business engagements of the other, yet they had met this time with more affection than before, and had been able to enjoy many a tranquil, pleasant hour. Unfortunately their friendly feeling towards Huber was growing weaker, for he not only chose to prolong, in a most unaccountable way, his lengthy engagement to Dora, but from the tone of his letters he gave her to understand that all his love was extinct. It was only as editor that Schiller had had relations with him, Huber having contributed essays to the *Memoirs* and to *Thalia*.

At Leipzig also, whither Fischenich accompanied him, the poet was seized by a fit of spasms ; but when in Jena he felt so much better that he could join his young friends in a game

at bowls. They played in Fichard's garden, and from time to time he fell into merry dispute with Fritz von Stein. Göritz had a title written out by Schiller which ran as follows:—" *Treatise upon the Art of Bowls, by Friedrich von Stein, Chamberlain to the Ducal Houses of Saxony and Weimar, 'Brodhusar' and 'Kümmeltürken,'*" these last being humorous names given to those students whose homes were not far from Jena. This time Schiller gave no lectures. He was working, and with such ease, at the *Thirty Years' War*, that in six hours of each day, two of these spent in revising, he could write a quarter of a sheet—that is, four pages. This was certainly a strange way of giving his brain rest. But Schiller with his merry disposition found it unusually hard to rest, and he often neglected to obey the physician's orders, which, of course, increased his malady. For the *Æsthetic Letters*, planned with Körner, he read Kant's *Critique of Reasoning Power*; he also intended to master Baumgarten's work on *Æsthetics*. At the same time he felt impatient to do fresh work in poetry. *Wallenstein* chiefly engrossed him, and the *Hymn to Light* also took up a part of his time. "It is really only in art that I feel my power," he tells Körner; "in theorising I must always torment myself with principles; there I am only a *dilettante*. But for practice' sake I like philosophising about theories; and now criticism must itself make amends to me for the harm it has done me. And harmed me it really has; for the fearlessness, the living glow, that I had before ever I knew a single rule, is wanting to me for many years past. . . Yet if I get so far that *Art* becomes *Nature* for me, just as good breeding becomes habitual to a well-mannered man, then my imagination will regain her former freedom."

Although the food was ill suited to his delicate health, for the sake of company, Schiller took his meals with the rest. He now really managed to get a carriage, and in the early part of June drove to Erfurt with his wife. Although too late to attend the christening of the Humboldts' little daughter, he was able to greet these old friends. While in Erfurt he also met Caroline von Beulwitz. More bent than ever upon getting a divorce, she had formed a strangely enthusiastic attachment

for the Koadjutor, in whom she saw every good and noble quality. While Lotte and Schiller were thus in great concern about their sister and her difficulties, she felt equally anxious on their account, as Schiller, it was feared, could but live few years longer.

So far as the ever-recurring attacks of spasms allowed him, the poet worked on from sheer necessity at his *Thirty Years' War*. But he could write nothing for the next three numbers of *Thalia*, which proved very weak ones, owing to the lack of good contributions. On July 30th he complained of the continued stress of work, and that spasms still tormented him, so that he often hardly knew what to do. As in such a state there could be no thought of travelling home, he invited his mother to stay with him. To his great delight she promised to come, and to bring with her his youngest sister, Nanette. At this time Schiller's old playmate, Conz, visited him, who had become a preacher at the *Karlsacademie*, but the sick man was little edified by this meeting.

On the 26th the French National Assembly conferred the right of citizenship upon several foreigners, whose writings or whose views had made them notable; among the Germans so distinguished were Campe, Pestalozzi, and Klopstock. Later on, at the request of a member, "le sieur Gille, publiciste allemand," also obtained this honour.

On reading the announcement in the *Moniteur*, the Duchess wrote to Frau von Stein, expressing her hope that Schiller would refuse the rights of citizenship, given to him as one of those foreigners who had written in support of the Revolution. But he, as yet, knew nothing of the whole matter. It was not until October that the diploma, together with a copy of the regulation, was in readiness to be sent off to him. However, he never received it then; and thus, unlike Klopstock, had no opportunity of returning it.

To his glad surprise, mother and sister came two days sooner than he expected. He was delighted to have his beloved parent safe and well at his side, and to do all that could give her happiness, although it must needs have saddened her to find the once strong and healthy son changed to such

a picture of distressful suffering. Nanette, his sister, had still all the naturalness of a child. This pleased him ; and he hoped that, under his guidance, she might get the education which was denied her at home. Fortunately, he had now at last brought his *Thirty Years' War* to its close, and on the 21st he sent the final pages to the printer. "Now I am free," he



Nanette Schiller

Nanette Schiller. From a painting by Frau Simanowitz.

writes to Körner, "and I will always remain so. No more work shall be imposed upon me by others. Nothing shall be done except out of sheer fondness or inclination. For the next week or ten days I mean to do nothing, and see what perfect rest of the brain, fresh air, exercise, and society small-talk can do towards mending my health." With this end in view he went with his relations to Rudolstadt, and spent a merry

time, although the question of Caroline's intended divorce was still a grief to them all. They came back to Jena on the 4th of October. Soon afterwards his mother and sister left, taking with them letters to Elwert and Hoven, the old friends of his boyhood. He promised to visit home in the coming year.

The lecture-season being now at hand, all hopes of doing fresh work in poetry were balked. For he had arranged to give a series of private lectures during the winter upon æsthetics. "I am now up to my ears in Kant's *Urtheils Kraft*," he tells Körner on the 15th. "I shall never rest until I have fathomed this, and until it grows to something in my hands. It is also necessary that at all hazard I should completely think out and exhaust a lecture, so as to be in a thorough state of readiness, and easily able, moreover, to write upon emergency something readable for the *Thalia*, without spending either time or pains."

Of the twenty-four students who wished to attend his private lectures, eighteen paid fees. Thus, as Schiller put it, he earned a hundred thalers simply by collecting for self-use a rich store of thoughts and ideas that might help him hereafter in producing some work of art. There were literary plans, besides, made partly with regard to Körner, who, disappointed now, after long waiting, of a rich inheritance, would have to count largely upon literature as a means of livelihood.

Meanwhile the French, pushing onwards, were at the Rhine. On the 14th Mainz fell into their hands, Mainz, where, through the Koadjutor's influence, our poet had once hoped to gain an agreeable post. Frankfort, too, was set in flames, and all seemed wavering in the balance. It was now, only, after the Allies had been driven from France, that Schiller felt greater confidence in the energy of the French, and in their new republic.

He eagerly read of the Convention's doings in the *Moniteur*, and herefrom judged of their weakness or their strength. Germany seemed bound to lose the Rhine provinces, and there was no doubt but that great limits would be put to the Kurfürst of Mainz' power. "If the French destroy my

prospects," wrote Schiller in his excitement, "I may feel inclined to go to the French themselves for better ones." He took pleasure in continuing his lectures on æsthetics, although sleepless nights often compelled him to keep in bed until noon, when he would stay up until long past midnight. He believed he had solved Kant's problem as to the objective basis of taste, and, in his fiery, impetuous way, was for embodying his thoughts in a dialogue to be called *Kallias ; or, Of Beauty*. Fischenich had meanwhile gone back to Bonn, and his place, as Schiller's companion, was filled by the theologian, Magister Karl Heinrich Gros of Suabia, formerly tutor to the Prince of Würtemberg, but who, having quarrelled with his pupil, was now come to study law at Jena. Schiller spoke well of him to Fischenich, praising his clear intellect and sound judgment, and saying that he was particularly well versed in the Kantian philosophy.

The growing despotism in France, and particularly the impeachment of Louis Seize, stirred Schiller's feelings to such depth that he determined to stand forth publicly as the king's defender. Writing to Körner on the 21st of December, he says : "This undertaking seems to me weighty enough to employ the pen of a man of sense ; and a German writer, who should state his views upon this question with freedom and eloquence, might possibly make some sort of impression upon these misguided mortals." In such crises it behoved one not to remain indolent and inactive. Had every liberal thinker among men kept silence, no steps would have been taken towards human improvement ; it was just in times like these that one ought to speak out. Nor would he omit to blame the "brutality" of German governments, and in doing this he would refer to the more liberal feeling which prevailed in Weimar. Through the Duke of Weimar's influence he hoped to circulate many copies of his book in Paris, and Zacharias Becker was already engaged to translate it into French ; but the matter must for a time be kept secret. However, Schiller turned ill over his work ; the subject was all too powerful in its influence upon him ; and, leaving it, he resumed with fresh zeal his æsthetic researches.

Towards the close of the year Caroline again came to Jena, to make a longer stay. She suffered much, and busied herself now with various literary work, hoping to earn money thereby, and to provide against the dark days which seemed at hand. Some of her stories met with great praise from Schiller. "An employment that deeply interests me, lifts me above all bodily torment," he writes on the 11th of January; "I often wish that my health might only stay with me until this *Kallias* were finished." He was immeasurably delighted at having discovered an objective definition of the beautiful; but the subject needed very deep and thorough investigation, and he must wholly master it before attempting this, before producing satisfactory work.

Then the news reached him of the execution of the ill-fated Louis Seize. On February 8th he writes: "For a fortnight I can look at no French paper, so sickened am I with these wretched knacker's men." In the same letter he states to Körner his conviction that Beauty is nothing but Freedom in visible form. On the next day he asks the Prince of Augustenburg for permission to put before his Highness in a series of letters his ideas upon the philosophy of beauty. The Kantian philosophy, he said, also furnished rules for a system of *Æsthetics*, and its originator had missed the merit of expounding this system solely by reason of a preconceived notion of his own. When spring came Schiller suffered from fresh attacks of illness; notwithstanding, his mental power never flagged, but he worked on with restless energy. To Körner he sent detailed accounts of his æsthetic researches. He read with keen interest the proofs of Kant's remarkable essay, entitled *Religion within the Bounds of Mere Reason*. And he was now thinking over two philosophic poems; the one was to be a Theodicy, and the other should have even more success. He had taken a little garden-house for the summer, as Lotte was unwell, and shunned the noise of their common dinner-table; his second sister Louise was to come and manage household affairs. Whether he travelled to Suabia in the summer or the autumn would depend upon the state of his health. He had twice asked the Duke of Würtemberg

for leave to visit his home in order to take the baths there ; but he was still without an answer. Writing at the end of January, his mother said that probably the Duke felt vexed at the performance in Stuttgart of *Plot and Passion* a fortnight since. This would explain his silence. The play, she said, had in truth been very warmly received, and the Hereditary Prince, who was present, joined in the general applause. But the aristocracy, who came in for sharp criticism, had complained to the Duke of the play, who forbade its further performance. His Grace had also refused the petition of Schiller's father for an increase of salary, giving him, it is true, the barren assurance that he would show him favour in another way. Then in his seventieth year, this faithful servant still only received four hundred gulden, although he knew that he was entitled to a thousand. It was this great injustice that made him resolve to get a name by issuing a book that should show his mastery of some particular subject, and thus the Duke, not liking to let him go, would be induced to give him a higher salary. The work in question was called *Thoughts about Tree-growing on a Large Scale*, and Schiller on receiving a copy from his father, asked Goeschen to publish it.

About the middle of March the attacks of spasms returned. In these days Huber came to Jena, staying with Professor Schütz there, and working assiduously for the *Literatur Zeitung*. Schiller was glad that little opportunity occurred for meeting his quondam friend alone, who had treated Dora Stock so heartlessly, and had basely tricked Forster, his friend. Huber spoke of his circumstances, but they could not have any intimate talk together, for Schiller no longer cherished respect for the man that once he had heartily loved. On the 22d, while lecturing, the poet was seized by an attack of his malady. "My life is so rent by these wretched seizures, that I can make no real progress in anything." So he writes, lamentingly, to Körner. On the 26th he finished his course of lectures, and soon afterwards, Humboldt came from Erfurt to Jena for a few days, wishing to see Schiller before he went back to his home. The poet had recently inserted part of an historical

work by Humboldt in the *Thalia*, though he failed in an endeavour to make Goeschen publish the whole. Humboldt had then turned to the study of Greek literature, and submitted to Schiller for criticism an essay of his upon "the Greeks." Now, when they both met, this and like matters were discussed. Schiller's mental gifts made such stirring impression upon Humboldt, that in order to benefit by his society he promised to come and stay in Jena during the following year.

On April the 7th Schiller was able to get out into the garden and enjoy again the sight of fields and sky; for all through that winter he had hardly been five times beyond the doors. He speaks in his letters of disagreeable work which now took up his time; perhaps this was the preface to a new volume of the *Memoirs*. He was overjoyed both at the prospect of a visit from Körner, and of his own journey to Suabia. There was still no answer from the Duke Karl Eugene, yet he did not like to venture sending a third petition, particularly as it was still very doubtful whether his health could allow him to travel.

Then came fresh attacks of spasms, which quite robbed him of all power to write or think; Lotte fell ill also, and this added to his distress. He had abandoned the *Kallias* and wished to publish his views upon *Æsthetics* in a series of papers. He set eagerly to work upon an essay on *Grace and Dignity*, that, illness notwithstanding, was finished in six weeks. Its style has an unusual tone of vivacity and happiness about it, which would never let one guess in what a time of gloom and sorrow it was composed. The essay at once appeared in *Thalia* and gained general praise. In it he seeks to confute Kant's rigid laws of conduct, by the doctrine that man should seek to bring his physical and moral impulses into thorough harmony, so that he may freely and gladly follow the dictates of reason. As an ideal of human beauty he points to that blending of grace and dignity which we see in the ancients. Immediately after this success he began to write another essay upon the Pathetic.

In June it was fixed that for the first he should go to Heilbronn; from that place he intended to write to the Duke.

He counted greatly upon the professional skill of Dr. Gmelin, a physician there, widely known through cures effected by means of magnetism. Money had already been sent by him to his sister Louise to defray the expenses of her coming to Jena; but this plan of making her his housekeeper was given up, partly because of the mother's indisposition and partly on account of his proposed journey to Heilbronn. We here give a facsimile of the postscript added by Schiller's father to a letter of the 15th of July. Christophine wished to come and see him with her husband, and he was delighted at the thought. When Reinwald wrote asking him to forgive his gloominess and depression, he answered: "No business and no sickness shall, as I hope, keep me from feeling hearty joy at your coming. Bring your whole set of moods with you, dear Reinwald; one hypochondriac will have patience with another.

"We shall not let you go so soon, this time. And so during this happy summer I shall bring my two dear sisters together [he did not know that Louise's journey had been given up], and shall be able to show my good Reinwald that, despite Heaven knows how many slights on my part, the love and the hearty respect I feel for him has ever remained the same."

At midday, on the 25th, he drove as far as Erfurt to meet his friends, taking leave of the Koadjutor on the following day. Schiller was now gladdened by the prospect of becoming a father. Writing to Körner, he says: "I feel freed from half my suffering now. It is as if I saw the waning torch of my own life rekindled in another; and I have made my peace with Fate." The gift of money from Denmark having now reached him, he was delighted to begin discharging his debt to Körner; but in view of the expenses which his journey would entail, and as fees from Goeschen were still unpaid, he could only send his friend a remittance of sixteen louis d'or. It was a very great disappointment that, on account of this journey he was about to make, Körner could not visit him. Frequent letters now passed between the poet and Frau von Kalb, who in May had written to him about a tutor. He tells Körner that "her head seems still not quite sound,

and she appears to be more excitable than ever ; but the surface is calmer."

A visit from Baggesen now delighted him. He was travelling to Switzerland with his wife, and passed through Jena *en route*. During his stay, Schiller wrote a second letter to the Hereditary Prince of Augustenburg, who had replied in a most friendly way to the first, assuring him how warmly he would welcome the series of letters which Schiller proposed to address to him. This time Schiller set forth his reasons for choosing such a subject so far removed from all the momentous questions of the hour. "This effort of the French people to establish their sacred rights of humanity and to gain political freedom has only brought to light their unworthiness and impotence ; and, not this ill-fated nation alone, but with it a considerable part of Europe, and a whole century, have been hurled back into barbarism and servitude. Of moments, this was the most propitious ; but it came to a corrupt generation, unworthy to seize it, unworthy to profit by it. The use which this generation makes and has made of so great a gift of chance, incontestably shows that the human race cannot yet dispense with the guardianship of might ; that reason steps in too soon where the bondage of brute force has hardly been shaken off ; and that he is not yet ripe for *civil* liberty, to the attainment of whose *human* liberty so much is still missing. . . . Freedom, political and civil, remains ever and always the holiest of all possessions, the worthiest goal of all striving, the great rallying-point of all culture ; but this glorious structure can only be raised upon the firm basis of an ennobled character ; and, before a citizen can be given a constitution, one must see that the citizen be himself soundly constituted." Speaking of the spirit of the age, he said that it urgently needed refining, ennobling, quite independently of any reform in politics. Art and Taste must help towards this end. But Art must have ideals, and ever hold before her the image of the highest form of beauty, however much the age may rob itself of dignity ; Art must "by a code of her own be protected alike from the tyranny of a local and one-sided taste and from the anarchy of a lawless one—from barbarism. Ideals she

already partly possesses in the imperishable models to which Greek genius and the kindred genius of a few moderns have given birth, and which for ever unsurpassed will outlive all passing whims of fashionable taste. But a code is what she has never had yet, and to supply her with this is one of the hardest problems that philosophising reason can set itself. For what can be harder than to bring the workings of genius under rules, to reconcile Freedom with Necessity?"

With this letter was enclosed the essay on *Grace and Dignity*, in which he said he had announced and put forth some of those ideas on whose fuller development he would now employ himself. The subsequent letters were to be matured under his native sky. Schiller had, besides, as a further development of certain Kantian ideas, completed for the *Thalia* his essay *On the Sublime*, at the end of which he deduces from the nature of the *Pathetic-Sublime* the two leading principles of all Tragic Art. Shortly before setting out, he, at the same time with Goethe, Herder, and Wieland, was named Honorary Member of the Scientific Society, founded by his friend Professor Batsch, who, firm in character and free in thought, was fighting his way under adverse circumstances. He was also cheered by a brief intercourse with Voigt, and with his lady, a lover of poetry and art.

All the longing and delight with which he yearned for the home of his childhood comes out in what he writes to Körner. "The delightful prospect I have before me brightens my heart. I shall taste the joys at once of a son and of a father; and between these two sentiments of nature, my inmost being will be supremely blest. . . . Love to my native land has grown very lively in me, and the Suabian, which I thought I had entirely doffed, is stirring vigorously. But then I have been parted from it for eleven years; and Thuringia is not the country to make one forget Suabia." And so, on the 2d of August he quitted that pleasant Athens on the Saale, after a professorial career of over four years, which had been interrupted and greatly hindered by severe and continuous suffering, and which he was never to resume.

BOOK IX.

VISITING HOME.

CHAPTER I.

AUGUST 1793 TO MAY 1794.

PASSING through Nürnberg, where Schiller visited his friend Erhard, now settled there as a physician, and also met Baggesen, he and Frau Schiller, after a toilsome journey in a conveyance of their own, reached Heilbronn on the 8th of August. Here, having in the first instance put up at the Sun Hotel, he had the happiness of embracing again, after so long a separation, his father, now almost seventy, yet the picture of a green old age, kept in health by constant activity, and his sister Louise, who was eighteen. It was agreed that the father should ask the Duke's permission to visit his son occasionally at Heilbronn, and should at the same time insinuate the wish of the latter to use the waters at Cannstadt. Their hope that Karl Eugene would be induced by this, and by a hint at the great expense of the journey, to accord to his runaway pupil and ex-regimental surgeon, a free return to the land of his birth, was never fulfilled. Schiller had therefore to settle down at Heilbronn, to which place his parents sent him beds. He lodged at the merchant Rueff's, by the Sulmerthor. From Heilbronn, he ventured once without leave to visit his friend Hoven at Ludwigsburg, and his parents at Solitude.

As everything but the good Neckar wine was very dear at Heilbronn, he set up housekeeping for himself, but failed to secure the desired domestic comfort and enlivening society for himself and Lotte. In Gmelin, who considered the magnetic cure was not the thing for him, he found a very "fidele

Patron" and a sagacious doctor, and with Senator Schüller he maintained friendly intercourse, but they never grew very intimate; and, as for any interest in art, so dear to Schiller, there was not a trace. As the continual marching of troops through the town caused great disturbance, and the ten leagues' distance from Solitude made it difficult to visit his relations, he determined to move his quarters to Ludwigsburg, of which he cherished kindly youthful recollections. This he previously notified to the Duke, but he happened to be on a journey down the Rhine. In Heilbronn, too, he found Margareta Schwan again, but in what changed circumstances!—as the wife of a clerk and pettifogger, one Treffz, of that place. Her father had been so enraged at her throwing herself away on this man that he had cast her off. Not until she had been in actual want, would he help her, and that scantily, out of his abundance. Lotte was witness of the deep emotion with which the pair, severed by old Schwan's caprice, met again. Poor Margareta! she only lived a few years longer, dying on January 7th, 1796.

On the 8th of September Schiller moved to Ludwigsburg. Here he found in Hoven a faithful friend of his youth, who, indeed, like all his acquaintances, seemed to him to have grown somewhat boorish. Still, he got on very well with him, in hearty recollections of the halcyon days of youth; and they carried on much thoughtful talk, though Hoven also showed no taste for art, and no effort in that direction. Schiller specially prized him as a skilful surgeon, whose aid Lotte very soon required. The mother and Nanette came on a visit to Ludwigsburg; Caroline, too, and her sister-in-law Ulrike von Beulwitz arrived from Cannstadt, to stay in the house. The confinement took place sooner than was expected, on the night of the 14th. Lotte had suffered long, and Schiller went to bed in great anxiety. Hoven's wife brought the boy to the sleeping father; her coming awoke him, when his first glance fell on the pledge of faithful love. His joy at Lotte's safety and the new happiness of fatherhood stirred up the poet's soul; fervently he thanked destiny, which chained him by a new tie to life.

The baptism took place ten days after, in the presence of his parents and sisters. Sponsors to the little "Karl Friedrich Ludwig" were the Duchess Louise, the Koadjutor, Frau von Lengenfeld, the grandparents, and Hoven's wife and father. The boy took his first two names from the Koadjutor and Schiller, the third was doubtless to be a memento of Ludwigsburg. It was touching to see the old couple bless their grandchild, especially the grandmother, who officiated in a black dress, which is still preserved in the family. Schiller took care to report the birth of his son to the Duke of Weimar. At Ludwigsburg, Karl Eugene left him unmolested; he had made no reply even to the third application, though he had allowed the father to use the Cannstadt baths for the pains in his limbs. Schiller made some trips with Hoven to the neighbouring towns, though he still suffered much from the spasms; he had a dreadful attack of them one evening on his way home. About this time he had the satisfaction of seeing his old opponent Stäudlin come cringing to him and begging him to recommend the Magister Hölderlin of Stuttgart to the place of steward with Frau von Kalb. Hölderlin waited upon Schiller, and, on his report, was engaged by the Frau, though the poet told her that, from his half-hour's acquaintance, he hardly thought him quite steady yet in his principles, and did not expect anything very solid from his attainments or his manners.

Schiller's sufferings increased with the beginning of October; he was seldom able to brace himself for work; and for days together he loathed desk and pen.

"So stubborn a complaint, free intervals so sparingly doled out, often depress me sorely," he writes to Körner. "Never was I so rich in projects of literary labour, never so little able to hold out; and that, owing to the most wretched of all hindrances, bodily suffering. Of larger compositions I dare not think at all, now; and I am glad if only from time to time I can finish a small whole." Thus a work on *Æsthetic* intercourse gave him much pleasure at this time; for the *Thalia* he planned writing an essay on the Naïve. His uncertain condition was the more deplorable, as he

believed there was a good prospect of the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, with whom he stood well, entrusting him with the education of the Hereditary Prince, then ten years old.

While he kept himself very retired at Ludwigsburg, he could not altogether escape the visits of his Stuttgart friends. There came the wine-loving Librarian Petersen, and the jolly epigrammatist Secretary Haug, who brought with him his fat assistant Conz, from Vaihingen. Schiller, when in a merry mood, was tempted to try and make Petersen drunk, but the attempt ended in his own discomfiture. He felt most attracted by Conz, a good Grecian, whose translations from Greek, then just published under the name of *Analecta*, contained many good things. He thought Conz had made great advances since he met him at Jena. Of strangers, Schiller received a visit from Matthisson, then travelling to Switzerland, who found him deadly pale and wasting away. Caroline, the sister-in-law, who lived with the Schillers, was in very bad health, and the divorce which she was constantly urging, and which the mother disapproved, occasioned many a misunderstanding.

While Schiller grew more and more depressed and feeble, the Duke, who had never been able to get over his ill-will against him, died at Hohenheim on the 24th, after a lengthy illness. Startled as Schiller may have been for the moment by the death of his quondam "Pater" and Persecutor, he shed for him no tear. He could calmly see the Prince, who never would forgive him, entombed in the palace church of Ludwigsburg.

To Körner he called him "old Herod," whose successor was at all events a man; in challenging Haug to a walk to Ludwigsburg, he added sarcastically: "Were it only as a pilgrimage to the precious remains of a master who deserved so well of you." He did not exult over his death—nay, he recognised the Duke's great services to education in Würtemberg; but the remembrance of his unbending rigour always awakened bitter resentment—the old scar smarted anew at every touch.

It was through Haug that Johann Christoph Cotta, then

in his thirtieth year—who six years before had taken over his father's bookselling business at Tübingen—tried to form a connection with the renowned countryman whom once he had ridiculed in Stäudlin's *Blumenlese*. Schiller replied that he would be glad, if only for Haug's sake, to give Cotta some work to publish, but Goeschen had the first right to the *Theory of Æsthetic Intercourse*, on which he was then engaged. His tragedy, *The Knights of St. John* (of Malta), should it ever come to anything, was more at his own disposal, but he could not let him have it under thirty carolines, for it cost him three or four times as much labour as the best of his philosophical or historical writings. But how could he at that time have collected and raised his powers to the level of a great dramatic poem?

After keeping his father's birthday with his relatives at Solitude, he had to forego the pleasure of their presence at his own, for they were kept away by indisposition. Shortly before this he had struck off his third letter to the Hereditary Prince of Augustenburg, in which he pointed out the influence of æsthetic on moral culture. By November 11 he finished the fourth letter, and in the next three weeks followed it up by three more, in which the most fruitful ideas of his *Künstler* were more fully carried out. And here he did not conceal from the Prince that taste is to the refined man what religion is to the animal man; that it does for our ordinary life what religion does at the point where sensation ceases. "On one of these two props, if not rather on both, we must lean," says he, "so long as we are not gods." No doubt the statement somewhat startled the Hereditary Prince and his circle of acquaintances who used to devour the letters when communicated to them. About this time he had a special reprint made of his treatise on *Grace and Dignity* (of which Schütz sent him some passages done into Latin), with the dedication on the title-page,

"TO KARL VON DALBERG.

'What here thou seest, great spirit,
Thou art thyself.'—*Milton*."

Copies of the corresponding sheets of the *Thalia* were also published with this title. His object was to show to Koadjutor that, despite the unhappy times, he trusted him still.

The letters to the Prince were, alas ! but gleams of light amid a gloomy time for Schiller in spite of his domestic bliss ; a time when such a trifling thing as Körner's difference of opinion as to the definition of the Beautiful and Sublime caused him to be bitterly offended with this old and faithful friend, so that to him also he felt totally silent. Not till December 10th had he got so far the better of his feelings that he could open his heart to him again. And still he writes with irritation : " Since my last letter (October 4th) so many things have combined to shake my constancy of mind. An illness of my little one, from which he has quite recovered now ; my own ailments, which leave me very few free hours ; the vagueness of my outlooks for the future, for the Mainz prospects are quite overcast again ; doubts of my own genius, unstrengthened, uncheered as it is by any healthful contact from without, the total absence of intellectual conversation, such as has become a necessity to me. . . . My nervous sufferings have made my feelings more irritable, more sensitive to all that is crooked, hard, coarse, and tasteless. I demand more of men than before, and have the ill hap to be thrown together with such as are wholly unprovided in that respect. . . . Heaven grant that my patience do not break down, and that a life so often interrupted by a real death may still hold some value for me. . . . This long while it is my activity alone that has made life endurable to me ; and in such a situation it may have chanced that I took this *subjective* worth, which my labours have to myself, for *objective*, and thought better of them than perhaps they deserved. In short, I imagined that both in my letters of last winter and in some later printed essays I had thrown out ideas that deserved a warmer reception than they met with at your hands. With this drought all around me, it would really have done me good to receive some encouragement from you ; and with the opinion I have of you, I could only interpret your silence or coldness to my own disadvantage. But in truth I needed

cheering up rather than casting down ; over-confidence in self has never been my failing." He was then hoping to get the first volume of his Letters to the Prince printed before Easter. Unfortunately the distemper lasted longer ; and as the ever-increasing dearth at Ludwigsburg pinched him too, he was for coming away in the middle of winter ; but from this his mother-in-law, in forwarding her yearly remittance of two hundred thalers, earnestly dissuaded him.

When the dreaded first half of January was over he felt a good deal better, yet longed to be back at Jena and among his friends ; if he continued as well, and if the weather permitted, he would leave Suabia at the beginning of March. "My wife is still in very tolerable health," he writes to Körner after an eight weeks' silence, "and the baby is life itself. He is a very great joy to me already, and his vivacity gives me hopes that in another six or eight months he will be at all sorts of mad pranks." His Letters he now means to keep in his desk another four months at least, though they would already fill about fourteen sheets in print. From the *Influence of the Beautiful on Man* he had gone on to the effect of the theory on appreciation and production of the Beautiful, and was just then at the production, independent of all theory, of the Original Beautiful. Here he stopped to turn to his *Wallenstein* again. Hoven says that he read some complete scenes of the play, even then.

He and Schiller went over to Tübingen for three days, to which place the veteran Abel had been transferred. They had got down at the hotel, but Abel would not rest until their trunk was brought to his residence, the Bursch, as it was called, where he had the oversight of the theological students, maintained there free of cost. And his guests from Ludwigsburg were to dine in the common room with them. Schiller was delighted with his good old master, who had been of such service to him. He called upon Cotta on the same occasion.

At the news that an imperial infirmary was coming to Ludwigsburg, the fear that patients would be quartered in it threw the poet, then abnormally excitable, into such distress that he wanted to move in all haste to Stuttgart, although on

account of painful memories he had purposed not to set foot in that city. But the removal was delayed. Beside this, the future of his father made him anxious, for the new Duke hated Solitude no less than the Academy, and thought of suppressing them both; there was even a talk of pulling down the palace and all the buildings, of destroying the gardens and pleasure-grounds, of transplanting the orangery and removing the nursery. The mother was beside herself at the thought, while her husband firmly trusted in God to direct matters. Three weeks after this Schiller was for leaving Suabia all in a hurry, and wished to take leave of his parents on the following Sunday, March 10th. His father with a heavy heart consented, moved chiefly by the fear that his Fritz might catch the prevailing pestilence. Happily Schiller on a sudden changed his purpose; he went to Stuttgart, where the fine and wholesome air was soon to benefit his health, and a more intellectual life to surround him.

On the 17th he informs Körner that he thinks of spending a few weeks pleasantly in Stuttgart, and hopes meanwhile to be of some service to his father. And, in fact, it was arranged that the old man should be left in peace at Solitude; beside which, owing probably to his son's connection with Haug, who was private secretary to the new Duke, he was promoted on the 26th to the rank of Oberwachtmeister. In Stuttgart the poet lodged at the court gardener's house, behind the Reinsburg-strasse. The early bright and beautiful spring revived him wonderfully; he had not felt so well for a long time. Briskly, cheerily, he worked away at the plot of his *Wallenstein*; that once settled, he thought he could fill up the scenes in three weeks. "Here the arts flourish to an uncommon degree for South Germany," he wrote to Körner, "the number of artists, some of them not inferior to any of yours, has greatly refined the taste in matters of painting, sculpture, and music. There is a book society that spends 1300 gulden a year to get what is newest in literature and politics. Also a tolerable theatre, with a first-rate orchestra and very good *ballet*." In Dannecker, a friend of his youthful days, he found a true genius for art, which had been nobly



Schiller, from a Painting by Frau Simanowitz, 1794.

cultivated by a four years' residence in Rome. His society was very pleasant to him, and he learned many things from him that proved useful in his æsthetic studies. Dannecker would not be refused the pleasure of modelling his bust. Intercourse with an artist so full of ideas, with such command over form, and so warm-hearted as well, was in the highest degree quickening and enjoyable. It is said that once when Dannecker came to Schiller's to continue the, almost finished work, he found the poet asleep, and took the opportunity to measure every part of the head with compasses, and on comparing them with those of the model, found the agreement exact. Caroline relates that after finishing the model he came to her in the adjoining room and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Ah! it is not quite what I meant it to be, after all!" Dannecker introduced Schiller to his brother-in-law, the merchant Rapp, who was practising landscape-drawing, and his remarks on the treatment of landscape were particularly interesting to the poet. He also got on pleasantly with Hetsch and Scheffauer, and no less with good Zumsteeg, the leading musician of the place, though in him he found more genius than cultivation. One of the most notable scholars, the court-chaplain Werkmeister, he prized especially for his leaning to the Kantian philosophy. The engraver Müller was just then at work on his portrait of Gräff. His friend, the female painter Simanowitz, born a Reichenbach, painted him, and afterwards his wife. He associated besides with Petersen, Haug, and the Hartmann family, especially Professor Johann Georg August Hartmann, whom the suppression of the Karls-academie at Easter had left at leisure. That this institution, which had done Schiller himself good service in many ways, should come to an end just while he was there, touched him deeply. At that very moment, too, Wilhelm von Wolzogen came back to Stuttgart, and to the excessive annoyance of Fran von Lengenfeld, carried off his old love Caroline to Switzerland; there they stayed at Stein-am-Rhein until after Schiller's departure.

He now came into closer contact with Cotta, first on the subject of accepting a bill of 200 thalers on Goeschen. Soon

after he offered him the copyright of a new *Theatre of the Greeks* in about seven volumes, which he meditated bringing out in conjunction with Professor Nast of Stuttgart and Diaconus Konz. Each volume was to contain a critique from his hand of the pieces translated in it, which would give him an opportunity of setting forth the leading excellency of Greek tragedy, and the whole theory of tragic composition. The matter fell through, as Cotta would have no new translations, but only Schiller's critical disquisitions, and to get all of these ready to come out together would certainly have demanded much time and toil.

In Stuttgart, though the spasms did not spare him altogether, Schiller felt a great deal freer and stronger; yet by degrees there stole over him a longing for friends in the north, and for the quiet, regular life which he needed for working; beside, he had steps to take about his own future. Through Frau von Stein, Lotte had applied to the Duchess for Schiller's appointment to the office of tutor to the Hereditary Prince; but, glad as Her Grace would have been to secure a quiet situation for the poet she loved and honoured, his broken health forbade her holding out any hopes. He wished to leave Stuttgart as early as the 23d with Paulus, who was hurrying back to Jena; but his good fortune kept postponing the time of departure. For it was during those last days that he formed a connection with Cotta, which proved of the utmost consequence to his future career.

He felt drawn once more to Tübingen, where his friends were full of plans to secure the services of their countryman for their High School. This time he alighted, by previous invitation, at Cotta's house. Here he was visited by Fichte, who had been appointed to Jena in the place of Reinhold, and who knew Cotta also. Fichte, first by his *Essay towards a Critique of all Inspiration* written on Kantian principles, and then by his *Aids to the Correction of Popular Opinions on the French Revolution*, had roused Schiller's interest. He had told Körner the October before that the author would be "a great acquisition" to Jena, one who would more than replace Reinhold, at least in point of intellect. Personal contact with

this fresh and vigorous spirit, just then at work in remodelling philosophy on a new principle which raised it to the rank of a positive science, was the more refreshingly welcome to Schiller as he himself was contemplating a similar transformation of æsthetics. He would gladly have travelled to Jena with him, but Fichte's way led him through Mainz. After that Cotta came to Stuttgart, when, on 4th May, he made an excursion with our poet to the Kahlenstein, a moderate elevation near Cannstadt, presenting one of the loveliest views on which, thirty years after, King Wilhelm built the Castle of Rosenstein. Here he laid before Schiller his scheme of a *Universal Journal of European States*, which they could afterwards discuss more fully. From Kahlenstein they drove on to Untertürkheim. On their way back Schiller unfolded to the enterprising publisher his own ideas of a great journal of literature, on which he had long before expressed his views to Wieland, Goeschen, and Körner. Two days after the poet quitted Stuttgart. His parents were in such health that he might venture to hope he was not seeing them for the last time. His father talked of making a journey on horseback to Meiningen and Jena the following year. The beginning of the MS. of his new work on tree-growing, Schiller took away with him; whatever sum it realised should go towards purchasing the horse for his last long ride to the north. Dr. Erhard, who had been visiting Italy with Baron Herbert, found him still at Stuttgart. This friend, who was anxious about his own prospects, having just been fleeced by a swindler, was to accompany him to Nürnberg, when on the 6th he and his family left the Saxon capital never to see it again. They came by way of Nürnberg to Mainz, and there spent three glorious days, enjoying in particular the lovely garden that Reinwald had laid out upon a hill. On the 15th they reached home.

BOOK X.
ON THE HEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

FROM MAY 1794 TO APRIL 1796.

WE now stand on the threshold of the last eleven years allotted to our poet. During these years, though a constant sufferer, supported and helped by Körner and by three new and most important friendships, he was destined to carry out fully his æsthetic researches ; to cultivate his lyric and dramatic poetry in close connection with a theatre which Goethe's taste guided ; to win the grandest triumphs on the German stage ; to receive homage from that Prussian capital, for which he once longed ; to earn the love and reverence of our nation and its noblest minds ; to meet with the fullest recognition from kings and princes ; and to enjoy perfect domestic happiness without grinding cares, what though that energy never flagged, which was both indispensable to himself and towards insuring a future for his family. Battles there might be for him still, but he no longer stood alone ; he fought at the side of the great poet toward whom the whole current of his life had drifted him. There were collisions, unavoidable collisions, but they could not disturb him ; they rather braced the energies of a spirit dauntlessly striving after its ideal.

Schiller went into lodgings which had been hired during his absence, and he had to get settled down in them first. The house opposite, viz. that of court commissary Voigt, had been inhabited ever since February by Wilhelm von Humboldt, who with his wife and child meant to stay at Jena till the autumn, chiefly on Schiller's account. All this while he had been getting more than ever absorbed with the Greeks, the

only people, he said, in which we encounter the complete man attuned to harmonious action. Even his wife had in their rural retirement come to know Homer and Herodotus in the original—nay, she had ventured on Æschylus. During a stay at Dresden in the preceding autumn Humboldt had grown intimate with Körner, and had taken warm interest in his æsthetic investigations. Körner, writing to Schiller, had praised Humboldt's rare familiarity with ancient literature, his feeling for excellence in all departments, and his pleasant society, to which a certain frankness and *bonhomie* lent peculiar charm. That winter Humboldt had been hard at work on Kant, whose system he thought incontrovertible, but to him also the *Critique of the Judgment* seemed to need not only corrections of detail, but an expansion of its whole scheme. Beauty he explained as the form of the understanding in phenomena; he was eager to know Schiller's present view and its demonstration. Schiller could not help falling straightway into the closest intimacy with one who revered his intellect, who was finely gifted, finely cultured, rich in ideas, and touched with the breath of Greek genius. Add to this that Humboldt spoke of Körner with a genuine enthusiasm that always unlocked Schiller's heart. He writes to his Dresden friend:—"Humboldt is an acquaintance wonderfully pleasant and likewise profitable to me; in converse with him my ideas unfold themselves more rapidly and ripely. There is a wholeness about him that I have rarely seen, and which I have found in none but you." The stream of Humboldt's eloquence would well out of his rich store of ideas and attainments, and often take an unexpected even jocular turn; but amid its smooth, complacent flow, Schiller would throw in a shrewd counter-observation which laid bare what to his own deep apprehension was the heart of the matter and had been overlooked.

Humboldt, whom Schiller now thought much quieter and gentler, was his most valuable, almost his only friend at Jena; for his connection with Paulus, Schütz, Hufeland, and Griesbach fell more and more into the background.

Cotta, who on the 27th called at Jena on his way back from Leipzig, discussed the details of an agreement touching

the *Universal Journal of European States* and the monthly journal of literature, *Die Horen* (The Hours), both to be under Schiller's management. For the first he was to receive 2000 gulden a year, another 1500 if the sale exceeded six thousand copies, and 2000 more for every additional thousand copies; in case of his death, a respectable income was assured to his widow. The sum of 900 gulden would be paid in advance in two equal portions, the coming June and September. The salary for editing the *Horen* was fixed at 100 ducats; each member of the critical committee of five was to receive ten louis d'or, and those on the staff eight, five, or three louis d'or at the committee's discretion; here also compensation was granted to widows. Thus Schiller's future seemed to be provided for, even if the Copenhagen pension should cease to come in, as it actually did, no doubt in consequence of the fire that levelled the Castle of Christiansburg where the Duke of Augustenburg lived, destroying all Schiller's letters to the Hereditary Prince. No sooner was Cotta gone, than the poet's scruples about undertaking a political paper, which had previously arisen in his mind but had been dissipated by the publisher's friendly exhortations and liberal offers, revived with fresh force. On June 4th he wrote to Cotta that upon consultation with several men of weight, he felt compelled to dissuade him from the political journal as too perilous an enterprise; he, at all events, in his uncertain state of health, would not take the management; on the other hand, the setting up of the literary paper was unanimously approved. Without waiting for an answer, he had a notice printed for his fellow-workers, dated the 13th, saying that the *Horen* would commence with the following year. Three allies he had already secured, Fichte, Humboldt, and young Woltmann, who at the age of twenty-five had been invited from Göttingen to succeed Schiller in the chair of history. He was deeply impressed with Fichte's importance, though in his friendship it was more the substance than the form that attracted him. To Goethe the notice was sent with a letter from Schiller, couched in terms of the deepest reverence, and terming his support a sure pledge of their success. The company would

gladly submit to any conditions that he might impose, and feel infinitely obliged if he would join the inner committee. The same day Schiller applied to Kant, thankfully expressing his joy that in the second edition of his work on Religion he had spoken so handsomely of his essay on *Grace and Dignity* as "written with a master-hand." He sent the notice to Cotta, exhorting him to give up the political paper and concentrate his strength upon the *Horen*: this journal would be infinitely more honourable to them both, incomparably less perilous, and quite as promising. In this province he, Schiller, was a recognised authority, and amply furnished with materials; even in a low state of health he could labour at this task, for it coincided with the bent of his mind, with his inner vocation. Cotta zealously entered into Schiller's plan, only he would have liked Wieland to join them and give up his *Mercur*; but that periodical was to him an easy source of income, and he did not care to relinquish the editorial chair. Schiller himself had to bring out three more numbers (Nos. 4, 5, 6) of the *Thalia*, and with those he would wind up; No. 4 included the continuation of his treatise on the Sublime.

Goethe had become acquainted with Fichte and was mightily pleased with his robust and vigorous nature. What a different man from the shy, uncommunicative Reinhold! As he found himself more and more lonely at Weimar, where he had only Meyer and Voigt for intimate friends, and was repelled by Herder's too exclusive advocacy of the moral standpoint, he felt himself drawn to pleasant Jena, distinguished as it was by rich culture and beautiful recollections, and thus favourable to poetic composition. Nothing, therefore, could be more welcome to him than association with a man of Schiller's undisputed talent. However, he took time before replying to the flattering invitation. After ten days—Fichte had in the interval been to see him—he declared his joyful and most hearty wish to stand by them in their literary venture. A closer union with such superior men would be sure to bring much that had come to a halt with him into lively flow again; any of his unpublished things that might suit such a journal, he would gladly communicate. He hoped

soon to confer orally with Schiller and his valued associates on the principles that should guide them in the choice both of matter and form, so as to give the journal a standing above all others, and by its superiority ensure its living for at least a series of years.

Three weeks after Schiller's return, poor Bürger died, to whom his trenchant review had given such infinite pain. Matthisson, who had seen the poet a little before his end, now visited Schiller. The man he had left wasted away six months before, he found "fresh and blooming, like a Greek hero arming for the Olympic style." He was rejoiced to hear that he had never worked with brisker courage or brighter energy; he talked of his *Knights of Malta* which he was thinking out, and the new scheme of the *Horen*. Matthisson's Poems had been sent him to review for the *Literatur Zeitung*. In his room stood casts from antiques; on his table was spread out a map of Rome. Soon after Bürger's death, Schiller wrote to the publisher of the *Göttingen Musenalmanach*, offering to take the editorship. On behalf of the *Horen* he applied first to Engel and Garve, as Herder was away on a journey; he did not solicit his aid until July 4th, after the other two had joined.

As he purposed re-writing for the *Horen* his Letters to the Hereditary Prince of Augustenburg, he buried himself once more in Kant; and here the conversation of Humboldt and of Fichte, who was carrying his *Doctrine of Science* through the press, proved of the greatest service. Even when the spasms brought on by the great heat deprived him of sleep and almost unfitted him for work, he toiled manfully on with Kant, and had the pleasure of finding it grow clearer to him every day.

It was not till July 21st that Goethe was able to visit Jena, where the new friends found an agreement in their ideas on Art, all the more the unexpected as they had set out from such different points of view. "Each of us could give the other something that he lacked and get something in return," was Schiller's report to Körner; and Goethe told Meyer that he had not for a long time had such an intellectual treat. The hopes held out of a speedy repetition of the visit were

neutralised by a journey which Goethe had to take in company with the Duke to Dessau, Leipzig, and Dresden. Schiller's health was so bad that for the first three weeks in August he could not leave the house. As the publisher of the *Göttingen Musenalmanach* had already fixed on another editor, it gave Schiller the more pleasure, when a young bookseller, Michaelis of Neu-Strelitz, who was at Jena looking about for good copyrights, undertook a new *Musenalmanach*, to come out yearly under his, Schiller's, direction, commencing with the autumn of 1795. According to their agreement of August 15th, Schiller was to get 300 thalers; the price of all the poems was not to exceed 150 thalers. The continuance of his spasms compelled him to decline a meeting with Körner at Leipzig; he could only venture as far as Weizenfels. He first wound up the *Thalia* (the last two numbers had nothing of his but *Stray Thoughts on Sundry Subjects in Æsthetics*), and finished his review of Matthisson's Poems. Here, starting from the nature of Painting and Poetry, he assigned to the landscape-painter and landscape-poet their exact position, and showed how happily Matthisson satisfied the three requirements in the depicting of landscape. At the same time he did justice to his attempts in other provinces of poetic art. This encomium, overflowing with the kindest appreciation, stood in sharp contrast with his severe critique of Bürger, though Schiller took care to mention that Matthisson has as yet but proved his pinions within a modest circle. The author was now formally invited to join the staff of the *Horen*. Before setting out, Schiller wrote a letter to Goethe, dictated by heartfelt reverence and the need there was of their intimate union and joint action.

The day and a half at Weizenfels showed the friends anew how well they understood one another, and how necessary each was to the other. Schiller, on his return, found a most cordial letter from Goethe, who wished to be enlightened on the stages of thought that Schiller had passed through during those last few years: so little had he kept pace with his æsthetic labours. And he sent his new confederate an early essay of his own, in which he had applied his definition

of Beauty as "Perfection with Freedom" to organic nature. Schiller transmitted to him his MS. researches on Beauty in which he had fixed upon Freedom and law in Art as conditions of the Beautiful; but his ideas had since acquired a better foundation and greater distinctness which could hardly fail to bring them ever so much nearer to Goethe's. Persuaded that on all essential points they were at one, Goethe begged him during the fortnight that the Court was away, to come and stay at his house: he should follow his own mode of life entirely and make himself at home. This invitation, as kind as it was unexpected, Schiller gladly accepted. His wife was away at Rudolstadt. Caroline's divorce had at last been effected, and her union with Wolzogen was to follow; at this Schiller was very much put out, for he did not believe their characters were suited to each other. He was then thinking over his development of the Naïve; he also wanted to go on with the plot of *Wallenstein*. But over this he fell into dreadful anxiety and fear; he even began to doubt his vocation as a poet; this, however, proved but a passing mood. That very essay on the Naïve, written with full relish and from the heart, he came to regard as a bridge to poetic composition. In re-writing his Letter to the Hereditary Prince, he tried to give it the utmost perfection, and thought he succeeded. Goethe, through Frau von Stein, caused a writing-desk to be conveyed to Schiller, who was to place it in the apartment of his absent wife. "A kind friend to both of you entrusted me with the commission" was what the lady wrote, in sending it on. Goethe took this graceful way of showing how much he desired a union of real friendship with Schiller.

From September 14th to the 27th the newly-allied poets luxuriated in the freest interchange of thoughts. Even in body Schiller felt a great deal better. Whereas at home he could not rest at night for the spasms, here he slept well, which he ascribed to his total abstinence from coffee, tea, and fruit, and to good suppers, at which he drank wine instead of beer; even vegetables he ate for dinner and supper, and felt none the worse. He was not indeed free from spasms in the daytime, and therefore could pay no visits; he only walked

out in the park with Goethe. Once he missed seeing Frau von Stein, being hardly able to get back to Goethe's house for the pain. He spent the greater part of each day in the society of his one friend, once from half-past eleven in the morning until eleven at night. All that either of them contemplated doing was discussed in detail without any reserve. Goethe put him into such good humour with his *Knights of Malta* again, that he thought it possible to bring it on the stage by the next birthday of the Duchess. "He read me his *Elegies*, which are somewhat wanton and not over-decent, and yet are among the finest things he ever did," writes Schiller to his wife. "He has asked me to correct his *Egmont* for the Weimar theatre, because he dare not do it himself; and so I shall. He advised me, too, to put some touches to my *Fiesco* and *Plot and Passion*, so that they may keep lasting hold of the stage." Humboldt, who had gone with him to Goethe's, now paid them a visit. Herder had invited Schiller, but, as illness kept him back, came himself to see him. It was at Weimar, too, that he received a reminder from Cotta to have everything in readiness for the punctual appearance of the announcement and the first number of the *Horen*, for Schiller had once more been seriously urging on him the great cost of the venture, which would probably repay his expenses only after a sale of 1300 copies. So little was Cotta alarmed at this, that he was in treaty with Professor Posselt to take up the political paper also. His proposal to Schiller to take at least some part in it was now decidedly rejected.

During this time Schiller had been producing nothing, but he had been gathering courage and zest for a stirring life, being assured of Goethe's hearty and harmonious co-operation, not only in the *Horen*—about which he was more enthusiastic, almost, than Schiller himself—but in every work and effort. His boldest dreams were realised; the poet whose greatness had once reduced him to envying despair stood by his side as truest ally in the contest for ideal perfection in Art. On returning home, having apparently talked it over with Goethe, he tried to induce Schütz to insert promptly in his *Literatur Zeitung*, by some of his own staff, full notices of every article

in the *Horen*. Goethe knew but too well how malice, once raising its voice in so important a periodical, could damage the best enterprise, and how easily literary men might be induced to pass scandalously unfair judgments ; he was therefore anxious at once to stop this sorry business at the source. As Schiller could not go out for the bad weather, Schütz himself called upon him, and they came to an understanding which, it is true, was afterwards modified. A correspondence of the highest interest united the new friends. Goethe sent what matter he had by him and promised more. Schiller kept on at his letters *On the Æsthetic Education of Man*, with which the *Horen* was to open ; what Goethe saw of them he thought exquisite. Unhappily Schiller was prevented from coming over to see the performance of his *Don Carlos*, on the 16th, under Goethe's most careful superintendence.

On November 2d Goethe hastened to Jena for a few days with his art-loving friend Meyer : many arrangements were made about the *Horen*, Goethe promising his *Entertainments*, Meyer his *Notes on Ancient Art*. A month later Schiller drew up his official prospectus of the *Horen*. It stated that the new journal, while forbidding all reference to the *present* course of events or the immediate expectations of mankind, would question History on the past of the world and Philosophy on the future ; it would labour with all its might at the silent building up of better beliefs, purer principles, nobler manners, on which any true amelioration of our social state must ultimately hang. In sport as well as earnest, it would pursue one single aim, that of making Beauty mediatrix of Truth, and through Truth securing to Beauty an enduring basis and a higher dignity. It would, so far as no dearer interest suffered by it, aim at variety and novelty, but would set its face against the frivolous taste that sought the new for novelty's sake alone ; at the same time it would claim every liberty compatible with good and fine morals. The editor felt a patriotic joy that he should have succeeded at length in uniting several of the worthiest writers of Germany in the performance of one continuous task ; a thing which the nation, notwithstanding all attempts hitherto made by individuals, had

always lacked, and could not but lack because such a number and such a choice of contributors was the one thing needed to combine, in a work coming out at stated times, excellence in parts with variety in the whole. The number of the contributors named was twenty-five; among them were Gleim, Pfeffel, and Bürger's friend, A. W. Schlegel, then Hofmeister at Amsterdam.

Alas! directly on the back of this high-flown prospectus came trouble. Schiller himself was not quite satisfied with the opening piece, excellent in its kind, of Goethe's *Entertainments*. And his own *Letters*, he was forced to acknowledge, were "not altogether easy to understand," though he thought much of their scientific value, as, in them, his system approached a ripeness and inner consistency that would make it enduring; and a simplicity reigned through the whole, of which he himself found evidence in the increased facility of execution. In spite of his perpetual spasms, he had seldom felt so well in heart and mind. Then, in his home, his lot was of the happiest. His Karl was, to his joy, both hearty and healthy, racing merrily round the room. He was delighted with the little fellow's first attempts at speech. "As soon as I am up, I receive a visit from him. He dines at the same table with us, and we have a good time together of an evening. I cannot express how much the child is to me."

His *Æsthetic Letters*, as they went on, seemed to him the best thing he had done or ever could produce. But when he read the first volume of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, his old passion for poetry revived. The poet, he said, was after all the one real man; even the best philosopher was but a caricature to him. It was only when Goethe and Meyer, on January 11th, 1795, came to Jena, and seemed vehemently carried away by his reading of the *Letters*, that he felt comforted and encouraged to go on. In January, to his great delight, about a thousand orders for the *Horen* had come in. He now meant to give himself up to it entirely, only devoting some six weeks to writing two or three poems for the *Almanach*. The *Literatur Zeitung* promptly enough brought out a review

of the first article by Schütz himself, which Schiller thought passable, but wofully wanting in insight; he even fancied Schütz had a spite against him.

In February he zealously devoted himself to reviewing the still unprinted third and fourth volumes of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. Repeated attacks of his malady forbade his accepting the author's invitation to Weimar. As the need of variety called for something in the way of narrative in the *Horen*, and no interesting article had been sent in from any other quarter, he left the *Æsthetic Letters*, at which he was working with such relish, to do a description of the Siege of Antwerp, which would come easy to him. In the meantime, friend Abel of Tübingen had been commissioned to sound him as to whether he would accept the professorship of Higher Philology and *Æsthetics* there. Upon his refusal, Abel, on March 3d, held out the prospect of a chair of History and *Æsthetics*: he should be at liberty to lecture in his own house, and be exempt from all public business. Of this renewed offer Schiller availed himself to obtain from his own Duke a promise to double his salary in case he became unfit for literary work. Then, on April 3d, he for the second time declined the flattering offer, with the remark that he would have given them too little in return for the 1000 gulden, under which he could not live at Tübingen. And how could he now have parted with Goethe and Humboldt!

Goethe had now returned to Jena, where for five weeks he lived in the closest intimacy with Schiller, coming to see him every evening. On April 13th Schiller moved into more spacious lodgings in Grieszbach's large house on the Stadtgraben; but there he immediately took violent cold. During this time, when Lotte too was ailing, Goethe's presence was as an elixir to him. Humboldt's had been almost the only society he greatly cared for; as to their well-meaning but over-officious landlady, Lotte always kept her at arm's length; and Grieszbach himself lived in another mental sphere. The continuation of *Wilhelm Meister*, the *Prometheus Unbound*, which Goethe had just begun in the old Greek style, the contributions to the *Horen* and the *Almanach* that should come

out in the autumn, furnished fruitful topics of the most quickening conversation.

Cotta brought the best of news from Leipzig fair; the circulation of the *Horen* was not far short of 1800, and he testified his acknowledgments to Schiller by a gift of thirty-one carolines. He asked indeed for more variety in the articles, and did not conceal how people grumbled at the abstruseness of the subjects; but Goethe thought they should just give what they could, and snap their fingers at the public. Schiller now ventured to insert even Goethe's Roman *Elegies* (leaving out two), though he could not but foresee that they would give a great deal of offence. His own æsthetic feeling feasted on these finished productions, which present, said he, the whole Man, in whom sensuous enjoyment is but a necessary complement of his being, not a low craving of sensuality. The same number contained, in continuation of the *Æsthetic Letters*, a treatise on "Beauty that melts;" its counterpart, on "Beauty that braces," was reserved for a separate and choicely-printed edition of this, his master-work. Unfortunately, during the bad weather in the second week of May, he suffered severely, and the preparation of the *Letters* distressed him. Then, too, Lotte was taken ill with measles, by which he saw himself cut off from Humboldt and his house. The more delightful was a visit of eleven days from Goethe; but at the end of it he was seized with a fever which prostrated him for some considerable time.

With his delicate and graceful, nay dramatic re-writing of the *Letters*, Schiller had for the present done his share of work in the *Horen*. With convincing clearness he unfolded the thought which had dawned on him so brightly: that Beauty is the highest and last satisfaction of what he called the Play-Impulse, and that the *Æsthetic* temper of mind consists in freedom of determination; that Beauty helps out the imperfection of human nature, calms, soothes, and melts us when highly strung, raising and animating us when unstrung; that *Æsthetic* culture brings Moral with it, and that he alone needs the Moral who is incapable of the *Æsthetic*. Though, in doing this, he had broken alike with the Empirical

and with the Rational school, Kant had declared himself quite satisfied with the first part of the *Letters*; and Schiller himself felt that he had made a great advance; he even thought his view was strictly demonstrated. He found it hard, now, to turn from philosophic to poetic composition, of a kind needed by the *Almanach*; and his ill health aggravated the difficulty. He tried his hand on a rhymed epistle; then he threw it aside as not up to the mark. To supply the needs of the *Horen*, he had had recourse to Fichte, who was staying that summer at Osmannstädt, hard by. Personally he was no admirer of the great "I of Osmannstädt," with whom, he said, "the richest fountain of absurdities had been drained dry." He had always missed in him the due degree of worldly wisdom. At his pressing request, Fichte sent the first part of his three Letters *On the Spirit and the Letter in Philosophy*. Schiller, thinking he saw in it an attack upon his own *Æsthetic Letters*, felt bitterly provoked, and, after a hurried reading, sent it back with the rudest comments, as unfit for his monthly journal. He objected to the dry, heavy, often confused style of exposition, declared he was neither satisfied with the matter nor with the dress, and even tried to show that, being worked on an eccentric plan, it wanted clearness and point. Fichte, whom such schoolboy treatment could not but offend, calmly but decidedly repelled the charges of shallowness and unintelligibility. Of Schiller's own philosophical works, he maintained that they wearied the reader, because he would compel the imagination, which ought to be free, *to think*; men admired them, stared at them, but did not understand them. Between the dates of their two letters, came Goethe's brief sojourn at Jena, on his way to Karlsbad. Humboldt had been called away to Berlin at the beginning of July, to see his sick mother; and by the absence of these two, Schiller found himself isolated for a good while. He writes to Körner: "I am living quite *cavalièrement*, for I am making poems for my *Musenalmanach*; and I seem stupid enough over it." And the worst was, his spasms came on with such violence that he could hardly set pen to paper. As late as the 20th, he had not finished the third poem for

the *Almanach*; yet, in spite of suffering, he was soon to feel strong stimulus for poetry, for at the very times when his body was racked, his mind was most active, whereas, when in a comfortable state of health, he took things easily. On August 3d he was able to inform Körner that in spite of physical suffering, something had been achieved that gave him confidence. "'Tis true, my time for this work being cut too close, I have not ventured out on the high seas, but have been skirting the coasts of philosophy; yet I have thereby achieved the transition at least to freer invention. To all appearance I am likely to remain the rest of the year, perhaps the whole winter, in the poetic field." In addition to several *Sprüche* or Apophthegms, he had finished his *Might of Song*, his humorous *Pegasus in Harness*, and the *Dance* so distinguished by imitative rhythm.

At the same time he was trying to vindicate his *Æsthetic Letters* from Fichte's depreciation, were it only to his own mind; as a letter for which I have lying before me some remarkable notes (of August 3 or 4) seems never to have been sent. In these he remarks, that while it cannot be indifferent to an author whether a large public buys him or a small, he ought not to enlist readers by cringing to the spirit of the age, but ought by bold assertion of *his own* views to startle them, put them on the stretch, give them a shaking. To Fichte's appeal to what the public verdict on them both would be in ten years' time, he answers: "That in a hundred or two hundred years' time, when new revolutions have passed over philosophic thought, your writings may be quoted and appraised at their worth, but will no longer be *read*, lies just as much in the nature of the case as it does that mine will then be *read*, not more, it may be, but also not less, than now. And what may the reason be? This: that writings whose only value lies in the results they yield to the understanding, were these never so precious, will with time grow valueless, in proportion as the understanding grows indifferent to those results, or finds shorter roads to them; on the contrary, writings that, apart from their logical import, produce an (artistic) effect, that bear the living impress of an indi-

vidual, these can never lose their value, but have in them an indestructible principle of life, because an individual is unique, unreplaceable, and not to be exhausted." Of his own style of statement he says: "My constant endeavour is, in conjunction with the act of research, to employ the whole of the mental powers and as far as may be, to work upon them all alike. I want, therefore, not only to make my thoughts intelligible to another, but to impart to him my whole soul and work upon his sensuous no less than his spiritual powers."

His lyric muse now took a higher flight, first of all in his *Realm of Shadows*, afterwards, in a considerably altered shape, entitled *The Ideal and Life*. In this he believed he had reached the utmost limit of thought-poetry. He joyfully recognised how immensely precision of thought aids the action of the imagination. The same August was to yield him quite a rich crop of other poems besides, some of them important; for instance, the infinitely touching *Ideals*. But the passionate pursuit of poetry affected his health. On the 29th he writes to Goethe: "My health does not get on much better yet. I fear I have to do penance for the violent commotions into which my poetising threw me. Half the man is enough for philosophising, and the other half can be resting; but your muses suck one dry." Directly after this he was gladdened by the second remittance of his Copenhagen pension, which had stood over from the previous year; he received four hundred thalers *viâ* Hamburg.

As the *Almanach* was to be printed at Berlin, Schiller had sent his MS. there, to Humboldt; but to his vexation the publisher could not be heard of. In his first zeal he wished to have it printed, all the same; then he thought of withdrawing it and of using the poems for the *Horen*, when in the nick of time the publisher made his appearance. Though Schiller had already assigned a portion of the poems to his monthly, there was yet a considerable number left for the *Almanach*. Goethe, in addition to his batch of Venetian Epigrams, had contributed some stray pieces; Herder, a good many under various signatures, and other poets, other things; so that the new *Almanach* stood very notably con-

spicuous among its three rivals, the Göttingen, the Berlin, and Voss's.

But now Schiller had to devote all his energy to the *Horen* again, especially to the last numbers in the year, in order, by attractive matter, to retain wavering subscribers, if possible to catch new ones, or at all events, in the worst case, to finish with credit. The jaded taste of the reading world, ever craving light and amusing matter, made the *Horen* such a burden to him that he often lost heart altogether; and then Humboldt and Goethe would cheer him up by appealing to its intrinsic worth and his approving conscience. Nevertheless he determined now to adopt as intelligible a style as possible, and he tried to induce the best of his fellow-workers to do the same. In that spirit he wrote for No. 9 the essay *On the Necessary Limits of the Beautiful*, especially in propounding philosophic truth, prompted apparently by his quarrel with Fichte. "But if," he writes to Cotta, "but if, notwithstanding all these efforts, the public voice be against us, then the enterprise must be given up. It is impossible for me to keep fencing long with stupidity and bad taste; the pleasure and the confidence I feel in my work is the very soul of it." His correspondent would not hear a word of giving up, even if the next year showed, what there was no great reason to fear, a marked falling off in the sale. No, Schiller must on no account lose his liking for the monthly. And for money he was to draw on Cotta whenever he pleased. In the beginning of September Schiller wrote an important essay on the *Naïve*, a subject he had already handled two years before when in Suabia; and a work written at that earlier date on the Dangers of *Æsthetic Manners* was now printed with hardly any alteration. His exposition of the *Naïve* he wrote with more freedom and ease than the *Æsthetic Letters*. But while so engaged, he was seized anew with the spirit of poetry, and wrote the elegy, afterwards known as *The Walk*, which of all his poems he considered the most poetical, and likewise a distinct advance in poetic power. He then thought of attempting a romantic tale, so as to complete the whole round of poetic modes and forms, since the public seemed struck with the

vast variety of his compositions, as one of the distinctive attributes of his genius. He took his materials from a love affair of Chancellor Schlick with a fair Sienese, in the Italian campaign of Sigismund, though he was obliged to give the story a different turn. But a restless longing drove him to his *Knights of Malta* again: he thought that in the four months, beginning with December, during which he hoped to be free from the *Horen*, he might get far on with it, if he did not finish it. "At times I feel rather sanguine about it," he writes to Humboldt, "and with such a subject, too, I ought least of all to fail. As the parts are linked together by choruses, it fits all the better with my present lyric mood. The action is simple and heroic, the characters to match, and those all male; it is, moreover, the embodiment of a sublime idea, such as I love." Let Humboldt thoroughly sift the question once more whether he ought to decide for epic or dramatic poetry. Not long before, he had commissioned Körner to say to what department of poetry he should now attach himself. While Humboldt's, Körner's, Goethe's, and Herder's verdicts on his recent poems roused and elevated him, he was wishing all the while to hear his friends echo his own feeling that the true field for him was tragedy.

Kept a prisoner all through the summer, he felt fresh life in the soft autumn days of mid October, and he drove out for the first time on the 10th. Before he could turn to his *Knights*, there were six weeks to be given up to the *Horen*. Just then the journal suffered several sharp attacks; and on the 30th, while his resentment was fresh, he wrote to Cotta that in the next number he would give a general reply to all the wretched criticisms. But the very next day he thought, in opposition to Goethe, that there was still room for question whether they ought to take any notice of these platitudes: he would rather make a conspicuous display of his indifference to them. A visit from Goethe, who stayed from November 5th to the 11th, was most refreshing to him; it was the first time he had kept his birthday with him. "We sit together talking from five in the evening till twelve, and even one," he tells Humboldt. Goethe was then making a particular study of

architecture in preparation for his journey to Italy, intending the next year to follow Meyer, who had recently started for the south. This was very painful to Schiller, but the stay should not last longer than a year. Goethe's solid method of taking the law from the concrete object, and from the nature of the case deducing the rules, made it easy for Schiller to grasp his view of building as a fine art. His theory of colours, too, his views of natural science, were on the same lines. His conversation on Greek literature and art had such stirring effect upon Schiller that he seriously determined to study Greek. Yet to this it never came. He threw himself, heart and soul, into what was a sequel to his essay on the Naïve, viz. his treatise on the Poets of Reflection; for, according to the two modes of feeling, Naïve and Reflective, he divided the whole field of poesy into these two provinces. The Naïve poet can only stand in one single relation to his subject; not so the Reflective. Accordingly, Schiller made out that there were three distinct modes of composition, the satiric, elegiac, and idyllic, by which he did not at all mean to set aside the ordinary classification according to form of composition. Schiller makes the Naïve a main characteristic of the classic and antique, the Reflective of the romantic and modern, though the notions by no means exactly coincide. Thus Shakspeare is naïve. He even ventures to form an estimate in this respect of the most eminent poets of modern Germany. What is attainable outside the limits of living form, outside the domain of individuality, on the field of ideality, has been achieved by Klopstock. In Goethe, nature works more faithfully, more unmixed, than in any other poet; of moderns perhaps he is the least removed from the sensuous reality of things. Even his *Elegies*, as works of art, are pronounced naïve, uniting intellect and heart; whilst in the voluptuous descriptions of the "immortal author" of *Agathon*, *Oberon*, etc., the Naïve is felt to be absent. Goethe on November 29th, in sending back the essay, said laughingly that of course he must approve the principles of a theory that treated him so kindly; he thought that the corollaries were quite correct. From too great a partiality to ancient poetry,

he had often been unjust to the modern ; now, after Schiller's doctrine, he could be friends with himself again. On the same day Schiller finished the latter part of the essay, the treatment of the Idyll. An appendix, on *Platitude and Overstraining*, the two rocks ahead of the Naïve and the Reflective, he was reserving for the first article in the New Year's *Horen*, where he meant to "get up a little hare-hunt through our literature and particularly give certain good friends like Nicolai and company a treat." The essay itself had said in a note : "Molière's Maid chatters on, up and down our critical *Bibliotheks*, philosophical and literary Annals and books of travel, about poetry, art, and the like, only, as is fair, rather more absurdly on German soil than on French, just the stuff suitable to that servants' hall of German literature." Humboldt was right in wishing this note left out. The Idyll, which Schiller defined as the ideal of beauty applied to real life, he now regarded as the highest, and also the hardest problem for the Reflective poet, who has here to produce the greatest poetical effect without having recourse to pathos. He seriously purposed composing such a one : the subject was to be the marriage of Hercules to Hebe. He writes to Humboldt : "There could not be better stuff for the poet than this ; a poet dare not leave human nature, and the stride from man to God is the very thing the idyll would treat of. True, the leading personages would be gods already, but through Hercules I can link them to humanity still and bring a *movement* into the picture. Were I to accomplish this task, I might hope thereby to have gained for Reflective poetry a triumph over Naïve itself."

From this rather singular poetic speculation, which he dared not reveal to Goethe, he was debarred by having to prepare the January number of the *Horen*, and by the bad weather, which, by bringing on bodily suffering, robbed him of all rest at night. The Appendix to his essay grew bulkier under his hands than he had intended, but in the thick of the contemplated "hare-hunt," he soon was longing to get back to poetry. On December 17th he writes to Goethe : "It is long since I felt so prosaic as I have the last few days, and it is high time I shut up the philosophic shop : the heart

pires for a tangible object." Four days after he confided to Körner: "You can't imagine what unceasing tension of mind I have to endure: partly to keep myself competent for the projects I have once for all undertaken, partly to satisfy the monthly needs of the *Horen*, in which my fellows have left me shamefully in the lurch. It is an unexpected gift of Heaven that physically I am equal to the strain, and, on the whole, despite the continuance and frequent aggravation of my old complaints, I have lost none of my cheerfulness of spirit, or strength of resolution, though all the outward incentives fail that might keep me in heart."

In the middle of September Goethe had started the notion that by the end of the year they should spread hope and fear amid the ranks of authors and reviewers; and when several more attacks followed on the *Horen*, he opened the question whether they should not pass judgment on them all together, for, said he, this kind of stuff burns better when tied up in faggots. Then, a little before the year ended, he imparted to Schiller the happy thought of making epigrams on all the journals, each to consist of a couplet in the manner of Martial's *Xenia* (benefits); and a selection of the best should be inserted in the *Almanach*. It was not until three days after, when he sent a dozen couplets by way of specimen, that Schiller took up the idea heartily; and then in his ardour he at once extended the plan, so that they should come down upon single works as well, nay, if they did not spare their own feelings, they could attack things sacred and profane. This made him the more glad at the prospect of a visit from Goethe. "Now we'll have a thoroughly good talk over everything," says he, writing in the best of moods, "and once more the word will be, *Never a day without its epigram*." For the moment the completion of his article for the *Horen* was pressing him; and here he gave full play to his indignant humour. "The ineffable platitudes which the Germans get sung to them under the name of naïve and facetious ditties, and over which they will make no end of mirth at a well-spread table;" the "mournful choir of the Muses on the Pleisse, to which the Camœnæ on the Seine and the Elbe

make answer in no better chords ;” the fury of those “good folks who fancy that, in kicking against the pricks of his severe verdict on Bürger’s poems, and who *was* a poetic genius, they are fighting their own battle ;” his rebuke of the “spiritless, ignoble utterance” of passion on our tragic stage, where Kotzebue, after a silence of three years, was showing himself very busy again ; and lastly, the “paltriness of our humorous novels,” with a sneering hit at Nicolai’s *Stout Man’s Story*, all this must bitterly provoke his adversaries. But what cared Schiller for that, on his ideal height ?

From January 3d to 14th, 1796, he enjoyed once the presence of his equal ally. Goethe came in mostly of an evening, when he showed himself most kind and cheerful. There was some drawing done with Lotte, and many moments given up to the little Karl. “Goethe is quite taken with him,” writes Schiller, “and to me, existing only in the narrowest life-circle, the child is grown such a necessity, that many a time I tremble at having permitted Fortune to get such a purchase over me.” Goethe promised many things for the *Horen*, as Schiller wanted for the present to be left wholly to the workings of his fancy. New *Xenien* would of themselves take shape as they talked, often a joint product, one contributing the thought, another the language.

Schiller purposely did no other work, that he might have the needful relaxation after all his exertion. He only attended to the sending out of copies of the *Horen* and the *Almanach*, which after vexatious delay had come at last. They wished to bring up the numbers of the *Xenien* to 600, if not a round 1000. Schiller was thinking of attractive settings to connect whole batches of them into little wholes, and he set himself to make parodies of passages in Homer, such as the slaughter of the suitors and the visit to Hades, and even a comedy in epigrams.

Meanwhile he got the first instalment of his Copenhagen pension for the third year in the shape of 667 thalers. Then a eulogistic review of Nos. 2 to 10 of the *Horen*, in which W. Schlegel had undertaken the poetical part, appeared at last in the *Literatur Zeitung* ; but countermands of the journal now

kept coming in so thick, that Cotta feared the loss would amount to a good third : there remained a bare 1000, with which they could just hold out.

About February 10th Schiller had such an attack of spasms that he felt quite unable to continue working. For the *Horen* he could only throw off or rewrite a short essay *On the Moral Advantage of Æsthetic Manners*. On the 16th Goethe managed to tear himself away from the distractions of Weimar. The lonelier he felt in that capital, where he had fallen out with the Court on the score of its sheltering French *émigrés*, and where Herder had retired in a tiff, the closer did he cling to his suffering friend. He wrote to Meyer : " I only wish we may stay long on this earthly ball together ; and I hope Schiller, too, notwithstanding his apparent sickliness, will hold out with us." They usually spent the evenings together. There was much deliberating on *Wilhelm Meister*, much zealous epigram-writing. They talked, too, of all the false tendencies that had arisen, especially among German artists at Rome, and of the means of counteracting them. As Goethe promised large contributions to the *Horen* and other fellow-labourers were by no means slack, Schiller thought to give up all his time to the romantic poem in stanzas which he designed for the *Almanach* ; but he believed it would be some weeks before he could proceed to the plot, which required deep thought ; not before August did he hope to finish it, for he had done nothing in this kind before, and he laid specially stern demands upon himself. As things turned out, prolonged ill health and countless distraction kept him from ever making a beginning. On March 8th he still feared that nothing would be settled before Körner's visit, who at the end of April was to come with his family to Jena, staying there with Schiller for a couple of weeks.

Melancholy news now reached him from his home. His father had never kept the promise to ride down to Thuringia the year before, although Fritz had procured him a good price for his book. None of the fears entertained about his position had come true, any more than the dreams that he was to be commandant of Tübingen ; on the contrary, the Treasury

had, in recognition of his services, assigned him four acres of land, to be laid out in new nursery-grounds. To this task the old man, ambitious as he was assiduous, gave himself up with such ardour, that he worked from four in the morning until late at night, neglecting his family almost entirely. But in the beginning of February he fell ill, and violent pains forced him to keep his bed. When Schiller heard the sad tidings he wrote at once, expressing his deep sympathy; he also sent a cheque to defray expenses. There came an answer to this on March 7th in his father's own hand, but evidently written under great suffering. On the 14th he was shocked by the news of the dangerous illness of his youngest and favourite sister, Nanette, she whom he intended to have with him at Jena, to improve her education.

By this time he had given up the romantic poem and with it even the *Almanach* for that year; instead of which the *Xenien* were to come out in the type of the *édition de luxe* of Wieland's works, embellished by several engravings after Roman paintings. But the execution of this plan, though taken up resolutely by Cotta, was hindered by outward obstacles.

When Goethe was leaving on the 16th Schiller promised to visit him at Weimar on the occasion of Iffland's "star" performances, which were to begin on Good Friday, the 25th, and last a few weeks. Though there seemed little hope of his being able to attend the theatre, the presence of Schiller would heighten the attractiveness of the parties that Goethe was going to give at his own house during Iffland's stay. Some fine days which followed tempted Schiller out into the open air; by the 21st he had already enjoyed two drives.

The spring had also ripened a great purpose in his soul; he had decided for dramatic poetry, and that, not commencing with the easier task of *The Knights*, but with the colossal one of *Wallenstein*: his first drama should be an altogether new and dazzling phenomenon. His old notes soon made him at home again in the materials. He writes to Körner: "I advance to this new mode of life with much pleasure and tolerable courage. Of my former manner and art there is little

that can avail me here, but I trust I am far enough on with the new to make the venture. This much I know, that I am in a fair way, and if I do not achieve anything like what I demand of myself, I shall nevertheless do more than I have ever yet done in this line." If hitherto he had laid the stress mainly on the Plurality of the detail, he would now weigh everything by its effect on the Unity of the whole. His ideas about realism and idealism would guide him here. "It is astonishing how much of the realistic mere advancing years bring with them, and how much persistent converse with Goethe and study of the ancients have by degrees developed in me." True, he would thereby get into Goethe's province, and lose by comparison with him; yet something would be left that was his own, something that Goethe never could attain. And so he flatters himself in sanguine moments that posterity will not subordinate their styles the one to the other, but class them under a higher, ideal generic-term.

In sore anxiety about Nanette, Schiller on the 23d went with his family to Weimar, where Lotte and Karl were to stay at Frau von Stein's house. On this occasion Goethe's August, seven years old, found his way into the house of his father's indignant friend, and soon got intimate with little Karl, nearly four years his junior. Schiller felt so well at Weimar that he was able to go to the play; Goethe arranged so that he could drive there and back, and fitted up a box for him, as the theatre had none. People might laugh at Schiller, caged up in it like some pet bird, but no greater honour could be done to the poet whose youthful dramas had taken the German stage by storm; Goethe was always hoping from him, should his life be spared, the highest success in the scenic art. Schiller was glad, after so many years, to meet Iffland again, and to witness his finished acting, though it wanted the charm of his youth. To the plot of his new drama these performances were of great value. At Goethe's long-expressed desire he was altering his *Egmont* for the stage, which indeed was done a little ruthlessly, passages being added, left out, or transposed. These pleasant days were darkened by the terrible news that poor Nanette was no more. Happily there were many distractions that did

much to turn his thoughts from this grievous loss. He went home on the 20th, to return again on the evening of the 26th to the performance of *Egmont*. But before that, he received such afflicting news from Solitude, where not only had the father's condition grown worse, but sister Louise, too, had sickened, that he wrote entreating Christophine to go there at his expense. The evening after an effective representation of *Egmont* was spent with the friend to whom he ever felt more closely drawn, and who promised to see him again soon at Jena. Next morning he hastened home, as he expected Körner to arrive that afternoon. Schiller was now altogether in that path of fiction which he was never again to quit; his prolonged researches in history, philosophy, æsthetics, were but preliminaries to an artistic perfecting of his poetic power which in drama touched its highest point.

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CHAPTER II.

FROM APRIL 1796 TO APRIL 1799.

ALTHOUGH from this time Schiller's work in the *Horen* was confined to the duties of an editor, and these were more a recreation to him than real exertion, nevertheless the completion of a great drama of a period so painful to Germany yet so fertile of heroic characters, taxed his powers for nearly a good three years more. For two years he employed the bright spring and summer time on the *Almanach*, while the late autumn and winter were chiefly taken up with inventing the plot, which became materially altered in accordance with the results he had gathered from continual study and from the interchange of thoughts, especially with Goethe, on the difference between epic and dramatic form.

Körner spent three whole weeks in the most intimate converse with Schiller, and their families felt closely, inseparably linked to each other. Count Gessler, too, a common friend of both, was a most pleasant companion. Cotta and his wife, on their way home from Leipzig Fair, paid them a visit. He was to publish the *Almanach*, but, to avoid delay, it should be printed at Jena and sent out from that place. Meanwhile among the *Xenien*, most of them sarcastic enough, some tender and serious ones had been produced, and these, if put in the *Almanach*, would make its value a lasting one. Körner was charmed with this motley throng of epigrams, admiring their dignity and their apt humour. Goethe came, according to promise, directly he could escape from work, to finish the last book of his romance in his favourite room at the old castle

And then the four friends had many a spirited discussion upon life, or literature, or art. In these the ladies joined also, and Dora Stock, so clever with her brush, amused every one by her skill at repartee. Another great source of interest was the children; one of them, hereafter the soldier-poet, Theodor Körner, was then just five years old. Körner now grew far more intimate with Goethe, who showed all the sweetness and kindliness of his nature. When Dora Stock once asked him why he urged Gessler to marry and did not follow so wise a precept himself, Goethe answered gravely, "I am married, only without a ceremony." He would gladly have brought Schiller and his friends to form an unprejudiced judgment of his connection with Christiane Vulpius, but Schiller took Lotte's view of the whole affair. His antipathy for Christiane was carried so far, that in his letters to Goethe, when he could not help alluding to her, he simply put a dash, or spoke of Goethe's "house." A kind invitation to let his Karl come to him, he politely declined. Schlegel was now at Jena, and often took part in the conversations. The two poets looked upon a man of such knowledge and taste, their valued fellow-worker in the *Horen*, as an ally, though Goethe was in doubt about his democratic leanings. The latter was already turning out some exquisite pieces for the *Almanach*, while Schiller could not rightly get into the poetic mood. His fears for Lotte's health were lessened on knowing that he was to taste for a second time the joys of fatherhood. But then there came sad and grievous news from home. His mother felt utterly miserable; his father's condition would not improve; and Louise's illness made them dread the worst. It deeply pained him that he could do no more than help with money and induce Reinwald not to call Christophine away; all the while he had to hide this sorrow from his friend, lest it should mar the pleasure of their social intercourse.

After Körner's departure, Goethe stayed nearly three weeks longer, during which he composed several things for the *Almanach*. Schiller felt much better, and on fine days he could go out walking. He had had a standing-desk made for him, so as to spare his chest. Fortunately he soon received more

comforting accounts of his kinsfolk, but Lotte's approaching confinement filled him with anxious fear. The *Almanach* ought to be in the printer's hands soon; and he bestirred himself to finish it. After writing a good many more serious *Xenien*, he began that glorious *Plaint of Ceres*, which, suggested by Goethe's observations on the influence of light upon the forms and colours of plants, received a poetic transfiguration from his own tender melancholy mood. The *Almanach* and a searching critical estimate of the eighth book of *Wilhelm Meister* occupied the whole of his time; the story had taken such a hold of him, that he wrote to Körner, he was but a poetic dwarf to Goethe. He was specially charmed by Mignon's song, "So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde." He wished to make his review of the work his real business for a time, as the *Almanach* was quite sufficiently provided for. The arranging of the *Xenien*, however, entailed much labour.

When Lotte had on July 11th been safely delivered of a son, courage and hope came back to Schiller's heart. The godfathers chosen were Count Schimmelmänn (after whom the child was named Ernst), Voigt, and Paulus; the godmothers, the Countess, Frau von Kalb, landlady Grieszbach, Körner's wife, and Schiller's mother. The second name—Friedrich—was taken from Schiller himself, that of Wilhelm, no doubt, from the hero of Goethe's romance. Schiller had hardly liked to invite his author-friend to the christening, but hinted that Frau von Kalb was surprised not to see him there. He would have walked in without waiting to be asked, rejoined Goethe, but these ceremonies were really too much for him. He came soon after and stayed some days, when they talked of the *Almanach* in which the *Xenien* were to appear, and of Schiller's comments upon *Wilhelm Meister*. Political affairs, which he had always gladly avoided, now began to disquiet him in earnest, now that his native land was overrun by the French, and even Thuringia seemed threatened. Communication with Suabia was wholly interrupted.

At this time W. Schlegel brought his newly-wedded wife to Jena; they immediately called on Schiller. Caroline Schlegel, then in her thirtieth year, had already been much

talked about. She was the daughter of the Oriental scholar J. D. Michaelis of Göttingen. On the early death of her first husband, Böhmer, at Nausthal, she had gone to Mainz, where Theresè Heyne, a friend of her girlish days, was now the wife of Georg Foster. She shared his republican views and zealously worked for them ; but having left the city when it was besieged by the Allies, she was taken prisoner and not set at liberty for three months. Schlegel, who had known her from the Göttingen days, and had always remained her friend, accompanied her to Leipzig, leaving her near there, under the care of his younger brother Friedrich. Soon after this she joined her mother, who had removed to Brunswick. Here came Schlegel, too, not without views upon Ebert's vacant chair at the Carolinum, though he was still more attracted by the Jena professorship, of which Schiller gave hints. The marriage took place on July 6th, and three days after, Schlegel brought Caroline to his home at Jena. This agreeable, quick-witted, but self-willed and artful woman thought Schiller handsomer than she had imagined him ; she appeared exceedingly friendly, but he did not altogether trust her. Only twelve days later he wrote that one could associate pleasantly with Schlegel's wife, who had great powers of conversation, but the question was whether a longer acquaintance, especially if it ripened into intimacy, would not reveal some thorn.

Directly after, there came Schiller's sister-in-law with her new husband, his old friend Legationsrath von Wolzogen, who had thrown up his situation in Würtemberg, and was looking out for another in Thuringia. At the same time Friedrich Schlegel, now in his twenty-fifth year, and "crisp, and curled inside and out," as his sister-in-law expressed it, felt drawn to Jena, where he hoped to be on pleasant terms with Schiller. Caroline had exerted such a sobering influence on him, that he felt himself a changed man. He then resolved to abandon the study of law, to which his parents had constrained him, and devote himself to antiquities and art. With that view he went and settled at Dresden, where Schiller found him at Körner's house. He attached himself to the latter, as the intimate friend of his revered Schiller. Körner offered the

poet some articles by Friedrich for the *Thalia*, but they were condemned as too crude. Yet in a letter of June 12th, Schiller asked if young Schlegel had anything available for the *Horen*. Körner spoke warmly in his praise, but Schiller after reading an article of his in the *Mercur* on the limits of the Beautiful, was afraid he had no gift as a writer, for he lacked clearness and ease of expression. Schlegel now wrote in his own behoof, but Schiller felt a good deal hurt at a cutting notice of his *Almanach* which appeared under Schlegel's name in *Deutschland*, Reichardt's paper. Shortly before he came to Jena he sent Schiller an essay on Alexander and Cæsar, which to himself seemed highly valuable, and whose acceptance he confidently reckoned on. But though Schiller was pleased with him personally, and thought he promised much for the future, and though Körner and Wilhelm interceded, he went so far as to disoblige the sharp critic, whose connection with Reichardt nettled him, by rejecting the slashing onslaught upon Cæsar, which had more merit than many things in the *Horen*. Then again, in the *Xenien*, he came down bitterly on Schlegel's self-appreciation, and on his Græcomania, which, as Schiller thought, kept him from rightly understanding or valuing the Greeks. By the coming and settling of Caroline von Beulwitz and her husband, Schiller gained a welcome addition to his family circle. They were both highly cultivated, Caroline even poetically gifted, but her precarious position hindered her from ever getting to feel quite at her ease. Frau Schlegel found the talented Caroline tedious, while the latter looked upon her as a snake.

At length communication with Suabia, about which country the most disquieting rumours had prevailed, was once more declared open. Then Schiller heard how Solitude had been surprised by a band of soldiers, who carried off everything they could find, seizing the snuff-box and silver buckles of his sick father. What grieved him more deeply was to know that his parent lay in agonising pain, longing for death. At this time Schiller wrote *The Votive Tablets*, those glorious apophthegms in which, to use Goethe's phrase, the great relations of human nature are set forth with such nobility, freedom, and bold-

ness. Luckily the outbreak of war in Italy had delayed Goethe's departure for that land of the fine arts; and on the 18th he came to spend a few weeks at Jena. During this visit they finished printing those satirical epigrams chosen as *Xenien* for the close of the *Almanach*. Cleverly as Schiller had succeeded in arranging them as a whole, he may have felt a tinge of reluctance at flinging abroad these pungent couplets which would set half the world in arms against his *Almanach*. But he and his noble comrade, Germany's greatest poet, were fighting a good fight, to the annihilation of well-meaning, mutually deferential mediocrity, and to the setting up of high thoroughness in life, in science, in art. The evenings which Goethe spent at Schiller's with Wolzogen and his wife were full of interest and delight. There was much talk with Wolzogen about architecture, much sketching of moonlight landscapes; but what lent those evenings their greatest charm was Goethe's readings from his newly-begun poem, *Hermann und Dorothea*.

The printing of the *Almanach* was just completed, when on the 19th (the house then full of guests) there came the tidings of his father's death, which had taken place twelve days before. What trouble and anxiety Fritz had given the good old man, who with such energy and uprightness had walked through a life beset with thorns! What a crushing blow, this, to his dear mother, whose days had been one chain of endless trouble and care! How terrible for Schiller the thought that he never could do aught again for him who was gone, never again cause him pleasure, not even by the most finely-wrought masterpiece, nor by the most brilliant poetic fame! He at once sent his mother a letter full of tender sympathy. "You, dearest mother," he wrote, "must now choose your lot entirely for yourself, and let no anxiety influence you in the choice. Ask yourself where you would like best to live,—here, at my house, or at Christophine's, or at home with Louise. Whichever way your choice may fall, we will provide the means. . . . Best of mothers, anything you need for an easy life shall be yours; henceforth it is *my* care that no care oppress you more. After so many grievous

trials, the evening of your life ought to be made bright, or at any rate, peaceful, and I hope that you are yet to enjoy many a happy day in the bosom of your children and grandchildren. . . . I wish my good Louise much joy of her happy outlook with the brave young man [Vicarius Frankh] who offers her his hand, and whose generous behaviour by the sick bed of our father shows his good feeling. A thousand times let her commend me to him as my future brother-in-law, and assure him beforehand of my friendship and my heart's devotion." He begged his brother-in-law Reinwald, who had long been looking impatiently for his sick wife's return, to let her remain yet a little while at her mother's side. Goethe showed himself most kind to Schiller in this time of bereavement, and remained at Jena beyond the time he had fixed. Writing to Voigt on the 30th, to excuse his absence to the Duke, he says: "I dare say I shall be here some time longer; I have not the heart to leave poor Schiller in the state he is in. His father died lately, and his youngest boy seems as if he would soon be taken from them. He bears all with unshaken spirit, but his bodily ailments break out the more fiercely, and I fear much that this crisis will excessively weaken him, all the more because now, as ever, he cannot be induced to go out; so that he never sees society, and, in return, few people visit him. I tell you this in confidence, as I don't exactly care to speak openly of this state of things."

By October 4th he thought he might leave him. The distribution of the *Almanach*, which Schiller had taken upon himself, gave him a great deal of trouble: the first delivery was packed in his own house. Not before the middle of the month was he altogether rid of the tiresome job. At Jena Frau Schlegel had managed to get sight of the proof-sheets. Though she was treated as a guest by Schiller, she still bore him a secret grudge; so did her brother-in-law, who in Reichardt's *Deutschland* kept making spiteful allusion to the *Horen*, which had rejected his article. To be sure, he was liberally rewarded for this in the *Xenien*. The satire levelled at him did not escape Frau Schlegel's notice; and it increased her dislike of these couplets that were now putting all the literary world in

a ferment. And so she vented her wrath upon Schiller, trying, like Friedrich, to patronise him, by admitting that perhaps he had some sort of talent, but no genius. Five-sixths of the *Xenien* were by him, she said, for Goethe had only written the good-humoured inoffensive ones, and thus Schiller should alone smart for it; one could touch him at all points, and he was very sensitive.

With great gusto Schiller on the 22d began working at his *Wallenstein* again, which he had promised Cotta for the following summer. Yet he was hindered from making advance with it. Parting with Goethe was more painful than ever. On November 1st Humboldt at last came back with his family to stop at Jena till the spring; and it was delightful for Schiller to have this friend with him. The fears about his infant son had passed, and he was reassured as to his mother's position. She had pretty apartments in the Castle of Leonberg, placed at her service, and *pro tem.* a gratuity of 75 gulden from the Duke: a fixed pension lay in prospect. The good woman was beside herself with joy at the 30 gulden per quarter set aside for her by her son: only under absolute necessity would she avail herself of it. But if Schiller was soothed for the moment, the strong excitement of the preceding months had set his nerves upon the stretch. He was watching for attacks upon the *Xenien*. True, he thought it "worth a great deal to win this triumph over revilers and enviers," viz. that in the beginning of December a new edition of the *Almanach* should be called for. Schiller had the second one, of 500 copies, rapidly printed at Jena on fine paper, and Cotta prepared a third one at Tübingen in January. But the poet felt it a point of honour now to keep up the *Horen* too: if the sale fell off, they must lower the fees to contributors: for the last numbers of the year, on which orders for the new year would greatly depend, it was important to secure attractive matter; and happily there was no lack of that. He could not help being peculiarly affected by a letter from the Countess Schimmelmänn who could not entirely hide her dislike of the *Xenien*, which in Copenhagen had infuriated every one. And she particularly regretted Schiller's connection with Goethe.

It is true the authors had not spared Schiller's benefactor Baggesen, and they had hit the two Stolbergs hard, but it was their principle to combat all mistaken tendencies without respect of persons. On the 25th Schiller received from Hamburg the final remittance of his Copenhagen pension in the shape of ten ducats. Though he felt rather humiliated, he hastened to reply in a friendly tone and especially to set before the Countess a truer estimate of Goethe; Lotte also added words in praise of their noble friend.

The materials of his *Wallenstein* were still in their crude form; they would not fit into the narrow limits of one drama. But Schiller felt himself a match for them notwithstanding. He already ventured to fix with Cotta the number of the sheets, and was going to send him a picture of Nemesis for the vignette to symbolise the central point of the drama. His frequent ill health could only disturb, not hinder him. As soon as he had obtained a sure view of the action, without waiting to complete the plot, he proceeded to fill in the first act, which on Humboldt's advice he wrote in prose, as being more convenient for actors and more pleasing to spectators. This act, the longest of all, he hoped to finish in three weeks.

Of all the coarse and scurrilous attacks made upon the *Xenien*, none were so painful to Schiller as those aimed at Goethe's "natural" marriage. The latter met these rude efforts to soil his good name with that beautiful elegy prefixed to his *Hermann und Dorothea*, with which he wished to begin the New Year's number of the *Horen*. Schiller did not want it to be published then, for the piece, he thought, would fall upon a time ill fitted for its good reception. He feared perhaps that the express mention in it of Goethe's "wife" and "boy" might provoke fresh sallies of abuse. Personally, he was most offended at Reichardt's language in the *Deutschland*, where he expressed "his hearty contempt for Schiller's mean and disreputable conduct," a contempt the more unmixed as *his* "literary powers and efforts" by no means stood in the same rank with that true genius (Goethe), which, though stained by immorality, had still some title to respect. If Schiller could not name the author of his calumnies or prove

his accusations, he was to be held devoid of honour. Schiller at once wrote to Goethe (it was Christmas day) that they must foil this manœuvre of dividing them by showing a united front, and he enclosed his sketch of a reply. If Goethe would do something too, so much the better. But Goethe was about to start for Leipzig in two days with the Duke, and he managed adroitly to shirk the "swift decisive retort" demanded by Schiller. He considered the reply sent for his inspection too serious, too good-natured: it ought to be as æsthetic as possible, "a rhetorical, forensic," sophistic piece of raillery, recalling by its freedom and calm survey of the case, the *Xenien* themselves. Instead of descending to an arena convenient for the antagonist, as Schiller was doing, they should avail themselves of the shifts and the evasions that lay so ready to their hands, to demand of the editor that he should give his name in his journals and print copies of the poems in dispute. Thus they would harass the enemy exceedingly and find occasion to ridicule him; the matter would turn to merriment and time would be gained. Occasionally some fresh opponent might start up, whom they could lash in passing; the public would grow indifferent, and they would get advantage in every way. On the journey he would be sure to find the time and the mood for such a composition; besides, he wished to consult some friends about it. And Schiller felt this might content him for the moment.

The closing year had a special pleasure in store for him. The appointment of his brother-in-law Wolzogen as privy councillor at Weimar was, after long suspense, decided upon through the intervention of Goethe and Voigt. He was also delighted at the great success of his sister-in-law's novel *Agnes von Lilien*. Even Caroline Schlegel, who piqued herself on her sagacity, declared, like many others, that it was by Goethe, and even he had never created so pure and perfect a female character before. Its continuation was, to the no small advantage of the *Horen*, looked forward to with general impatience.

Even in the bad days of January, Schiller could keep at work upon the *Wallenstein*, much as he pined for clearer air and freer movement. After giving up his plan of going to

Weimar in the spring, he determined to buy the garden of the deceased Professor Schmidt, pleasantly and healthily placed on a height overlooking the Leutra between the Engelgatterthor and the Neuthor. The small house in it, with some little alterations, would serve as a residence, even in winter. But the affair was delayed. Before he could go on with the *Wallenstein*, at which he had toiled unintermittingly, the play had to pass through another severe crisis in its plot. He had written to Cotta on the 1st, that the book must be printed at Jena, by which he would gain three or four weeks. The whole, including a dramatic Prelude, would fill fifteen sheets. He asked the same payment as for the *Horen*, six louis d'or per sheet. Cotta consented to everything without hesitation, but the work of composition would not advance. On the 22d came Goethe, on a visit to Jena. Alexander von Humboldt was spending the winter there with his younger brother. Goethe said of him that his deep knowledge of all natural things would of itself suffice to fill with interest a whole period of one's life. Schiller treated him in the friendliest way, but never got very near to him; he thought there was something vehement and bitter about him, while the great natural philosopher recognised the poet's worth.

As Goethe during his stay at Jena nearly finished *Hermann und Dorothea*, and also talked over with his friend the plot of a new epic poem, their evening conversations often led them to the nature of this kind of poetry and of its opposite, the dramatic; in these talks Humboldt, then at work on a translation of Æschylus's *Agamemnon*, took a lively part. Schiller now read Sophocles and Shakspeare, whose *Julius Cæsar* Wilhelm Schlegel was translating. The deeper insight he then gained into the nature of dramatic art, suggested many modifications in the plot of his *Wallenstein*, though without shaking its foundation. The next *Almanach* was discussed, and Goethe held out a prospect of some ballads for it. The *Hero and Leander*, begun the year before, he had laid aside; those that now floated in his mind were the *Magician's Apprentice* and the *Bride of Corinth*. The excitement about the attacks on the *Xenien*, over which Wieland and Nicolai had also maundered

after their manner, had now subsided ; even Reichardt was not honoured with a reply. Several visits from relatives divided the poet's attention.

The solitude into which Schiller saw himself plunged at the beginning of April gave him opportunity to think out his *Wallenstein*. Having at this time unexpectedly received a diploma from the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, he was glad to find himself "extending his roots, and his own existence having influence upon others." The remembrance of the hours passed with Goethe did his heart good. He writes to him : "Fare you right well, my friend, growing ever dearer to me. I am still surrounded by the fair spirits you have left behind you, and hope to get better and better acquainted with them." In his garden, the purchase of which was at length concluded, he hoped soon to make up for the delays of the last three months. Deep researches on the difference between epic and dramatic poetry were carried on by letter with Goethe, who put together a little treatise out of them and begged Schiller still further to work out a subject, now both theoretically and practically the most important for each of them.

When Humboldt left Jena to go to Italy for a couple of years, Schiller wrote despondingly to Goethe. "Here, then, is another connection that must be regarded as closed : two years, so differently spent, cannot but alter much *in* us, and therefore *between* us." Alas ! the preliminary peace just then concluded, for which Schiller was heartily thankful, threatened also to rob him for a considerable time of his Weimar friend and brother in art. It was not until May 2d that Schiller took possession of his garden. Tired with the work of moving, he wrote the same evening to Goethe :—"A lovely landscape lies around me ; the sun goes kindly down ; the nightingales warble. Everything about me cheers, and the first evening on my own freehold is of the happiest omen. . . . To-morrow I hope to set to work [on *Wallenstein*] with real zest, and keep to it." At the same time he was thinking of a ballad for the *Almanach*, and for that purpose wished to see the libretto of *Don Juan*. The next day he asked for the German translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which Goethe had spoken of with so high

esteem; he was so gratified with it that he wanted to get the book for himself. In his new quarters he felt remarkably well, pacing the garden by the hour, even in wind and rain. To be sure the inclement weather robbed him of the real charm of a country residence. Goethe, ever since the peace opened to him the prospect of Italy, had felt himself in a wonderfully clear frame of mind. "Let us," he wrote to his one friend, "let us, as long as we remain together, be bringing our duality more and more into unison, and then even a long separation can in no way harm our mutual relationship." He had in his mind Schiller's expression on being parted from Humboldt.

At length on May 20th he came over to stay some time. Again the evenings were mostly spent at Schiller's house, who the first few days was a good deal disturbed by visitors. While he composed some things for the *Almanach*, Schiller was finishing the rhymed prologue to his play, *i.e.* *Wallenstein's Camp*, which was afterwards made half as long again. Goethe was greatly pleased with it when Schiller read it out to him on the 27th.

The way in which Friedrich Schlegel kept falling foul of the *Horen*, specially twitting it with dealing so largely in translation, had so exasperated Schiller, that on the 31st, in writing to the elder brother Wilhelm, then just returned from a journey to Dresden, he enclosed the small arrears due to him for literary work, and broke off all friendly connection with him. "It has been a pleasure to me," he wrote, "by inserting your translations from Dante and Shakspeare, to give you the opportunity of earning a remuneration (30 thalers a sheet) that is not to be had everywhere. But as I cannot help knowing that at the very time when I am procuring you this benefit, Herr Fr. Schlegel censures me for it, and finds too many translations in the *Horen*, you will for the future excuse me. And once for all, to relieve you from a position that cannot but be irksome to a candid disposition and delicate sentiments, allow me to break off entirely a connection that under the circumstances is really too painful, and has already too often exposed my confidence to misconstruction."

Wilhelm, not a little astonished, replied that he himself disapproved his brother's conduct, and would have wished him to leave the ridicule of the *Xenien* unanswered. The report circulated by Woltmann that his wife had had a hand in reviewing the *Horen*, was a slander. He himself had never abused Schiller's confidence, nor acted inconsistently with a due sense of gratitude. But to his request that he might be allowed in person to prove his innocence Schiller could not consent, as he knew that his wife's sharp tongue (whom he used to call Dame Lucifer, or Mischief) did not spare him or his house, and that she was in league with her brother-in-law against him. It is true she had added a postscript, declaring she had not seen that review yet, and did not mix herself up in such complicated affairs; nay, she gave an assurance of her sincere love and respect, her honest and unalterable sentiments. But Schiller was not to be misled by this. He answered: "Considering the strong reasons for dissatisfaction that your brother has given, and still continues to give me, mutual trust cannot subsist between you and me. A connection rendered impossible by a natural combination of circumstances will not be kept up with the best of wills. In my narrow circle of acquaintance there must be full security and unlimited confidence; and this, after what has happened, cannot have place in our connection. Better, then, that we dissolve it; it is an unpleasant necessity to which we, both blameless as I hope, must give way. This I owe to myself, for no one can comprehend how I can be at once the friend of your house and the object of your brother's insults. Assure Frau Schlegel that I have never taken any heed of the silly report that she was the author of that review, and that I consider her quite too sensible to mix herself up with such matters." Caroline felt the sting, and the sternness with which Schiller exercised his domestic right.

The *Prologue* finished, he turned to his *Almanach*, for which he wrote a few shorter poems. On June 5th he began his first ballad, *The Diver*, not completing it until the 14th. In those beautiful summer evenings he had many deep talks with Goethe. This friend carried on what slight communica-

tion there was with Wilhelm Schlegel, whose treatise on *Romeo and Juliet* he obtained for the *Horen*, and discussed with the author such amendments as seemed needful. He also asked him for contributions to the *Almanach*. Besides Goethe and Herder, Schlegel was the only one who received money for his poems.

After Goethe's departure Schiller wrote *The Glove*, and *The Ring of Polycrates*; he busied himself also with Vieilleville's Memoirs, which Wolzogen was to work up for the *Horen*. Fortunately his brother-in-law dissuaded him from at once beginning fresh buildings in the garden. Though again suffering from spasms, he could still occasionally devote himself to the *Almanach*, which offered a wholesome change of occupation. Many contributions were sent in for it, and for the *Horen*, that taxed his critical taste. Empty poems he often made tolerable by a stroke of the pen through several stanzas.

As Wilhelm Schlegel all this time had sent him nothing for the *Almanach*, he wrote asking him to do so. And now he himself ventured to work out a long-cherished idea; it was the *Bell-Founder's Song*, intended for music. But little advance was made with this ere he felt drawn to Weimar, to enjoy all he could of Goethe's society before his departure to Italy, and to read his latest writings to the Duchess and Frau von Stein. Indeed, Schiller was always wishful to live at Weimar, close to his great friend, to the theatre, his relations, and the Court. But unhappily the Duke had so little confidence in Schiller's capacity to direct the theatre, that when Goethe proposed his appointment during his own absence, he received an emphatic refusal. The Duchess listened delightedly to his reading of the *Prologue* and the Ballads. The friends associated much with Hirt, who had been invited from Rome to Berlin, and was deeply versed in the plastic art of the ancients; also with Böttiger, by whose literary and antiquarian lore they could profit. Goethe left with his friend the materials for a ballad, *The Cranes of Ibycus*; it should be the talisman of their long separation. This delightful week brought them much closer to each other. Goethe's influence on Schiller betrays itself in

the expressions used by the latter, writing from Jena : " I may well hope that we shall gradually get to see alike in everything of which an account can be given, and that in what by its very nature passes comprehension we shall remain united by feeling. The noblest and fruitfulest way I can utilise our mutual communications, and make them my own, is to apply them at once to the tasks of the time being, and turn them to immediate profit. . . . And so I hope that my *Wallenstein*, and anything I may produce hereafter of importance, is destined to exhibit and preserve *in concreto* the whole range of what has passed into my nature during our *commercium*. . . . I shall now strive first of all to get those songs done for the *Almanach*, as the composers [Zumsteeg and Zelter] are so urgent ; then try my luck on the *Cranes*, and with September return to tragedy." How gladly he would have kept Goethe back, he dared not betray to the friend, who was longing for Italy, for it would have damped his pleasure. But in a letter to Meyer Schiller frankly declared that Goethe, at the height he had now reached, ought rather to think of bringing into full view the beauty of form he had realised, than of going in quest of new material ; he ought now to live entirely for the practice of poetry ; whatever he might gain in Italy for certain objects was so much lost to his highest and ultimate end.

While Goethe's departure was delayed till July 30th, Schiller had his hands full with editing the *Almanach* and the *Horen*, as well as an edition of *Agnes von Lilien* which Unger of Berlin had undertaken. He also wrote a new mediæval ballad, *Knight Toggenburg*. With August began the printing of the *Almanach*, but during the next six weeks he fell ill again, suffering more perhaps than ever before. He could not succeed with the *Songs* he had planned writing, but on the other hand he put all his powers into *The Cranes of Ibycus*, about which Goethe was often consulted. These letters of his friend were infinitely cheering to him in his loneliness ; and they were the more welcome when from time to time they contained lyrics which should enrich the forthcoming *Almanach*. He was glad, too, that Goethe and Cotta had grown more intimate ; this might probably lead to a business

connection. At length, in mid-September, though his cough never left him, Schiller felt a return of life and vigour. Then, just before the *Almanach* was finished, there came into his hands a highly-promising legendary theme, which with astonishing facility, considering the kind was quite new to him, he worked up into his *Walk to the Iron Foundry*. This time the strongest things in the *Almanach* would be ballads by the two allied poets. *Oberon's Golden Wedding*, in which Goethe had ridiculed some false tendencies of the time, Schiller, from a love of peace, left out.

When the *Almanach* was complete he turned again to *Wallenstein*, and was delighted to find that he had converted the historical material into a purely tragic fable, whose action hurried with a continuous and increasingly rapid movement to its end. There was a baldness about some of the scenes already written out which he hoped to remove, but he feared that the play could not be finished until the end of May. He felt infinitely cheered by Goethe's resolution to return to Weimar before winter. Schiller himself thought of spending some time there and attending the theatre. Before the month was out he had moved into the town. He was unspeakably charmed with Goethe's *Epos*, and he determined to write *Wallenstein* in blank verse. On November 4th he began recasting the scenes previously done in prose, and now, thanks to the poetic form, things began to wear quite another look.

On the 20th Goethe and Meyer halted at Jena for a couple of hours on their way home. Schiller promised to come with the opening year to Weimar, where he hoped to pass an entertaining and instructive winter with Goethe, who had brought home from his travels such a store of new ideas and objects of art. In particular they would try and effect something for the theatre, even if nobody grew the wiser by it but themselves. Before this, Schiller had offered to supply Unger, the Berlin publisher, with a *Theater-Kalender*, which should concern itself with everything that theoretically or practically pertained to dramatic and theatric art. But his fluctuating health, the cramped lodgings to which he was going at Weimar, and above all the *Wallenstein* work, which

demanding solitary seclusion, kept him back at Jena. And there Goethe meant to visit him at the beginning of the year, for at Weimar he could not get his thoughts settled and his powers collected. Schiller writes to him, December 8th: "Happily my infirm health does not affect my [mental] mood; what it does is this, that when I throw my soul into anything, it exhausts me sooner and deranges my system. Hence I usually have to pay for one day of happy attunement with five or six of oppression and suffering." But nothing could daunt his cheerful courage; he still hoped to see *Wallenstein* played the next summer, and immediately after he would go on with his *Knights*. About the love-scenes indeed he had strong misgivings when he thought of the theatric destination of the piece; for love, such as it had to appear there, was anything but theatrical. When immediately after this a severe attack made him for some time incapable of all strenuous effort, he employed the leisure left him from the editing of the *Horen* in revising his *Ghostseer* for a new edition. It was only at the end of the year that, in spite of the terrible weather afflicting him, he went back to *Wallenstein*.

On New-Year's Day 1798 it was a great joy to him to see the first two acts lying before him, copied fair in another's handwriting. "It is clear as day to me," he tells Goethe on January 5, "that I have gone beyond myself; and this is the fruit of our intercourse. For nothing but frequent and continuous converse with a nature so objective and opposite to mine, together with my own vehement yearning after it and the accompanying effort to look upon it and think it, could have enabled me so to widen out my subjective limits. I find that the clearness, the thoughtfulness which is the fruit of a later period, has cost me none of the warmth of an earlier." If he had succeeded, which he did not at all doubt, in winning the favour of the public by his dramas, he would like for once "to do something regularly bad," and bring, as he had once intended, his *Julian the Apostate* on the stage. The plan of giving up the *Horen*, which Cotta pressed upon him, pleased him well; it would set him free from many teasing cares, and

he could then devote himself entirely to his drama. Goethe delayed his coming, but letters passed the brisker between them, especially as the Weimar poet had now won Schiller's sympathy for his experiments in natural science. When half the month was gone, and just as his *Wallenstein* was in excellent train, the poet was taken with a violent sore throat, then going the round of the house. "How I shall thank Heaven," he writes to Körner, "when this *Wallenstein* is off my hands and clear of my desk! It is a [very] sea to be drunk up, and many a time I do not see to the end of it. Had I ten weeks of uninterrupted health it would be done." But soon his better mood set in again. On the 26th he notified to Goethe: "I have just signed in due form the death-warrant of the three goddesses Eunomia, Diké, and Irené [the *Horen*]. Dedicate to these noble Dead a pious Christian tear; but condolence is forbidden." He had just sent Cotta a manifesto on the cessation of the *Horen*, which that publisher should make use of in a circular on the subject addressed to the trade. February, alas! brought back the catarrhal complaint and spasms, which unfitted him for any exertion, and made him the more impatient, as inquiries for *Wallenstein* began to pour in upon him from without. Schröder, it appeared, was willing to play the part of the hero upon the Weimar boards, and the Berlin theatre offered to pay any sum in order to get the piece before it was printed. With characteristic strength of will, Schiller gathered his powers together. By the end of February he was already "in the deepest vortex of the action," and the *dénouement* of the last act. The fine days that followed drew him for the first time out into the air, which did him good. A vehement longing seized him for his garden residence; he was already planning buildings to be set up there, a nice bath in one of the summer-houses, a pavilion and the addition of a new storey to the house from which (for there he meant to live himself) he would have a lovely view of the Leutra valley. He had already had a commodious kitchen built, the autumn before, on the site of the northern summer-house. To pay for the new buildings he begged Cotta to advance him 500

thalers at the beginning of April. "But to get our account perfectly balanced this year," so he wrote on March 5th, "as soon as *Wallenstein* and the new *Musen Almanach* are done with, I shall immediately set about the revision of *Fiesco*, the *Robbers*, and *Plot and Passion*. The *Wallenstein* itself will, as far as I am able to judge at present, take up nearly twenty sheets." An edition of his *Dramatic Works* in which the youthful plays were to be newly worked up, was what he had promised to Cotta long before. At this time also there fell to him, if somewhat late in the day, two tokens of honour. Campe, on behalf of the French Government, sent him the Citizen Franchise, which had been issued actually by Roland, and transmitted to Custine to be forwarded, but had lain at Strasburg ever since. The Coburg Government had just issued its Rescript (withheld by it for two years and now extorted by the Duke of Weimar) touching the nomination of Schiller as honorary professor in ordinary, which Meiningen, Gotha, and Weimar had granted long before; so now at last the senate was able to send him the diploma. The Patent of Citizenship he at the Duke's request presented to the Weimar library. He now had himself entered in the directory as a citizen of the French Republic.

Three-fourths of *Wallenstein* were complete when Goethe at length came to Jena on March 20th, and stayed until April 6th. He thought the three acts excellent, in some passages astonishing, only he saw no possibility of confining them within stage limits. The chief subject of conversation was the Disquisitions on Art and Science, which Goethe was going to bring out jointly with Meyer, and in which Schiller also had a share assigned to him. Friedrich Schlegel was away at Berlin, and his brother was soon to set out for Dresden. Goethe, while yet at Weimar, had written to Schiller, that when he came over, he would propose to him to see Wilhelm Schlegel twice or thrice before he started, lest in displeasure he should withhold his contributions from the *Almanach*. He now asked if Schiller was still bent on keeping him under the ban. As he himself had to see both Schlegel and the painter Tischbein, who wished to call upon Schiller, he would like to know, for

he was expected to act as mediator. There would be a capital opportunity now, if Schlegel were to call with Tischbein; as he would be away all the summer, no intrusiveness need be dreaded from him. But Schiller, who looked for no good thing at the hands of Schlegel, or of the wife that ruled him, did not care, for the sake of a few articles in the *Almanach*, to renew the acquaintanceship. Both he and Lotte had long felt a hearty dislike to the two brothers, whom he thought devoid of right feeling.

After Goethe's departure, Schiller was going to bend all his powers to the *Wallenstein*, in which he now hoped to conquer even the theatrical difficulties. But as early as April 11th he had an attack of catarrhal fever which lasted a fortnight, and brought him so low that he was forced to miss Iffland's "star" performance on the Weimar stage. These would have been a great stimulus to him just now, although in Iffland he did not see an artist of genius. Schröder had far greater qualities as an actor, but he was keeping silence, to Schiller's growing vexation. In vain did Goethe rally him: "You write *Wallenstein*, and Schröder will come." Schiller now would not hear a word of any performance of his play; even if Schröder came, three of the leading characters would be spoiled for want of good actors. Goethe offered no contradiction, as he despaired of the play being madeactable.

In spite of unsettled weather, Schiller moved to his garden on May 7th, hoping there to catch the mood for composition. The pleasant day he spent with Cotta on his way home from Leipzig drew him still nearer to that friend. Cotta's loving care for the poet, whose friendship he regarded as his greatest good fortune, showed itself in the anxiety he felt during a violent thunderstorm that overtook him on his homeward journey, when he pictured to himself the poet in his lonely garden house. He immediately begged Wolzogen to erect in it, at his cost, and as quickly as possible, a lightning conductor constructed on the best principles, "as a sign of his undying gratitude."

On the 20th came Goethe, who, with a brief interruption, remained a month. At the stone table in the arbour there

was many a good and great word exchanged between the notable pair, as Goethe told Eckermann thirty years after. Only when the north wind would blow sometimes on the finest of evenings, scattering the kitchen-smoke all across the garden, it often drove Goethe to despair. Schiller took a lively interest in his friend's *Achilleis*; he also carried on the negotiation with Cotta, which much interested Goethe, concerning his work on Art and Science. He suggested that it be named *The Artist*, but Meyer's title of *Propylæa* was preferred. Humboldt's manuscript work on *Hermann und Dorothea*, which Schiller was to get printed for him, prompted many æsthetic meditations. And in Goethe's *Theory of Colours* and his experiments on Magnetism both Schiller and Lotte took an eager interest. To them indeed he was the most intimate and entertaining of family friends. He undertook with Meyer to design the cover and frontispiece to the *Almanach*. He finished some splendid poems for it during the last days of this visit, while Schiller grew ever more distressed over the *Wallenstein*, which would keep expanding, and changing form. On June 15th he writes in depression to Körner: "One ought to be careful how one ever takes up such a complicated, endless, thankless task as my *Wallenstein*, where the writer has to squander all his poetic resources to put some life into a stubborn material. This labour robs me of all the comfort of my life; it pins me tightly down to one point, and leaves me no chance of taking in other impressions, for I am also haunted by the thought of getting done by a certain time." And now, as a climax, he had once more to put his drama aside, and give attention to the *Almanach*.

This he took up three days after Goethe's departure, yet he could not fall into the proper mood. He had some exquisite pieces of Goethe's, while much that was available had come in from others. From Berlin, Wilhelm Schlegel had sent Goethe a couple of short *Occasional Poems*, with the remark that at any rate they would deserve a place in the *Almanach*. But Schiller thought he could not accept them unless Schlegel sent another contribution, expressly for the *Horen*. "I have met with so little civility at the hands of

that family," he remarked, "that I must really guard against giving them an opportunity of assuming any consequence; the very least I should risk would be, that Frau S. would assure everybody that her husband did not work for the *Almanach*, but that I had pounced upon the two printed poems just to give it a lift." About this time he wrote thanking Humboldt in a highly appreciative tone for the book he had sent, though he did not hide the divergence of their views. "Goethe and I," said he, "have drawn the line between Epic and Dramatic poetry in a simpler way than your method permitted you, and we do not make the difference anything like so great. Thus we cannot allow that Tragedy shades off so much into the Lyric; it is absolutely plastic, like the Epos. Goethe is even of opinion that it stands related to Epopœia as Sculpture does to Painting." In the error that he notices in Humboldt's view, he believes he can trace his own influence. "In fact, our common endeavour to form elementary conceptions in æsthetic things led us to apply the metaphysic of art too immediately to objects, and to handle it as a practical tool, for which it is far from being fitted. This has often happened to myself, as in the case of Bürger, and Matthisson, and especially in my *Horen* articles." So frankly did he confess how far the influence of Goethe's realistic views had carried him.

This friend came back to Jena on July 4th, but only a week had passed when his affairs drew him away again to Weimar. He left his August behind, and the boy often came to play with the children in Schiller's garden. The poet now busied himself with revising *The Ghostseer*, and with editing the *Almanach*, towards which Matthisson had given much, while Herder, in dudgeon with the Dioscuri, held aloof. He was pleased with the contributions of Luise Brachmann, whom Hardenberg had recommended to him, so that he even expressed a desire for her personal acquaintance. On the afternoon of the 11th (it was Ernst's birthday) the little house in the garden was being set straight. He got on very slowly, however, with the building of the new storey, being short of workmen; however, on the 18th he was safe under shelter

again. Unfortunately the spasms returned, but he fought against the suffering, helped in this by the pleasure of seeing his family comfortably housed. He had already had a one-storey pavilion built for himself; on the second floor of the house were one large and two smaller rooms fitted up for him, while Lotte occupied the first floor, and the children and servants lived downstairs. He had in his service the trusty Christine Wezel of Neckarremms, who had come with him from Suabia, her younger sister, and Gottfried Rudolf, his devoted henchman, of whom a life of the poet must needs give grateful mention. On Schiller's death he took service with Cotta, though he could not forget Weimar; and for many years he was employed by the Hereditary Princess. Christine, whom they looked upon as one of the family, died in Lotte's service in 1814.

As he had not even yet achieved anything in the lyrical way, Schiller fell back upon *Wallenstein*, but this also he had soon to lay aside. The printing of the *Almanach* had now begun. The *Athenäum* of the two Schlegels having just come out, their "pert, dictatorial, slashing, one-sided manner," gave Schiller almost physical pain, though a certain earnestness and somewhat deep penetration were not wanting, especially to the younger; merits, as he said, alloyed with many egotistic and repulsive ingredients. In their æsthetic judgments there was a great baldness, barrenness; stress of words, with little of matter. This style, he thought, would retard rather than hasten the advent of a healthy public taste for the good and the right in poetry. Goethe would not give up his sense of the importance of the Schlegels in promoting a purer taste as compared with the common run of soulless critics; however, he reserved what he had to say in their defence for a personal interview. He could not much commend the poem Wilhelm had sent to the *Almanach*; at the same time he hoped to induce him to re-write it. That Schiller might so speed with the *Wallenstein* that the newly-restored theatre could be opened with it, proved, alas! but a futile wish.

At last Schiller felt in the key for lyric-writing. He had

composed his *Hymn on the Power of Fortune*, and was at work upon another poem, when Goethe's arrival, on the evening of July 31st, led him back to *Wallenstein*, and the day before he left (August 15th) he was able to read to him the last two acts. But then work at the *Almanach* once more harassed him, and he now resolved to give it up entirely after the next year. Writing to Körner, he says: "The indifference of the public to lyric poetry, and its cold reception of my *Almanach*, which merited something better, do not make me particularly anxious to continue it; therefore, when *Wallenstein* is done, I shall keep to drama, and in leisure hours carry on critical and theoretical labours." Despite his discontent and the bad weather, which made a sojourn in his rickety garden-house almost intolerable, he produced in the course of three weeks two ballads that again struck a quite original key, the *Fight with the Dragon*, and the *Suretyship*. He also completed his Citizen-song (from the *Eleusinian Feast*). During the same time occurred his house-warming, on a terribly stormy 25th of August, when he was gladdened by a visit from Fichte, with whom he was now desirous to try and keep on at least good-humoured and pleasant terms.

By September 8th he was back at his *Wallenstein*, meaning to utilise the remainder of the mild season for the love-scenes, to which winter supplied no stimulus, seeing that he was not so happily constituted as Jean Paul, who could draw his inspiration from the coffee-pot. His residence in Goethe's house from the 10th to the 15th determined the fate of *Wallenstein*. It was there that he resolved to have the *Prologue* or *Prelude* ready for the opening of the restored theatre in four weeks' time from then, and to cut the drama itself into two parts, which should be ready for performance before the winter was out. For this solution of the Gordian knot, and for what followed out of it, we have to thank Goethe, who kept insisting that what a man wills to do he can do. There was no time to lose, indeed, for the *Prelude*, to stand by itself, had to be considerably enlarged. Goethe did not let him wait for encouragement; he came to Jena himself, where on Michaelmas-day he snatched the *Wallenstein's Camp* from

Schiller's hesitating hand ; ay, and even made him write a *Prologue* bearing upon it for the re-opening of the theatre. And by the 4th of October Schiller actually was able to send this to his friend, then gone back again to Weimar.

The evening before our poet had formed an acquaintance, which sufficiently surprised him, in the person of Johann Baptist Lacher, a young fellow-countryman. Born at Wurzach in 1776, and the son of a needy musician, he had got the notion fixed in his head that Germany, like France, ought to achieve Unity and Civil Equality. Attracted by Fichte's summons, he had hastened in the previous October to Jena, to gather a band of like-minded men, and turn his country upside down. Failing that, he was resolved to commence in the ranks of the French army his training for his future career. Of course the plan came to nothing, though he had the warmest sympathy of Fichte, Herder, and his two compatriots Wieland and Paulus to cheer him on. The contest for a college bursary having gone against him, he was now starting for Paris. Before leaving Jena, where the sale of his chattels had realised fifty gulden in cash, he presented himself as a Suabian wishing to revolutionise Germany, and with an introduction from Paulus, before his favourite poet and countryman, who had "played such bewitching music on his heart's most hidden chords." Lacher himself ten years after related the interview. "A tall, thin but muscular man stood in the middle of the room ; a drab overcoat covered his body, though the shirt-collar was open. Yellow hair, cut short, waved about his high broad forehead ; the eyes are blue, soft, and serious ; the nose somewhat aquiline, with a crease where it joins the forehead ; his countenance is pale ; an extremely fascinating honest mouth ; and the whole man instinct with zeal and kindness." Schiller listened smiling while the young dreamer in innocent, blunt fashion unfolded his plan. The advice, that he should first acquire some knowledge at least of French and of the military profession, he would not accept, even when Schiller hinted at the possibility of providing for his immediate maintenance. As he was determined to set out on the 5th, Schiller invited him to supper the next evening, at which the

strange revolutionary found both the "right amiable" hostess and Professor Niethammer; for Schiller wished to "celebrate a feast of Suabians." Lotte could not help laughing heartily at the simple, frank way in which the patriot, warmed somewhat by wine, recounted to them the story of his life. When he spoke of his former fantastic scheme of rousing the nation to assert itself, to suppress all the minor princes, and bring Germany to unity, and thereby to political independence abroad and prosperity at home, Schiller cried out: "O me! for goodness' sake leave me my poor little garden-house standing!" Nor were more serious warnings wanting on his part; yet they failed to touch the young enthusiast, as noble-hearted as he was wrong-headed, who forgot supper, everything, in the heat of his outpourings. It had grown late, and little Karl was asleep on his father's knee, when Lacher thought of withdrawing. Schiller, light in hand, went with him to the steps, and spoke the parting words, which he never forgot: "Come back to your country some day with your French blouse and your German heart." He introduced him to Cotta, and permitted him to correspond with himself. Writing to Goethe, Schiller speaks of this "quaint original of a politico-moral enthusiast" as a man full of good intention, of great ability, and indomitable physical energy.

At the same time there came to Jena another remarkable Suabian, Schelling, whose recent appointment to the University had been obtained partly with Schiller's help. He immediately called on the poet, and showed towards him great warmth of feeling. Wilhelm Schlegel also was at this time appointed Professor.

The two poets were zealously pushing forward the completion of *Wallenstein's Camp*, and its *Prologue* for their production on the stage. Schiller had appended the latter to his already finished *Almanach*, wherein was announced the publication by Cotta of all three parts of *Wallenstein*, and also of a select, improved, and enlarged collection of the *Poems*. Goethe, with infinite patience and good-humour, directed the rehearsals. Schiller brought Lotte to the dress rehearsal on the 11th, to which several friends came. All were highly

delighted, and Goethe showed the warmest interest, while Schiller was much moved, both by the fine effect of the play and by Goethe's sympathy. On the next night the theatre reopened with the *Prologue* and the *Prelude*; these were followed by the *Corsicans* of the Saxe-Weimar poet Kotzebue. Schiller's box had necessarily been removed during the alterations, and he sat in the open balcony, first by the side of Goethe, and afterwards next the Ducal box. Even Caroline Schlegel was obliged to admit that the acting was excellent, and also that everything was pleasing to the eye. It was truly a triumph for the author of *Don Carlos*, that by his wholly realistic *Prelude* he had led the audience away into Wallenstein's world. Caroline might sneer at will about Goethe's pupil having come out more "Goethesque" than ever, achieving after years of labour what Goethe could have thrown off in an afternoon; her husband might joke about his having sold himself to the Evil One, to play the realist and fend off sentiment. But all Jena, so far as it had any poetic sense, was witness of its poet's triumph. The performance was repeated the next day with great applause. On the 14th Goethe came to Jena for a week; here he finished his report of the opening of the Weimar theatre, and urged the speedy completion of the *Piccolomini*. But the transcription of the play into a "serviceable, intelligible, speakable stage language" went out slowly; and there was much both to add and to alter. Yet Schiller was already thinking of selling *Wallenstein* for translation to Bell, the London publisher; Cotta should offer it to him for £60. He had indeed offered it the year before to the tutor Nöhden, who had already turned *Fiesco* into English jointly with Stoddart; but a prose version of the *Carlos* by the latter had proved anything but satisfactory, and of remuneration not a word had been said. Bell had brought out a translation of *Plot and Passion*, and from him, as the principal publisher of the translations and adaptations of Kotzebue's plays, Cotta was likely to obtain the most acceptable terms.

Not till he had moved into the town again, on November 6th, did Schiller begin the love-scenes which he had kept apart from the political action, and which he had intended to finish

when in the garden-house, inspired by the beauties of Nature about him. Goethe was delighted with the two acts sent to him, and thought the first one almost ready for the stage. On the 11th, he managed to come to Jena for a couple of weeks, and again regularly spent his evenings at Schiller's. During the bad weather Schelling frequently came in for philosophical discussion. And now, to Schiller's joy, even Kotzebue was asking to have the *Wallenstein* plays for the Vienna theatre.

When Goethe was absent, our poet often felt the loneliness and monotony of his life; but he made an honest use of his time, and worked at his play with success. He was resolved to finish the *Piccolomini* by the end of the year. Hearing that most of the theatres were waiting for the publication of the play, before bringing it on the stage, he put off the printing of it, that he might not miss advantageous offers. Pressure from Iffland on the 24th impelled him to summon up all his strength, so that the complete copy, except of one single scene, was sent off that very day. "Hardly another for thirty miles round has spent such a Holy Eve," said he, writing to Goethe, "so baited and so racked with the fear of not getting done." His friend, in joyful surprise, answers: "You will see yourself, when this affair is blown over, what a gain it has been to you. I look upon it as something infinite."

On January 4th, 1799, Schiller went with his family to Weimar for five weeks. Goethe had secured him a small set of rooms in the Castle, which had recently been occupied by the Stuttgart court architect, Thouret. During the winter months, most dangerous to Schiller, he was not entirely exempt from little ailments. Yet the mingling in society and being drawn out of himself were so beneficial, he could live so much more of a human life again, that in those five weeks, when he attended not only the theatre, but the Court and the ball-room, he did more like other men than for years past. Most of his time was spent with Goethe, though visits were paid to Frau von Stein, Frau von Kalb, Herder, Wieland, and Voigt; even with Jean Paul, now settled at Weimar, who had attached himself to Herder, and opposed the ideal tendency of the two

poets, he associated without collision whenever he chanced to meet him in society. Fichte, who had been accused of atheism, sent him his *Appeal to the Public*. Now Schiller himself was on the side of liberty, and so he expressed himself to the Duke on this matter of Fichte; but the latter by his public *Appeal* had placed the Weimar Government in an awkward predicament. The *Piccolomini*, after many reading-lessons given at Goethe's house, followed up by partial, and then by full rehearsals, was at last performed on the Duchess' birthday, the 30th. The Norwegian natural philosopher Steffens, aged twenty-seven, who with the assistance of Count Schimmellmann had come to Jena to confer with Schelling, happened to get a seat next to Schiller, whose personal acquaintance he now made for the first time, having been kept away from the poet by the hostile Schlegel clique. He was neither inspired by the acting nor by the poetry, and must have cut a sorry figure by the side of the poet enjoying his work. As a whole the performance was a brilliant success. The actors, though there was not a genius among them, did their very utmost, and Goethe was richly rewarded for the immense pains he had bestowed on the correct utterance of blank verse, a thing altogether new to them. Yet there were not wanting some censorious voices. It was complained that the action broke off just when you were in suspense for the catastrophe; but the majority of spectators, surrendering their whole soul to the impression, felt that a superior spirit breathed around them. A most beautiful echo of the performance reached the poet in a letter from Fran von Kalb, who gave warm utterance to the impression made upon her soul. He replied: "You found me [in the play]; I am glad of that, for I spoke out my own being all through." The Duke invited both the poets to dinner on February 1st; the chief players, Graff and Vohs, received gratuities from him and the Duchess. A second performance on the 2d of the month went off even better than the first. Schiller thanked Graff by letter for his rendering of the part of Wallenstein, in which it would be hard to find any one to follow him. On the 4th Schiller dined with the Duke in his private room. He returned to

Jena two days after, accompanied by Goethe; he must be quick in finishing the Third Part, for it was to be acted in April. The three weeks that Goethe spent at Jena again yielded evening conversations full of interest; with Schelling and other philosophers Schiller might play l'hombre, but Goethe cared as little as did Körner for such idle pastime. "When you hear Schiller and Goethe talk," says Lotte, "your mind is full of ways of using your days and your life, without the need of idle chat." A report of the *Piccolomini* performance was despatched to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; then *Wallenstein's Death* and the *Theory of Colours* were much discussed. Goethe tried to keep his friend up to the habit acquired at Weimar of going out, and actually got him to dine with him at the Castle several times.

When Schütz's wife sent round a subscription-list for establishing a private theatre, Schiller declared that the sum subscribed ought to be spent on the improvement of the Weimar theatre: amateur performances would only hinder that, without bringing any gain. This was quite in accord with Goethe's feeling: he might let pass little actings at family celebrations, but he had no patience with Dilettantism, even in the histrionic art. When they were getting up theatricals for his friend Loder's birthday, he showed himself quite willing to assist at the general rehearsal, that he might by his comments raise the character of the performance. On this occasion Steffens, in Kotzebue's *Play-Actor against his Will*, had recited two high-flown passages out of Schiller's early dramas in the most ranting style, to turn them to ridicule, when Goethe stepped up to him and said: "Pray choose some other passages; our good friend Schiller we would rather leave out of the play." When the theatricals at Schütz's house were suppressed soon after, by order from Weimar, it raised a feeling against Schiller, who was supposed to have had a hand in it.

During this period he received a letter urgently praying for help from his old landlady Hölzel at Mannheim, whom the bad times had brought into bitter distress. "My Hölz's hoary head appeals to your benevolent heart, and so do I," she wrote

at the end. He immediately sent her a sympathising letter, and an order for five carolines on Cotta, who was to forward the same sum again in September. "Dear friends," he wrote, "in any future trouble turn to me; I will help with heart and hand to the utmost of my power." The good woman's gratitude was touchingly expressed in the words, "I weep at this moment, and you will weep with me in my misery, when I tell you that with your money I was able for the first time to burn a light again of an evening." When they were in trouble again three years after, Schiller obtained for her son Adolf a place as scene-shifter and decorator.

To his friend, who had returned to Weimar, he writes: "I seem to be looking back on days much more distant than they really are; the fact is, the theatre world and my seeing more of society, and our unbroken intercourse have wrought an immense change in my condition, and when once I am rid of this huge *Wallenstein* business, I shall feel myself quite a new being." By the preparations for the hero's murder having a greater amplitude and more theatric prominence given them, *Wallenstein's Death* soon reached the dimensions of the indispensable five acts. When the first two were sent to Goethe, he read them with real interest: one might rest assured of their effect on the stage. Encouraged by this good word, the poet pushed on so rapidly that on March 17th he was able to send the last three acts to his friend, who thought the new motives in them very fine and well-chosen; if Schiller could afterwards diminish somewhat the bulk of the *Piccolomini* (it had once included even the first two acts of the *Death*), the two parts would then be a priceless boon to the German stage; the last part had indeed this great advantage, that it dealt merely with the heart of man, the historical element being only as a thin veil over the purely human.

When Goethe came to Jena again on the 21st, Schiller had already fixed on a new dramatic subject and that a fictitious one, though previously he had forsworn such; it was his old plot of *The Hostile Brothers*. That he might not be disturbed in its execution, he wished this time in place of the *Almanach* to bring out an epic poem, *The Sisters of Lesbos*, by

Frau von Stein's niece, Amalie von Imhoff, in whose endowment as a poet and painter Schiller took a warm interest. Goethe promised an elegy by way of introduction ; just then he was at work on his *Achilleïs*, with the most active sympathy on Schiller's part. In April all three parts of *Wallenstein* were to be given in quick succession. On March 26th the first two acts of the *Death* were sent to the theatre, the other three on the 29th. Goethe came up on April 10th with Schiller, and preliminary rehearsals took up the next few days. Then the three parts were played all in one week, on the Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday (April 15th, 17th, 20th), and the *Death* given again the Monday after. The effect of this last was astonishing, even the least susceptible found themselves carried away ; the play had exceeded all expectations, though ill-wishers like Caroline Schlegel found the magnificent poem wanting in instinct, and its conclusion ineffective, and Herder would have nothing to say to these grand historical dramas, in which he missed the purification of passion. Him Schiller had just then offended by expressing an unfavourable opinion (so he was informed) of the crusade he had opened in the *Meta-kritik* against Kant. The performance of *Wallenstein's Death* was the first complete triumph of a dramatist who had ripened to such perfection in his art that he had in truth, despite Dame Lucifer's cheap mockery, made for himself an immortal name. After the splendid success of this historical drama, Schiller at once decided to drop his fictitious theme ; he resolved to follow up the *Wallenstein* with a *Mary Stuart*, a subject he had proposed to himself many years before. On the 25th he quitted Weimar, where the ceaseless chatter about his play had at last bored him, and returned to Jena.

CHAPTER III.

APRIL 1799 TO MARCH 1804.

KNOWING now what he could do, on ground that he had conquered, Schiller strode from victory to victory. Four great dramas, each worked on a different pattern, placed among a different people, in a different century, and all illumined by his lofty spirit, were accomplished, though not without intervals between, as the adaptation of several foreign plays had to serve him for rest and re-invigoration, and the lyric vein, too, yielded now and then some glorious songs and ballads. He led a more sociable life, especially after his removal to Weimar, which brought him to Goethe's side and into immediate connection with the theatre ; nay, the Court, after giving him a title of nobility, as it had to Goethe twenty years before, drew him into its own circles with the more marked distinction as the other held more aloof. His outward circumstances improved, though he never glutted himself, like Kotzebue, with pensions, prebends, and rich sinecures ; and so he might hope to leave his increasing family not without means. But what rejoiced him more than all was the fairest fruit of his alliance with Goethe, viz. the full and varied development of his vast dramatic powers, notwithstanding all the illnesses that often grievously hindered him, and even brought him to death's door.

When Goethe came to Jena on May 1st he found Schiller deep in the historical sources of his *Mary*. This time they not only spent the evenings in their customary converse, but as Goethe had brought a carriage with him, they drove out

together nearly every day. Cotta returning from Leipzig called on the 2d; he handed over the sum promised by the Berlin theatre. Schiller felt so well that he was able to visit the Englishman Mellish in his summer residence at Dornburg, having made his acquaintance when at Weimar. On the 10th he moved to his garden. Here the essays for the *Propylæa* were looked and talked over; Schiller was willing even to spend a few months himself on contributions to it, though the completion of *Mary Stuart* would be delayed by it until the end of winter. The friends, aiming at the highest perfection in art, were preparing an onslaught on the chaos of Dilettantism, about which Goethe was drawing up a plan. They also thought of publishing a "German Theatre," an adaptation of our elder dramas to the modern stage. With Amalie von Imhoff they held personal conferences on her *Sisters of Lesbos*, and here they had to battle with the narrow wilfulness of Dilettantism: the offended poetess wished to withdraw her work.

When Goethe left him on the 27th, Schiller felt quite isolated; he associated indeed with the philosophers Niethammer and Schelling, but these were getting more identified with the Schlegel group. Kotzebue, who had been roughly handled in the *Xenien*, and had retired from his office at Vienna with a handsome sinecure salary, now settled at Jena, where he occupied a garden in the so-called Paradise; Schiller declined any close connection with him. He must have been a shifty fellow, whom, notwithstanding the moral contempt he had drawn upon himself by first writing and then disowning his grovelling *Dr. Bahrdt of the Brazen Brow*, the folks at Vienna and Berlin found more the man for their money whose shallow but clever manufactures deluged the theatres at home and abroad, and were highly paid for even in England. To Schiller, on the other hand, no one made an offer, and he was driven to solicit through Cotta a bargain with Bell the London publisher. The *Wallenstein* plays had once more been performed at Weimar. Kotzebue having begged to see the MS., Schiller promised it him, because (as he wrote to Goethe) this favour cost him less than a call or a supper would have done. Kotzebue wanted to have a closer look at it, that he

might himself make similar attempts at historical plays in blank verse.

With *Mary Stuart*, begun on June 4th, Schiller made slow advance; to open the subject was hard work, and he was hindered by many visitors, especially by a visit of a week from his sister and brother-in-law Reinwald. The latter, harassed and pinched in circumstances, was now still more bowed down by his hypochondriac infirmity; he offered him few, and those not the pleasantest, points of contact, being a type of the ordinary "imperfectible, narrow way of thinking," which might drive one to despair, if one expected anything of it. The more did Schiller enjoy the fond affection of his sister, who had so much to bear from Reinwald, and who was the passionately devoted companion of his early youth. On the 30th he went on with her to Weimar, where during the presence of their Prussian Majesties he stayed at Goethe's. The Court being pressed for room, the poet had had to take the Crown Prince into his house, and could only offer his friend very makeshift accommodation. The King had purposely abstained from seeing *Wallenstein's Death* acted at Berlin that he might drink it in first at the fountainhead. Here it was given with great applause on July 2d. The author had to pay his respects to the royal pair; he found Queen Louisa "very kindly, and of an extremely obliging deportment." All this time Goethe was in such request that Schiller saw but little of him. Not to disturb his friend's enjoyment of these days of triumph, he withheld from him the sorry news he had just received from Cotta, that, of the *Propylæa*, for which both poets had counted on a marked success, barely 450 copies had gone off. When Schiller on returning home learnt the fact by a letter from Cotta, he felt angered at the shabby conduct of the public, in valuing so slightly a work in which an artistic genius of the highest order was giving out the rich results of his lifelong study. If the gracious Majesties honoured the poet with no sensible token of their favour, he was the more pleased at the Duchess presenting him with an elegant silver coffee-service. The Ducal theatre paid nothing for Schiller's dramas; on the other hand, he insisted, with Goethe's hearty approval, on

receiving a proportionate sum out of the Weimar Company's performances in other places.

Notwithstanding the great heat of July, Schiller finished the first act of his *Mary* on the 24th, and began the second the next day. To his sorrow, as Goethe was detained at Weimar, he missed his best external stimulus. He wrote to him, "With the philosophers, you know, one can only play at cards." It was at this time that Tieck came to Jena for a fortnight, where he made friends with Hardenberg, now entirely estranged from Schiller. The latter, while at Leipzig, had become a passionate admirer of Friedrich Schlegel, to whom he assigned a most distinguished rôle, that of an ultimate reconciler of all philosophies, and Caroline did what lay in her power to lower Schiller in his estimation. Goethe, whom he considered the most remarkable physicist of the age, also passed with him for the only poet. This Hardenberg, who wished to see all the sciences poetised, had not a point left of mental sympathy with Schiller, though personally he wished him well all the while, and kept up a friendly intercourse with him at Jena. With Tieck, the true poet of the Romantic, Schiller was not ill-pleased; his style, if not remarkable for strength, was refined, thoughtful, suggestive, and there was nothing of the flippant in him. Schiller drew his attention to Spanish literature, which he thought likely to suit him with his turn for the fantastic and romantic. But Dame Lucifer set him against Schiller the more easily as his brother-in-law Reichardt was still his inveterate enemy. She also got hold of Schelling and Niethammer, and even Paulus and his wife donned her livery. Thus all the Suabians in Jena fell away from Schiller. Happily his health was now stronger, and he was comforted by the assurance that he had not mistaken his vocation. It is affecting to read the resolution he confided to Körner, that for the "next six years" he would confine himself to the drama. Alas! before the six years had run their course; he was gone. He had now determined for the future to live the whole winter at Weimar; to study the stage with his own eyes made work much easier for him, and lent the imagination a suitable stimulus from without.

Goethe, unable to leave Weimar, had retired to his garden house, and sent his family to Jena. "Pray make August welcome at your house now and then," he asks of Schiller. It is probably not accidental that Schiller left this unanswered; no doubt Lotte was afraid the boy would bring the mother upon them too; and she was her abomination. When informed by Schiller that he is studying ways and means for spending the winter months at Weimar, because he feels more strongly every day his need of attendances at the theatre, Goethe replies: "We will gladly do our best to further it." Schiller mentioned his determination to petition the Duke for that increase of salary of which hopes had been held out to him five years before, yet the matter would be much simplified, no doubt, if he could make his presence useful to the theatre. Goethe would willingly on the part of the theatre have aided his friend to live at Weimar, had he come over at the commencement of the acting season, but that was hindered by Lotte's approaching confinement. He heard, however, that Frau von Kalb's apartments would be empty, and at once sent Schiller word; to be sure, the lodgings would only let by the year, but then the theatre had every reason to make the remove easy to him. Otherwise, he offered him for himself the same rooms at the Castle that he had occupied in January, as he had not the space in his own house to make a convenient winter residence. But Schiller made up his mind to rent Frau von Kalb's apartments for a year. Goethe then persuaded him to take them on a lease of several years, and himself made the agreement for him with the owner, Müller the wigmaker. It was the first-floor, well known to Lotte, of the house A71 in the Windischengasse, and the rent came to 122 thalers. Frau von Kalb expressed her willingness to leave some of her furniture in the rooms.

Goethe, who directed the printing of the *Almanach*, required some more poems for it, as the epic of the *Lesbian Sisters* alone would not furnish sufficient matter. Through Meyer's intervention he obtained a good number of pieces from Herder; he himself could contribute nothing. On the 26th, Schiller, having finished the second act of *Mary Stuart*, wished to try

something lyrical, but succeeded so ill, that he betook himself the very next day to the third act, in which he made use of lyric metres. The *Almanach*, which mixed him up with twenty or thirty metre-mongers, was become so hateful to him that he wanted to throw it up for good. Yet on September 3d, having got to the scene in *Mary* between the two queens, he broke off; he wished, if possible, to produce something in the lyric manner again. On the 4th he set out with his family for Rudolstadt, of which he had seen nothing for seven years, intending to recreate himself thoroughly there. Lotte, too, was suffering from spasms, and needed rest. Here they led, as before, a life of cheerful ease, in the circle of their kindred and friends. He had already laid before the Duke his request that he would lessen the increase of expense which his removal to Weimar and a double establishment had occasioned, by a rise in his salary. He reminded him of the gracious advice given by himself at the beginning of the year, to attend the theatre more frequently. He desired to draw nearer to his gracious master and their S.H. the Duchesses, and, by zealously striving for his approval, to perfect himself yet further in his art, and thereby possibly contribute some little to the Duke's own amusement. Coming up to Weimar on the 13th, he learned that the Duke had granted him an additional 200 dollars, to commence with Michaelmas; further, he had four loads of firewood and other small privileges placed in prospect.

On the 15th he returned to Jena, whither Goethe followed him the very next day, intending there to execute a translation of Voltaire's *Mahomet* by desire of the Duke, and to revise with Wilhelm Schlegel the prosody of his poems in hexameters and elegiacs, for his new *Collection* then coming out. Friedrich also had come home. Goethe often went to their house, but as a rule, Wilhelm called on him at the Castle, and walked out with him for several hours. Goethe's clinging to the Schlegels was not at all to Schiller's taste; they wanted right feeling and heart, the pair of them, and their reckless onslaught even on Humboldt, who had always kept on good terms with them, showed they were "rotten to the core." How hostile they were to himself, he knew but too well. But Goethe valued

Wilhelm's vast knowledge, his cultivated taste, and particularly his talent for language and versification, as well as Friedrich's philosophic mind, which Schiller never disputed; to their failings he was far from being blind. He had written to Schiller a month before, "It is a pity that both the brothers lack a certain solid core to give them steadfastness and solidity. Then again, in personal relationship you can't be sure at all of getting off without a drubbing from them at some time or other. Yet I will more readily forgive them a hard rap, than the infamous manner of the masters in journalism." Did not they stand up for the principles of the new school of philosophy and art, though they were so unjust to Schiller as to deny him any true poetic talent. Goethe's close alliance with Schiller showed the brothers how highly he prized him; neither of them was bold enough to utter a word against him in *his* presence, or even to print one. He just used them for his own ends, and avoided anything that might have changed his devoted admirers into declared enemies, of whom he had enough already.

Goethe's evenings were given up almost to Schiller alone, who was then busy with his great *Song of the Bell* and the *Collection* of his poems. That glorious Song, with which the *Almanach* was to end, he sent to the press on September 30th. He went back at once to *Mary*, beside which he was meditating two other dramatic fables, the pretender Warbeck and his old *Knights of Malta*, of which he meant to submit the outline to the Duke. When he moved into the town on October 5th, he was looking forward with intense anxiety to his wife's confinement, which took place with difficulty but safely about eleven o'clock on the night of the 11th. He was excessively overjoyed at Lotte's safety and the birth of a strong and healthy daughter. Baptized on the morning of the 15th, she received the names of Caroline Henriette Luise, of which only the last could have been taken from one of the three sponsors, Frau von Lengenfeld; the parish register mentions as such J. W. Goethe, who had left on the 13th, Lotte's mother, and her Rudolstadt friend, Friederike von Gleichen. The last two names were given to Schiller's second daughter as well. Lotte's

slow recovery made Schiller uneasy ; and he could not escape many domestic cares, though the presence of his mother-in-law was a great comfort. During this time he had his poems and a second part of his prose writings copied for the press, offered the publisher a new, improved, and enlarged edition of his *Revolt of the Netherlands*, and saw to the forwarding of his *Wallenstein* to the English publisher Bell, who agreed to pay £60 for the right of translation. On the 22d he took up the plot of his *Knights* again. But the very next night Lotte was attacked by a nervous fever attended with violent delirium. She would have no one about her but himself, her own mother, and the landlady, and Schiller was in perpetual excitement. He sat up the second night with the sufferer, whose ravings were anguishing to him. It was not till the 30th that the physician pronounced her out of danger, though even then she had not recovered the possession of her senses. At length, on November 5th, an improvement set in, and Schiller was able the next day for his recreation to drive over to Weimar for a few hours with Karl, and this time he actually left the boy behind at Goethe's house. Unhappily the convalescence did not continue. Goethe came on the 9th to stay. It was twelve days more before Lotte was so far restored that she was able to write a letter. With a lightened heart Schiller now gave himself up to Goethe's society, who had finished his *Mahomet* and was chiefly occupied with his *Theory of Colours*. On December 3d he and his went from Jena. Friedrich Schlegel had by this time brought in his Dorothea Veit ; Tieck and his family were settled at Jena ; and Hardenberg often came over.

At Weimar, Lotte with Karl and little Caroline took up her temporary abode at Frau von Stein's ; while Schiller, having Ernst with him, managed with the help of his sister-in-law the fitting up of his new residence, and also looked after many delayed letters and parcels. He waited on the Duke, and was kindly received. We here give the facsimile of a note written by Schiller to Lotte on the 7th. The "Schwenkin" was a faithful servant of Dame Wolzogen (the "Frau"), viz. Wilhelmine Schwenke, who afterwards nursed Schiller in his last hours ; the "Oper," Salieri's *Ciphered Casket*. On the 8th

Si Thun bin. Ich ist
gemacht und es hängt mich
und bewußtlich in Gänze
hinein. So wird es gewiß
fallen.

Ich bin nicht in der Oper
satt zu sein, und viele
etwas fern und nicht
Fantasie zeigen kann. Die
Arbeiten und einmündig
gatten, sehr; die nächste
Ordnung damit zu kommen.
Viel mehr als auf ein
ein. Gute Nacht
geht an die Thun und an
die bei der ist.

Goethe came home to Weimar, and now the closest communion recommenced between them. Schiller was able to take part in society, though he suffered once from the spasms again. On Monday the 16th Lotte took possession of her new and well-appointed home. The two boys were in high spirits and health, and the baby daughter with her pleasing, delicate features, and a look full of expression that reminded Lotte of the Princess of Rudolstadt, was a source of the liveliest pleasure to them all. The rooms below were inhabited by Frau von Stein's brother, Privy Councillor von Schardt, who, with his graceful, refined, poetically-gifted wife proved most kind and obliging. Frau von Stein and the brother and sister-in-law offered the friendliest society; then the Court and many social circles were open to them at Weimar. On the evening of the 17th Schiller was at Goethe's house, and heard his translation of *Mahomet* read before the Duke and Duchess. Ten days after both poets dined with the Duke. They spent the last evening of the year in the most familiar friendship. Schiller had by this time finished the third act of his *Mary*, and was now to have a share in the management of the theatre, the improvement of which lay so near to Goethe's heart; and this brought him into closer contact with the players. To drive Kotzebue entirely off the boards was more than they could do, as he was a favourite with the Dowager-Duchess; they had to give his *Gustavus Vasa*, written in blank verse in imitation of Schiller, and over-full of action.

The year 1800 opened so favourably, that Schiller could not only frequent the theatre but the club, and take Lotte to the ball. Most evenings he was with Goethe, who persuaded him to make a prologue for the performance of his *Mahomet*, and an adaptation of *Macbeth*; in the meantime his own play stood still. After the rehearsals of *Mahomet*, he gave the actors an entertainment. Everything was going on well; the printing of *Wallenstein* had just begun, when on February 16th he was seized with a nervous fever which fell upon his chest. A young physician, Dr. Harbaur, who had formed his friendship while at Jena, offered to attend him, and devoted himself to him with self-denying love. The poet's friends had given him

up, when the stimulating remedies applied just saved his life. In ten days the fever had given way, but he still suffered from cough and a stitch in the side, and felt extremely exhausted. All Weimar showed the most anxious sympathy; and Goethe and Meyer proved most faithful friends, whose visits were as a cordial to the worn-out sufferer. / On March 23d Schiller was able to call on Goethe, who was then himself ill, and sorely longing for him. The meeting was a delightful one for each. Though the air and the climbing of stairs, especially at his own house, affected Schiller a good deal, afflicted as he still was with the cough, yet he was able to repeat the visit, and soon even to venture to the theatre again. The mild spring air completed his recovery. And Lotte was in good spirits too; she had soon adapted herself to the social life of Weimar. As she now had to spend more on her attire, the second housemaid was replaced by a more showy lady's maid. Schiller had quite given up the intention of passing the summer at Jena; his garden there was put up to let, and at the end of March was taken by Professor Hufeland. While attending to the printing of *Wallenstein* and of the prose works, he finished translating *Macbeth*, and also took an active part in revising Goethe's Collection of Poems. With his health he also recovered all his vigour of mind, and was meditating a journey to Berlin. He felt in such happy tune for dramatic composition that he offered the publisher Unger of Berlin a drama of his own in lieu of the *Theater Kalender* he had proposed before. He could now put up with Goethe's unwillingness to break with the Schlegels; their ill-will toward him did not trouble him, though it was carried to such a pitch of infatuation, that Caroline Schlegel had the mad arrogance to write to her little spoiled daughter about Schiller's imperishable *Song of the Bell*, saying that at dinner they nearly fell off their chairs with laughing at it: it was "à la Voss, à la Tieck, à la Diable." Schelling called on Schiller before leaving for Bamberg, to commend himself to his continued friendship, and handed to him his *System of Transcendental Idealism*. He wrote soon after and asked what they thought at Weimar of his too fierce attack on the *Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*, for which that

journal threatened him with an action. Schiller closed his reply with the wish: "As you yourself in your system weave so close a bond between Poet and Philosopher, let the same inseparably bind our friendship." Unfortunately the philosopher, tarred on by Caroline, had left many weak points in his argument, which were exposed in Schütz's reply. Schelling, like all the Romanticists, was unjust to Schiller as a poet; as a philosopher he valued him more highly.

After finishing *Macbeth*, Schiller returned with all his soul to *Mary Stuart*; at the same time he took charge of the theatre, both during Goethe's illness, and still more when at the end of April he accompanied the Duke to Leipzig Fair. He bestowed particular pains on the rehearsals of *Macbeth*, which he had already offered to the Berlin and Frankfort theatres, though in the first case without success. Free movement in the fresh air during his walks with Meyer, and the pleasure he took in his work, had alike a good effect on his health, for he never felt so well as when he lived wholly in his poetry. Cotta, in passing through with his wife, stayed at Weimar on the 3d and 4th of May. The remembrance of the goodness and kindness they had met with in Schiller's household made them both wish they could spend their lives near these friends. Schiller now felt willing to continue the *Almanach*. Cotta took down a copy of his *Words of Illusion*, and there was again talk of the *Knights*. On the 11th Schiller had the players at his house from five o'clock until eleven to read the first four acts of his *Mary*. *Macbeth* was played for the first time on the 14th, and with great applause. The next day Schiller with his man Rudolf retired to the Ducal castle at Ettersburg, a league and a half from Weimar, to finish his fifth act; for the bustle of the street and the children's noise disturbed him.

Goethe was home from his journey on the 16th, but could not go to see him, and Meyer went instead; the Duke himself paid him a visit, being now as kindly disposed toward him, as the Duchess was on intimate terms with Lotte. The reading rehearsals of his new drama brought him up to Weimar on the 23d, where he received Cotta on his way through from

Leipzig. On the evening of the 25th he returned to Ettersburg. Four days later the players who were to act Mary, Mortimer, Burleigh, and Melvil came down for a rehearsal, but there was more chatting than rehearsing done. Then Schiller, beginning after all to find his solitude tedious, left Ettersburg on June 2d. In another week the fifth act of *Mary* was complete, and its performance was being got up with the greatest care. The Duke having heard through the actress Jagemann that in the last act Mary was to take the Sacrament, he urged Goethe to prevent its being done. Of course Schiller had no choice but to submit to the express will of the sovereign, however much the play might suffer by the omission. The drama was given with great effect on the 14th, and repeated two days after. Beside the excellence of individual renderings, the performance was marked by that perfect balance and harmony of the whole to which Goethe had trained his company. Schiller's confidence in his dramatic power was much strengthened by the great success of this play, whose completion had been kept back by two serious illnesses. He writes to Körner: "I am beginning at last to get a control over the dramatic organ, and to understand my trade." He had already set his heart on a new subject, the treatment of which was to form a perfect contrast to that of *Mary*, viz. the visionary maid who wrested France from England's grasp. "Every subject wants a shape of its own," says he to Körner, "and Art consists in finding the fittest. The idea of a tragedy should be always mobile and in the state of getting-to-be, and only *virtualiter* be embodied in the 100 or 1000 possible forms." But his first business was to furnish copies of *Mary* to the Berlin and Leipzig theatres.

The whole of *Wallenstein* was now at last in print. The impression was of 4000 copies in three different editions, respectively on vellum, writing, and printing paper. His plan of making the theatres bid for the use of the MS. had broken down miserably; Berlin alone paid anything; at Vienna the performance was prohibited by the censorship; at Stuttgart, where his earlier plays were then under interdict, they would not venture on *Wallenstein* for fear of the Imperialists; Frankfurt and Magdeburg were frightened at the price. In England

the poet fared worst of all. The London publisher, after selling the MS. to another, who had it translated by Coleridge, refused payment; it was only obtained in the course of the next two years in four instalments. A French translation, which Count Narbonne wished to undertake while living at Eisenach, never appeared; the 400 or 500 livres that Schiller asked for the MS. seem to have stood in the way.

A source of the purest invigoration of mind and heart to the poet was his continued intimacy with Goethe, whose boy, too, was little Karl's most constant playmate. He now found it impossible to produce the *Almanach* promised to Cotta, for his whole soul impelled him to drama. By July 1st he was getting more into his subject, of which he said nothing even to Goethe. On the 4th he informs his wife, who had then been a week at Rudolstadt, that the plot of his new tragedy would soon be ready. And during Goethe's absence from July 22d until August 4th, he was incessantly at his drama, carefully getting up the authorities, though at the same time he had *Warbeck* floating in his mind too. "A demon pursues me," he declares on July 28th, "till I can see the two pieces I have next my mind fairly written out." If he got his *Mary* done in seven months and a half he thinks that now, with increased practice and greater certainty in execution, he can turn out a play in six months. "At that rate I hope to make up for past delay, and if I live to be fifty, to earn a place yet among prolific writers for the stage." Alas! the spasms were already tormenting him again, and at Goethe's return the ground-plan of the *Maid of Orleans* was still unfinished. Though he went on August 14th to the neighbouring village of Oberweimar, he could not get on much in the oppressive heat, and soon returned to town; but even there he made no material progress with the play. The first volume of his *Poems*, which, together with a few of the earlier period, contained most of those that had appeared since 1795, newly revised, and some considerably shortened, left the press about this time. Among many other things he thought of working up a Chinese novel from an old translation.

It was only when Goethe retired to Jena on September 3d to get a month's quiet work, that Schiller actually commenced

his *Jungfrau*, but he could not get well into it, even then. "With so poor a stock of outward scenes and experiences to fall back upon," says he, writing to Goethe, "each work costs me a method of its own and much waste of time, to put life into the subject. And my present subject is none of the easiest, nor one that comes natural to me." It was always, of course, a great trouble to him to transport himself into a past time, a strange land, and among strange people. At Goethe's request he associated himself with Meyer in adjudicating the prizes at the Weimar Art Exhibition, but he thought it advisable to express his opinion only in a letter to the editor of the *Propylæa*. He went with Meyer on the 21st to see Goethe, who read to him the beginning of his *Helena*, written in trimeter. The unusual form of verse so attracted Schiller that he wanted to study it more minutely, and thought he would use it in a scene of his play which was to have a tinge of the antique. The Weimar Company, who returned soon after from an acting tour, had had great success with his *Mary* at Lauchstädt and Rudolstadt; it brought him in 150 thalers from the theatre. He was still more pleased at the rapid sale of *Wallenstein*. As early as September Cotta had to prepare a new edition, though to prevent pirating the price was lowered. An edition of all his dramatic works, which the publisher had asked for, he would not begin before Easter 1802. On the other hand he urged Cotta to print an English version of *Mary* by his friend Mellish. Unfortunately in England they looked with little favour on a translation issued by a German publisher in his own country, and made by an Englishman who lived in Germany; and the efforts made to suppress the sale proved but too effectual.

When Goethe returned to Weimar on October 4th, the theatre made extraordinary demands on the attention of the two poets. In vain did Cotta repeatedly ask for the new *Almanach*; Schiller had to give all his strength to his tragedy, which even then he dared not hope to finish before the end of winter. He offered it to Unger, however, on November 6th, for an Annual, though suppressing its name, at the price of 100 carolines, being bound thereto by a previous promise; which

seems surprising, considering the terms he was on with Cotta. His intimate union with the mighty master, who had once again shown his high quality in the festal play of *Palæophron and Neoterpe*, was a source of the highest joy. He found but one failing in him, that he was too weak and soft-hearted to shake off his connection with Christiane Vulpius. Schiller's repugnance, fostered by Lotte, to the partner of Goethe's life—whom all the ladies of Weimar shunned, especially those of rank—led him to overlook that the word and troth of a man forbade Goethe to dissolve a union which from the first had been regarded as wedlock. But he looked upon him as the first of poets, whom none approached in depth and tenderness of feeling, in nature, truth, and high artistic merit; one more richly endowed than any since Shakespeare. Nor to the gifts bestowed by nature had any man added more than he by untiring research and study. He had explored Nature in all her kingdoms and dived into her depths. Even his *Theory of Colours* he considered the only correct one. And as a man, he set him above all he had ever known. "I think I may say," so he wrote to Countess Schimmelmänn, "that during the six years I have lived with him, I have not for one moment doubted his character. There is a high sincerity, a sterlingness in his nature, and the loftiest zeal for the right and good." Even on Goethe's connection with the two Schlegels he was now perfectly satisfied: he saw why Goethe would not break with them, though he knew that in their deification of him they had their own ends in view. To feel that he was the bosom friend of this incomparable man, how it must have raised him, strengthened him, and made him happy! That the malicious *Letters to a Lady*, just then started by Kotzebue's Livonian friend Garlieb Merkel, kept ignorantly running him down together with the Romantics could not disturb Schiller, though he was vexed that the Schlegel apotheosis of Goethe was the very thing that occasioned it. He scorned such abject voices, which no doubt were great obstacles to the culture of taste aimed at by him and Goethe.

The confederates wished to celebrate the opening of a new century [1801] by theatric festivities, for which Schiller was

particularly active. After the middle of November, Goethe, anxious to finish his translation of Voltaire's *Tancred*, sought his old familiar lodging in Jena Castle again. Here he was disagreeably surprised by Schiller's intimation that the Duke had declared against the Centenary, which they had taken up without consulting the Directory of theatres. Schiller drew back in disgust: "In the name of goodness let us bury ourselves in our poetics; let us try producing from within, as production from without has sped so ill." How much Goethe regarded him as his right-hand man in matters of the stage, in which he had neither office nor any particular privilege beyond a free pass and writing materials, appears from the fact that when he went back to Jena after December 10th, he entrusted to him the rehearsals of Gluck's *Iphigenie*, though, as he freely avowed, he understood nothing of music. "From three to five in the afternoons I will with pleasure be present at the rehearsals, but bodily presence is all I have in me to give," was his reply. Gluck's opera made a most pure and beautiful impression on him; he thought the master might fairly be placed at the side of Mozart. Schiller worked with marked effect at the reading practices, where with fine discrimination he led the actors into the spirit of their parts, the sense of significant passages, and their correct delivery. He also had to conduct the rehearsals of *Octavia*, which Kotzebue had written in rivalry of him. As Iffland wished to play *Tancred* at the approaching coronation feast, Goethe was obliged to hurry on the work with all his might. When it was done he came up to Weimar again with Schelling; and now Schiller could work hard at his own tragedy. The translation of the *Tancred* was talked over between them. Schelling's presence in Goethe's house led to some interesting evening conferences. On the last evening of the year and century they met at the masquerade got up by the Court, for which Goethe had arranged a processional performance. After midnight the two poets with Schelling and Steffens retired into the side-rooms, and had a pleasant talk over champagne. Schiller still liked to be gay among the gay.

At the very beginning of the century he was doomed in the saddest way to be disturbed in the poetry that now at last

came welling forth from his heart. On January 3d Goethe was taken so violently ill that the worst was to be feared. It was during these anxious days that Kotzebue's *Octavia* came upon the stage. "The Schillers and I have shed many a tear over Goethe the last few days," writes Frau von Stein on the 12th, when the decisive crisis was expected. Still more deeply must Schiller have been affected, who possessed in him the noblest ally in life and literary pursuit. The next day, however, he was able to report that things were in a good way. He was himself suffering with a violent catarrh and had to be extremely careful, as January and February had three times proved dangerous to him. Mental disquiet unfitting him for composition, he revised his *Carlos* and *Thirty Years' War* for new illustrated editions (there were several got up, one an *édition de luxe* of the *Carlos*, for which Schiller examined only the first six scenes minutely), and he also put the last touches to *Macbeth* and to *Mary Stuart*. At the same time he conducted rehearsals, particularly of *Tancred*. Not till the 15th was Goethe out of danger; then his recovery proceeded rapidly. On the 19th Schiller, the Duke, and Herder all happened to meet at his house; a three-fold chord that jarred upon the last named. The same day Schiller spent over sixteen dollars at the Town-hall, probably on some entertainment; the old club had been re-organised there, and soon after named Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland honorary members. The evening of the 29th, after rehearsal, Schiller was at Goethe's, and on the 30th at the masked ball; on the 31st came the performance of *Tancred*, whose success he immediately announced to his friend. He went every day to Goethe, who to his joy had set to work on his *Faust* again. On the evening of February 8th he explained to him the intended conclusion of his new play. Goethe after mature deliberation approved it, but now he wanted to know the plan of the whole from the beginning. Schiller read him the first three acts, and their sympathetic reception spurred him on to persevere. Goethe was soon able to conduct rehearsals himself, though some nervous irritability still hung about him. In Schiller's home all were in health and spirits; his "wife felt happy and attached to society, but not dependent." For a

few months her cousin, Christiane von Wurmb of the Rudolstadt Court, was with her on a visit, and took singing lessons from the actress Jagemann. Schiller himself enjoyed the society of the intelligent girl.

Finding the rapid progress of his work hindered by the bustle in his house and manifold distractions, he fled on March 5th to the solitude of his garden house at Jena. Here he found himself in worse distraction than ever, being in great request on all hands. During this time in a dispute between the actresses Jagemann and Vohs for the part of "Thekla," Lotte, with a view to her husband not losing the Duchess's favour, took sides with extraordinary ardour against Goethe, and had nearly dissolved the league between the poets; but Schiller managed to steer matters round, not only out of regard for his friend's still convalescent state, but because he saw that Goethe, as manager of the theatre, had a right to decide. At Jena he associated much with Niethammer and Schelling, and once, at Grieszbach's house, he was very merry with some of the students. Then violent winds set in, which not only made the slightly-built garden house uncomfortable to live in, but for many days kept him from going out. When Lotte on April 1st fetched him away from Jena, he had ended the last act but one of the *Maid of Orleans*. As Goethe was gone to his country-seat, Schiller on coming home kept himself entirely secluded, that he might get the last act done in a fortnight. This by main force he accomplished, but was so weakened by the work that, on his friend's return, he could not go to see him. Goethe found the play incomparably fine, good, and beautiful, and had even arranged all about the distribution of parts. And now Schiller was to adapt Lessing's *Nathan* for the stage and conduct the rehearsals, as Goethe on the 21st retired to his country-house again. His own happily completed drama was immediately sent to the press.

Instead of rejoicing over his success, Schiller longed for more of poetic production, which alone made life endurable to him. He wrote to Goethe on the 28th: "Just now I have my whole mind engrossed by two fresh dramatic subjects; when I have thought out and thoroughly proved these two, I

am willing to pass on to other work." They were the pieces he had intended for the Weimar theatre long before, *The Knights of Malta* and *The Hostile Brothers*, each capable of being treated in the simpler manner of the Greeks. He was now to have another disagreeable experience of the Duke's despotic caprice. The latter opposed the performance of the *Maid*, because for particular reasons he did not wish Jagemann to appear in it, and to her the leading part of "Johanna" had been assigned. He asked Schiller to let him see the MS., and gave his opinion against the exhibition, which would do great detriment to the high beauty of the poetry. Schiller well knew the motive of this encroachment, so injurious to Goethe as well, and he at once assumed a calm attitude. The Duke must of course be in the right (so he wrote to Goethe) in judging that the piece could not be acted. It would be doing a kindness to the publisher too, and he himself would be saved the labour and annoyances of the learning by heart and rehearsing. Goethe was willing to take these off his hands, and also thought the difficulties of performance were not insuperable; but Schiller, firmly convinced of the effectiveness of his play, was determined that the Duke's scruples, which really had their origin in the situation of his favourite Jagemann, should be disproved by its success at other theatres.

He had not yet decided for either of his two plans, when Goethe returned, to whom he at once communicated them. For one of them, the *Knights*, all he wanted now was the central dramatic deed, which the whole plot leads up to, and is unravelled by; the other, the fictitious one, consisting, with the chorus, of only twenty scenes, and numbering no more than five characters, stood quite complete; but notwithstanding Goethe's approval, Schiller did not as yet feel the due degree of inclination for it. Two other subjects, *Warbeck* for one, he had not succeeded hitherto in reducing to proper form. Beside some other materials lying still more shapeless, he entertained the idea of a comedy; but on deeper reflection he felt that this kind was foreign to him, that his nature was of too serious a cast, and what had no depth did not interest

him long. In the meantime, *Mary, Macbeth*, and a third part of his prose writings had left the press.

When Cotta, returning from Leipzig, stopped at Weimar on May 16th, *Wallenstein's Death* was performed at his request; and Goethe and Schelling met him at Schiller's to supper. The next day the two poets got up a banquet at the Town-hall in honour of the guest from Stuttgart. How merrily things went at such meals in the Town-hall comes out in a humorous poem that Goethe afterwards addressed to a former actress, who, though she had not drunk so much "as Schiller and I and all," yet "champagne-fuddled on my neck didst fall." This time Schiller promised Cotta a treatise on the female characters of the Greeks. But he could not get to it, any more than to dramatic composition. When Goethe set out, on June 5th, for Pymont, to take the waters, he tried his luck once more in lyric poetry. Göschen had asked him in January for a Song on the Peace, which he refused, with the remark, that Germany had little reason to rejoice at such a Peace. He was now thinking of a poem on Germany's greatness, outlasting the German Empire's fall, a country that in the Reformation had won spiritual freedom for all Europe, and was destined yet, when its day should dawn, to shine resplendent above all nations. Though nearly all of it was already sketched out in prose, and a part even composed, the poem was never finished; on the other hand, he now achieved his Lament on Freedom's disappearance from the world, entitled *Advent of the New Century*, his three stanzas based upon the *Jungfrau*, and his gorgeous ancient ballad of *Hero and Leander*. He intended them for Cotta's *Damen-Kalender*, but he had no objection to the publisher's inserting the middle poem in the *Almanach* he was bringing out for W. Schlegel and Tieck, a poet whom, without jealousy, he left to take his own path.

Cold weather setting in in the middle of June brought on the spasms again; yet at the end of the month he thought he might get his *Hostile Brothers* ready to be played in a week's time. Instead of which, on July 4th, he took up the plan of a romantic chivalry-play on a Countess of Flanders. Within three weeks he meant to go to Dobberan on the Baltic, and

return thence by way of Berlin and Dresden. He wrote to Goethe: "I dread some days of torture at Berlin, but I must see new objects, I must make a decisive experiment on my health; I wish to see some good theatrical performances, at least some few celebrities, and also, as it involves no great *détour*, to meet old friends again." Frequent attacks of spasms soon made him limit the journey to visiting the watering-place; but, as his departure was delayed, and it seemed too late then for the seaside, he at last made up his mind to a mere stay of three or four weeks in the neighbourhood of Dresden. To his joy, the Leipzig and Hamburg theatres were now asking for the *Jungfrau*. There was also a prospect of its acceptance at Berlin, though the author was horrified by a declaration of Schröder, to whom he had given the MS., and who was then at Weimar, namely, that the miracles, on which the whole action rests, would have to be taken out. This could be done easily enough, only the catastrophe would require to be altered.

On August 5th the Schiller family set out, accompanied by Frau von Wolzogen, whose husband, in two visits to Petersburg, had arranged the betrothal of the Hereditary Prince of Weimar to the Grand-Duchess Maria Paulovna. They travelled through Leipzig to Dresden, arrived there on the 9th, and at once moved into the house at Loschwitz. Here Körner came to see them every evening. The two friends poured out their hearts with the old trustfulness, talked over all their plans, and cheered each other to renewed activity. Even here Schiller had attacks of his malady, but Körner rejoiced to see the health and vigour of his wonderful mind. He particularly pressed him to get better paid by the publishers. On September 1st Schiller went up to Dresden, where the inspection of the antiques, in the light of the higher insight gained from the teachings of Goethe and Meyer, made a powerful impression on him. Frau von Wolzogen stayed behind at Dresden, when Schiller, accompanied by Körner, went to Leipzig on the 15th. On their way Göschen was greeted at his country-seat at Hohenstedt, and the old friendship heartily renewed. At Leipzig Schiller attended the representation of his *Jungfrau*.

On entering his box he was received with kettledrums and trumpets. After the first act the house rang with repeated shouts of "Long live Friedrich Schiller!" and he had to testify his thanks by stepping forward. As he left the theatre, all drew back reverently with bared heads; they cried, "Long live Schiller, the great man!" and parents pointed him out to their children. By way of drawback, the performance had given him a low opinion of the Leipzig company. He found, to his joyful surprise, that new editions were already wanted of his *Mary* and *Macbeth*. That Merkel, as impudent as he was shallow, should set Kotzebue's *Octavia* above *Wallenstein* and *Mary* was no more than he expected; why, Goethe was treated a great deal worse, and not the vaguest sense of artistic finish was to be looked for in such vulgar minds. During this journey he had sent his *Jungfrau* to the Berlin and Vienna theatres, and had received so much money from Cotta, Göschen, and Crusius that he came back with more than he went.

At Weimar he felt better than he had done all the summer. Goethe had also come back in good health, but had his hands quite full with the Art Exhibition, the theatre, and the arrangement of parties given at his house to the actress Unzelmann, who had come on a starring tour from Berlin. On the 21st she appeared in *Mary*; but with all the refined tenderness and great intelligence of her acting, Schiller missed in it the high tragic style, as indeed this was wanting to all the Iffland school, who aimed at an ordinary colloquial tone and the greatest possible naturalness. On the 30th he began to work out the plot of his *Warbeck*. Having observed at Leipzig how the actors mangled the verse, and that good commonplace nature was all the public cared for, he was in some doubt whether he ought not rather to write his plays in prose; but the feeling that with a prose setting he could not have combined that delight in his theme without which he never could compose, was enough to warn him off. Unluckily, a catarrh soon debarred him from any prolonged exertion. The *Warbeck* could make the less progress, as the difficulties showed themselves greater, though these only heightened Schiller's interest. Mindful of Körner's advice, he wrote to Unger, saying he must have a good round

sum for a new *Theater-Kalender*; the result was an offer of 1000 thalers. To Cotta's inquiry, what drama he might expect from him at Easter, he plainly declared on October 13th, that having now reached that point of swift and decided success which he had aimed at for years, he must raise the price of his labours; to this he was driven by the endeavour to impart a higher intrinsic value to his compositions. With his wavering health he could write only one important play in a year; the higher pay should improve not his circumstances, but his works. To his demand of three hundred ducats for every new original work of the larger sort, Cotta consented with a good grace, and even added that he would gladly do what more he could besides. At this time Unger brought out the *Maid of Orleans* in the form of an annual, and that unaccompanied by any other piece. A little before that the news had come upon him like a blow that the performance of the play was prohibited at Vienna.

When Goethe, on the 18th, went to Jena for a time, Schiller, though still a sufferer, undertook the management of the theatre. Again he found he made but little headway with the *Warbeck*; not to lose his time altogether, he tried his hand on what he had long had in his mind, an adaptation to the stage of Gozzi's *Turandot*, to which he hoped to lend a higher worth by giving to it something of poetic spirit. Goethe strove at that time to educate both players and public by putting dramas on the stage of the most different nations and styles. Coming up to Weimar for the Duchess-Dowager's birthday, which was celebrated with a play of Terence acted in masks, he imparted to his friend his intention in mid-November to begin holding a cheerful Wednesday assembly at his house once a fortnight, in which seven ladies and six gentlemen beside himself should take part, the divorced countess Henriette von Egloffstein to be Goethe's partner, then Lotte, Caroline von Wolzogen, Amalie von Imhoff, the court-ladies von Göchhausen and von Wolfskeel, Meyer, Wolzogen, Voigt and Captain von Wolfskeel, the Duke, the Princes and Princess Caroline, were also to be invited. And he meant there should be no lack of festal songs. On

Schiller's birthday Goethe returned to Weimar. The same evening he congratulated his friend by letter, and invited him to the first Wednesday Assembly on the morrow, as the "second day of the feast," thereby associating these meetings with Schiller's birthday. The first Assembly, for which Goethe composed an *Inauguration Ode*, passed off very pleasantly. Schiller was glad to have such occasions to prompt him to write songs, though he meant to give them a loftier tone. But he soon felt too ill to go out to Goethe's in the evenings. Nevertheless they both joined in conducting the rehearsals of *Nathan the Wise*, which was brought on the stage with great success on the 28th, and thereupon was asked for at Berlin also. The measles, then prevalent at Weimar, prevented the second Assembly from being held. At the beginning of December, Schiller's Ernst was seized with them, and then the other children, while Lotte had bad coughs, and when all seemed in a good way again, she suffered from a very severe attack of the epidemic, so that their small habitation became a hospital. Notwithstanding all, Schiller, who was obliged to keep the house, completed *Turandot* on the 27th. But directly after, he found himself so weakened by an attack of cholera, that he had to miss the second Assembly, held on the last day of the year, for which he had begun a couple of songs.

The second day of the New Year he was able to attend the performance, got up by Goethe, of Wilhelm Schlegel's *Ion*, a masterpiece of pedantry of verse-construction (for beside trimeters it contained some difficult Greek metres), and of theatric arrangement. But with the play itself Schiller was not quite satisfied, and the enemies of the Schlegels (for it had come out that Wilhelm was the author) tried in every way to cry it down. Schiller, who had again begun visiting his friend regularly, did not keep back his own opinion. Goethe, before leaving for Jena on the 17th, talked over with him all the affairs of the theatre, particularly that of bringing out *Turandot*. He came back on the 28th, and superintended the show he had planned for the birthday masquerade of the 29th. The next day *Turandot* met with great applause,

however ill-wishers might spend their wit upon it. It was repeated on February 2d, with the addition of some new enigmas. Goethe contributed one on "Leap-day," and Schiller put the answer into poetry.

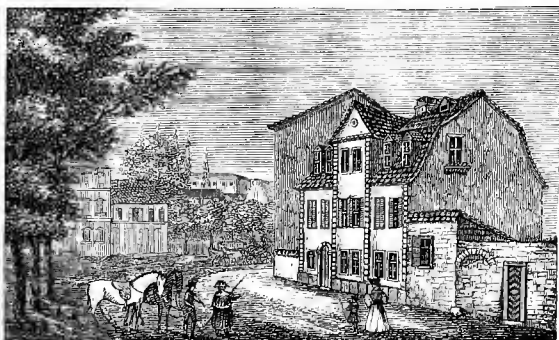
We here give a translation of Goethe's enigma—

"A brother, he, of many brothers,
And like them all in everything,
A needful member to the others,
All children of one mighty king.
And yet he's seldom seen in fact,
Like th' alien child in nursery fable,
The rest will never let him act,
Save where they find themselves unable."

In the meantime, the Duchess had expressed through Frau von Stein her desire that Schiller would in future show himself more at Court. Not without bitterness did he reply to his lady-friend: "Now that I have lived here two years without being invited to Court (for even at the Duchess-Dowager's Court I never was in high company), I should wish for the future also to remain excluded from it, on account of my feeble health. For myself I am not, as you know, desirous of any distinction but what is personal; and to deserve and receive the favour of my gracious master and the gracious Duchess is all that I aim at." The narrow limits of his lodgings, where he could not get the quiet needful for his labours, had made him resolve some months before to buy a certain house: it was the one on the Esplanade with a pleasant southward front, formerly inhabited by Countess von Bachoff, and last by Mellish; which, like the street itself, now bears the name of Schiller, and is eternally hallowed to his memory. He, therefore, on February 5th, requested of Cotta the loan of 2600 gulden, offering to pay 4 per cent interest. He also begged Göschen to let him have in May the price of his newly-revised edition, altered only in style, of the *Thirty Years' War*, as all he could raise was wanted for the purchase of the house. Accordingly, he could not think of continuing his payments to Körner. His Jena garden he offered for sale to Hufeland, but they could not agree about the price. For some time his mother's illness had caused him anxiety. The

Ein Bräuer ist so von vielen Bräueren,
Zu allem ist er nötig gleich,
Ein nötig Gleich zu vielen Gleicheren
Da nicht grobes Maass ist
Jedoch erblickt man ihn aus
Tage ein in einen hohen Wind
Da andere lassen ihn aus
Da er sei unermessend weit.

good woman, who, with her narrow means, was always cheerful, contented, and most grateful for the smallest kindness, had kept on her lodging at Leonberg, even after her daughter Luise, in October 1799, married parson Frankh of Clever-Sulzbach in the Neckar circle, and had only visited her daughter occasionally. Her greatest pleasure was to send her own homespun linen to her Fritz and his family, and to receive a kindly word and good news from the loved ones. The preceding December she had repaired to Stuttgart for the cure of her complaint, and there met with the kindest reception



Schiller's House in Weimar.

from the widow of Lieutenant Stoll, and the most careful treatment from Schiller's friend, Jacobi. Fritz had a special twenty-five gulden conveyed to her through Cotta, and warmly sympathised in her incurable malady, which soon grew so much worse that Luise took her to herself. Nothing was omitted that could alleviate her sufferings.

Schiller, meanwhile, had found a new dramatic subject in *Wilhelm Tell*, which Goethe had once designed for epic treatment. A rumour had spread a year before, that he was working at a drama on the Swiss hero; and now the subject struck him as a highly significant one after his *Jungfrau*; yet he worked it out but languidly, for a multiplicity of cares unfitted

him for any vigorous effort. He only felt in the key for lyric composition; and then it was that he brought out, beside many smaller poems, mostly begun before, his splendid ballad of *Cassandra*. And being once in train, he gave himself up to the lyric impulse that seized him at the first foretokenings of spring, especially as he had promised a few things for Cota's *Damen-Kalender*, and for the *Recreations* of Becker of Dresden.

Schiller kept pressing Goethe, who still lingered at Jena, to give a parting Assembly to the Hereditary Prince, who, on February 24th, was leaving with Wolzogen for Paris, to be presented to Napoleon; else Kotzebue would cut in before him, and the Prince himself was anxious to avoid the intruder. This nimble playwright, who, on the assassination of Paul I., had come away from Petersburg an Imperial Collegiate Councillor, and, when relieved of his post as manager of the German Court-Player's Company, had retained the whole salary, was now settled at Weimar, where he intended to oust Goethe from the favour of the Court, and set up for a great poet himself. In the meanwhile he treated Schiller with civility by way of contrast. Goethe had indeed returned his visit, and admitted his plays, for which he charged nothing, to the stage; but there could be no friendship between them, as Goethe at once saw through his purpose, and gauged his shallow superficiality. With Goethe's opponents he stood on the best of terms, particularly with the artists of the Prussian capital, on whom he kept his eye, for the poet had offended them by declaring that the prosaic spirit of the age seemed to have revealed itself most at Berlin. Matters came to a breach when Goethe, following his invariable rule, struck out of Kotzebue's *German Provincials* all the personal hits aimed at Weimar and Jena, and at the Schlegels above all, who were at feud with the author. Thereupon Kotzebue appealed to Schiller, who had no official connection with the management, and whom he would have liked to estrange from Goethe. But he declared that Goethe was right in letting nothing pass that would provoke party spirit. "For my own part," he wrote, "I assure you once more, there is nothing in your play that I take to myself; though I feel sure that all those whom

it may concern to breed strife betwixt us will not fail to see an attack upon me in that verse with which you close one act, but which you can scarcely have meant for me alone. And even if it were so, I should not go to war with you about it; the licence of comedy is large, and sportive humour may take many liberties; only passion must be shut out." But Schiller's advising him to concession, which would only redound to his credit, as the piece would lose none of its theatric value by the omissions, was all thrown away; Kotzebue withdrew the piece in a rage, nay, there is said to have been an unlovely scene over it at the Dowager-Duchess's between Goethe, Kotzebue, and his wife. Before this, Kotzebue had set up, in opposition to Goethe's Wednesday meetings, a more showy Thursday party, at which theatricals and all sorts of amusements delighted the aristocratic company; even the Ducal family had taken part in it, seeing that Herr von Kotzebue kept open house and cut a figure. His intention of preparing a farewell feast to the departing Prince was happily defeated by Goethe's coming home in time; and the Assembly, where two festal songs by Goethe, and one by Schiller were sung, passed off right pleasantly. Soon after this, Professor Hufeland brought up to Weimar the master-mason and musician Zelter, who had set many of the songs in the *Almanach*, and just lately Schiller's *Diver*. Goethe sent him to Schiller's, whom he was to bring back to dinner. When Schiller was gone to dress, Zelter struck a few notes on the piano, and then sang his *Diver* to himself. Before the first stanza was over, Schiller came softly into the room, only half-dressed, and began uttering his joy in the words: "That's it! just how it should be!" Lotte, however, besought him to dress and have done with it, for Goethe could not bear to wait. Schiller got on capitally with the jolly, sturdy man, whose gay Court attire was little in keeping with his nature. He introduced him to Princess Caroline too, who had only recently been presented at Court, and was fond of Schiller, though she was prejudiced against his plays by her governess, whose nerves could not endure "those long Schillerian things." Goethe accompanied Zelter back to Jena.

In the meantime Kotzebue had devised a master-stroke. He proposed to celebrate the evening of Schiller's name-day, March 5th, magnificently at the Town-hall, with performances out of his works. The Countess von Egloffstein was to figure as the Maid of Orleans, Amalie von Imhoff as Queen Elizabeth of Spain, Kotzebue himself as old Thibaut; the poetess Mereau of Jena was to declaim the *Bell*, and when Kotzebue as Master Bell-Founder smashed the pasteboard mould, out of it was to come Dannecker's bust of Schiller, and the poet himself be crowned by ladies' hands. Schiller had felt unable to refuse his presence, Princess Caroline was to be there, and old Wieland was invited too. But the cunningly devised farce went miserably to pieces on the Burgomaster's refusal to give up the keys of the new saloon, as the stage they had brought over from Ettersburg must not be set up in it. The Library, too, had refused to lend the bust. Terrible was the outcry of the intended participants, while Goethe all the while stayed quietly at Jena, and Schiller and Lotte had royal fun over the failure. When the Countess Egloffstein informed him by letter of the sad disappointment, Schiller, as though he really deplored it, expressed his hope that the pleasure he had anticipated from the exhibition was only delayed, and he was grateful for the kindly sentiments of such dear and honoured friends. If it had actually come off, he would very likely have pleaded indisposition. The great dramatist, whom by this sinister adulation they had hoped to separate from Goethe, was then working at his *Tell*, with a vigour and absorption that he had not felt for long. At the same time he thought of writing out *The Hostile Brothers*, which might be finished in autumn, and come on the boards about New Year; he was so bent on making up the long arrears of the winter that he would dispense with any travelling. That *Tell* was a bold undertaking he was well aware, but he thought the subject worth doing anything for.

As the *Maid of Orleans* had been much applauded at other theatres, especially in Berlin, people were asking now to see it at Weimar; but as the Duke had decidedly pronounced against it, Schiller wished to have it played at Lauch-

Gott sei gelobt! Nach gabelt mir andere Mutter.
Co laßt die Feigheit los, sie soll nicht
so sein! So nicht ist sie! Gut
Gott will in die Welt der Feigheit
Herrn der Feigheit
Mannern, nicht in Feigheit der Feigheit
Nicht selber Feig ist also der Feigheit an
Nicht Feig nicht ist sie, sie ist an
Dass mir nicht ist? — Wie? Galt es

den Argwohn der Feigheit an den Feigheit
das Feigheit mir Feigheit an den Feigheit
Feigheit zu Feigheit, das auf Feigheit an den
dass sie nicht Feigheit der Feigheit an den
das Feigheit Feigheit an den Feigheit
Nur Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit
die Feigheit Feigheit der Feigheit Feigheit
dunkel Feigheit der Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit
Nur der Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit
die Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit
Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit
Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit
Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit Feigheit

Gott sei gelobt! Nur giabts mir andres Muth. 1
Er läßt die Prinzessin los, sie entflieht!
So laß! So nimm ich ihn! ^{Auf} ~~Ich~~ ^{ein} Tag gewonnen
~~Ich will ihn dir dazwischen setzen~~ ^{sein} ~~den ganzen~~ ^{seiner} ~~Thron~~ ^{Thron}
Herrinnen, nicht in dieses König's Thron,
Nimm selber Platz in als du Schuldgein an,
Und griß vorerst ich ihn, daß er entrinne!
Dach mir vollbring ich? — Hier? Galt es
Du Argwohn der Tyrannen aufzuheben?
Das Gethür nur sah Muth, zu ihm Ohren
Gehör zu erheben, daß auf tausend Thronen wandelt
~~Laß sie nicht selbst der Kräfte feilich Ringel!~~
~~Das wagt ihm, dem Ohren zu~~
Nur ihm feilich, nicht nicht nicht nicht
Die letzten selbst der Kräfte feilich Ringel!
Dank sei es der Tyrannen Thron! ^{Ich} ~~habe~~ ^{habe} ~~habe~~ ^{habe}
Nur der nicht feilich und vorerst
Die selbst der Kräfte feilich Ringel nicht stand,
Ihr eigen Werkzeug, das sie mir nicht
~~Nur das den Thron aus ihm Thron zu heben.~~

städt first. Goethe told him he ought now, especially with a view to Lauchstädt, where they were raising a new building for the theatre, to do something for his older pieces; but he could find all the less time for that, as he had undertaken at Goethe's wish the adaptation of his *Iphigenia*. Of his own works he only revised *Don Carlos* for that purpose. It was then he first ventured to let Domingo come on the stage as a Dominican friar; till then the stage edition had put in his place a secretary of state, Perez. To explain the plot he inserted the partly rhymed Monologue which we give here in facsimile.

On the 24th, Goethe having returned the day before, another Assembly was held, at which all were present but the Wolzogens, then absent from Weimar. The purchase of the house had been concluded a week earlier: on the 26th were paid down the 2600 gulden advanced by Cotta, a fortnight later 600 dollars received from Lotte's mother, and the remainder by two instalments in May, for which he borrowed 2200 dollars from farmer Weidner of Nieder-rossla. But just as his heart was rejoicing over the new house, he received sorrowful tidings of his mother: to begin with, a last letter from herself, in which she said very calmly that there was no getting better for her, and she took leave of him with gratitude for God's goodness and her son's love; then further communications from sister Luise and friend Hoven, which left him no hope. He replied on the 10th, thanking his sister for all that she and her husband had done for the good mother, and promising to forward through Cotta the money requisite for reimbursement of expenses.

A violent and prolonged catarrh now rendered him incapable of any poetic labour. To this was added his vexation that Goethe was not to be dissuaded from bringing on the stage, in spite of all opponents, that singular work, the *Alarcos* of Friedrich Schlegel. He went back to Jena, and Schiller took the management of the theatre. Under painful anxiety for his mother, he moved into his new dwelling on April 29th, little dreaming that on that very day she was released from her sufferings by a tranquil death. A letter from Luise, received

May 3d, held out a prospect of her speedy dissolution. On the 8th, Cotta, passing through to Leipzig, confided to Lotte that he had seen an announcement of the death in the *Suabian Mercury*. On being told by Lotte, Schiller answered with composure; yet when she received the explicit information from his brother-in-law, she dared not renew his grief by handing it to him at once. "I saw him sit so peaceful at his work this morning," she writes on the 10th, "that I could not possibly have the heart to let him know the certainty. He must see the letter to-morrow." The deceased rests in Clever-Sulzbach churchyard; the poet Mörike had a plain stone cross set up over her, with the inscription, "Here lies Schiller's mother." The graves of the father and Nanette, in the now disused burial-ground at Gerlingen, near the Solitude, are no longer to be found.

During Goethe's absence, Schiller conducted the rehearsals of *Iphigenia* and *Alarcos*. In vain he protested that with the second they would certainly suffer a total defeat, and thereby ensure a triumph to the wretched matter-of-fact party; his friend maintained that with outward success or non-success they had nothing to do; they would gain by its performance the advantage of having its intricate metres, which were part of its very essence, spoken and heard on the stage. The evening his *Iphigenia* was acted, the 15th, Goethe drove up to the playhouse as an outsider, and saw his own drama, as adapted and carefully practised by Schiller, produce a serious and noble effect. He himself then took the most extraordinary pains with that unfortunate *Alarcos*, which, when played on the 29th, raised such a storm of opposition and even of hooting, that he never dared to bring it on again. Schiller sat by the Duke, who kept abusing it dreadfully, so that, against his own conviction, he had to defend Goethe's design in the representation. Cotta had arrived at Schiller's the same day. Goethe, having visitors himself that evening, could not accept an invitation to meet him. Schiller was so heartily devoted to Cotta, that he warned him against publishing Goethe's complete translation of Cellini, not being aware of the high importance he had managed to impart to it by a valuable

Appendix; he even declared there was no good bargain to be made with Goethe, who rated himself so high, and had never been satisfied with any publisher, and some of them perhaps as little with him. Yet, in fact, Goethe had never fallen out with any but Göschen, who had treated him both dishonestly and shamefully, and Unger, who had by no means broken with him: and it was Schiller himself that had brought him into contact with Cotta. It is true, Goethe had no favourable opinion of publishers in general, but Schiller can only have been surprised into such a statement by excessive care for Cotta's interest, and a passing fit of ill-humour.

Unhappily, the first few months that Schiller lived in a house of his own proved not so favourable to his poetry as he had hoped. New arrangements, large repairs unexpectedly found necessary, and then visitors coming up to Weimar fair, would not let him settle down to work, and this threw him into the worst of moods. A stay of some three months at Berlin which he had been planning, came to nothing; nay, he felt so out of sorts, that he did not even comply with Goethe's invitation to Lauchstädt. Even the news that the Duke was applying at Vienna for a title of nobility, to be bestowed on Schiller free of cost, could scarcely cheer him up. He complains on June 24th: "Ever since my Dresden journey I have not succeeded in settling down, or in getting the better of a spirit of distraction which has taken possession of me. I have a good many things stored up too, but they still wait a happy unloading." Two days after he and his family were seized with a violent, convulsive cough, which hindered him in speaking. At Goethe's long-looked for return from Lauchstädt he was not quite rid of the cough yet, and had to avoid the evening air. On learning through Voigt that he was ennobled, and receiving from him his coat-of-arms, designed after that of the Schillers of the Tirol, as well as a sketch of his life to be sent up to Vienna, he felt vexed, as fearing he might be drawn out of his quiet position into the whirl of court-life. All this time he had not decided for any one of his three dramatic plans, till, at length, in mid-August, shortly before the completion of the house repairs, he snatched up the one that

was most fully developed and could soonest be finished, *The Hostile Brothers*, which, re-christened as *Bride of Messina*, he hoped to bring on the stage in time for the Duchess's birthday. After that he intended to go to his *Warbeck*, and lastly to *Tell*, which might be a "confounded task," but he had already translated the material out of history into poetry, and the main pillars of the edifice stood firm.

Meanwhile an event had occurred, which had been so earnestly desired by him and his family twelve years before, but could hardly be of much consequence now. The Elector of Mainz had died on July 25th, and the Koadjutor had arrived at that dignity at last. Schiller, who after sending him his *Wallenstein* had not once addressed himself to Dalberg, now wrote on August 6th to congratulate him on his elevation. But the maintenance of an Electorate of Mainz was highly problematic: the decision was supposed to rest with the Deputies of the Empire summoned the same day to Regensburg; in reality it lay at Paris. The new Elector Arch-Chancellor was in the very thick of troubles, when on the 28th he replied to Schiller that his sublime and chaste muse had often waked in him a love of the morally beautiful and good, and prompted the desire some day to discharge Germany's debt of thanks to the first of German poets; he was now nearer the goal, but not yet certain of its attainment. So now Schiller could not but look intently to the issue of the long drawn-out negotiations. About the same time the division of his mother's inheritance was settled, which Schiller could not afford to lose, because of his children and the precarious state of his health, glad as he would have been to hand it over to his sister, who had much to bear from Reinwald's peevishness and parsimony: to his own share fell by agreement the sum of 880 gulden.

He was now giving his whole mind to the new drama that had lived so long within him, in which for the first time he was to fashion a chorus in the manner of the ancients, and that a very different affair from the one in Kotzebue's *Hussites before Naumburg*; for in this long-cherished design, too, the deft-handed play-manufacturer had forestalled him. With Schiller

composition was now going on so well that he hoped to have done by the middle of November; in no other work had he learned so much, he writes to Goethe. On October 30th, the poet Voss and his wife, who had moved from Eutin to Jena, came over to Weimar in company with the Grieszbach family, and called on Schiller; they occupied the same rooms in Grieszbach's house that Schiller had once inhabited. Schiller gave them a hearty reception as they alighted at his front door; in his kindly, pale countenance there was something pathetic. They stayed to dinner, and a most genial intercourse sprang up between them, which led Voss to foresee cordial intimacy in the future.

The newspapers had already announced the ennobling of Schiller in September; the patent and escutcheon arrived only on November 16th, together with some friendly lines from the Duke and from Voigt, who at the last moment had passed a sprig of laurel through the helmet's decorations. To the poet this ennobling had no meaning; he was only glad that Lotte thereby recovered her nobility, and was made free of the Court; his children, too, might reap some benefit from it. What interested him more than this "barren honour" was the turn things were taking at Regensburg, for his future finances were involved in it; thus far the Elector's cause had got on very tolerably, so that he could do much even as a private man. He was not aware yet that Dalberg had also destined that third of the late Elector's property which fell to the State for the aiding of meritorious artists and scholars. "The main thing is industry," he writes to Körner, "for it not only lends the means of living, but gives to life its only value." And he sought to train his children to it, though he did not suppress their youthful mirth, and would rather be disturbed by their noise himself, than condemn them to sitting still. For a couple of years a young man named Eisert, who taught Goethe's August, had also been giving Karl lessons in Latin, on which Schiller set a high value. His children and Goethe's boys were sworn comrades; they had even founded a small order among themselves, whose badges they bestowed on some older persons too. With what thoughtful care Schiller as a good family man calculated his

resources, appears from his setting them down in his almanack for 1802 up to 1809 (he did not expect to survive his fiftieth year), reckoning one or two new plays and two volumes of his collected dramas for each year, and 275 or 550 dollars in payments from theatres.

Interrupted by frequent returns of his malady, he now hoped at all events to finish his drama at the beginning of February. At the end of the year Goethe was utterly disordered, unstrung, and saddened, especially when, to his bitter sorrow, a little girl with whom Christiane presented him died shortly after birth, as three others had done. Schiller took a warm interest in his grief; indeed, the deep emotion with which he spoke of his Christiane's anguish, was the first thing that made Schiller feel more justly toward her. Goethe, seeing himself also neglected by the Court, grew more and more depressed about his whole surroundings, and shut himself away from the outer world. Schiller almost alone had access; he found him slacker, less sympathetic, nay, more reserved, of which he little divined the cause; he was giving his whole mind to the composition of his *Natural Daughter*, which he felt bound to keep a secret even from Schiller; and that very circumstance was a load on his mind. And then for a week he lay dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. Though Schiller during the rough months of winter kept tolerably well in body, he nevertheless felt out of tune and tone. It gave him pleasure to receive on January 7th an anonymous remittance of 650 dollars from Frankfort, evidently coming from Dalberg, to whom accordingly he expressed his thanks. He now purposed visiting his native district in the summer, and perhaps even to make a pilgrimage to the haunts of his Swiss hero. He worked with great zest at the tragedy then in hand, and would have liked to send it to the Elector on his birthday. Simultaneously he read some of the later French comedies at the request of the Duke, who said he would like to see two or three of them adapted by him. On February 1st *The Bride* was finished, Schiller having at the last moment decided to make the end a much shorter one. Three days later he read it at his own house before the Duke of Meiningen, whose birth-

day it was, and a fairly large audience, when all were much affected by it. The Duke of Weimar, whose taste indeed was not flattered by the piece, received a copy of the MS. on the 5th, and Goethe another, whom Schiller consulted about its performance, particularly the naming of the characters in the chorus. At noon of the 8th he drove out with his wife in Goethe's sledge, and after the concert they with their sister and brother-in-law, who to their joy had at last returned to Weimar, were at Goethe's to supper. On the 11th he read the piece to the Duchess, and sent it to the Elector; copies were also made out for the theatres of Berlin, Hamburg, and Leipzig. But amidst all the cheering success of the new play, as well as of the older ones, which kept appearing in new editions and had made a conquest of the stage; in spite of handsome payments by publishers and managers, and in spite of Goethe's friendly sympathy, Schiller felt irritated and depressed. Writing on February 17th to announce the completion of his piece to Humboldt, who was gone as ambassador to Rome, and whom he had seen at Weimar for three days in October, he complains of Goethe's aimless dawdling, that he takes up everything by turns and never concentrates himself vigorously on anything, that he makes a perfect monk of himself. Nay, to our astonishment we read: "If Goethe had any faith left in the possibility of something good being done, and any continuity in what he does, many things might yet be realised here at Weimar, both in Art generally and in the dramatic line. At all events, something might spring into existence, and this dreary state of block be broken up. Alone, I can do nothing; I often feel impelled to look round the world for some other seat and sphere of action; if there were a tolerable place anywhere, I would go." Happily this ill temper did not last long (even before the letter was dispatched on March 3d, he acknowledged that it was written in a melancholy mood); but the longing for a wider sphere of action kept often rising in him still. Then the condition of German literature looked to him most deplorable; the public wavered between the Tieck and Schlegel school, which daily grew more hollow and fantastic, and their matter-of-fact opponents, who got increasingly dull and contemptible.

When Kotzebue had made one good last effort to wean the Court from Goethe, and had roused against him the artists of Berlin, he removed to that capital, so hostile to the Ideal tendency, where, on January 27th, as the most famous German poet, he was named full member of the Academy of Sciences, whose doors were closed to Schiller and Goethe. His dignity was quickly trumpeted in the journal he had started at the beginning of the year, the *Freimüthige*, "a Berlin newspaper for educated and unprejudiced readers." The new periodical assumed the most flippant airs toward Goethe, as one who had made himself the connecting link between poets and poetasters, and who, by his want of modesty and respect for the public and his own good name, had missed his high vocation as the first of German writers. His management of the Weimar theatre and his worshippers, the Romanticists, were attacked in the most vulgar way, and Wieland, Klopstock, Engel, and others were set up against him as the pride of Germany. Schiller's former friend, Huber, amongst others, had joined the *Freimüthige*, but his articles were distinguished by taste, judgment, and just appreciation. Merkel struck the same note of arrogance in his journal *Ernst und Scherz*. If Schiller was not fiercely persecuted, he was treated coldly, and denied the possession of genius as much as by the Romanticists. In free and bright moments he could easily set himself above it all; as his shining successes stood so clear in the light of day, and he felt himself raised high above the presumptuous critics and their *protégés*; nevertheless, their impudent opposition deeply galled him.

While diligently conducting the rehearsals of *The Bride*, he was seized with a passing inclination to work on at his *Knights of Malta*. On March 19th the new drama came on the boards with great effect. Schiller thought he had never before taken in the impression of a true tragedy. Goethe felt the floor of the theatre consecrated by it to something higher. That many people could not at once lay aside their prosaic craving for the Natural, troubled the poets not at all. At the conclusion of the play, the son of Professor Schütz of Jena, by previous concert with a large number of other students who had come over from the university, raised a hurrah for Schiller, in which the

spectators enthusiastically joined. Unfortunately Goethe could not let such a violation of standing rules pass unrebuked, and the commandant of Jena received orders to make known in the proper quarter the official displeasure at the noisy ovation. By this time the actors' parts for a performance of the *Jungfrau* were written out. At the same time Goethe was holding at his own house rehearsals of his *Natural Daughter*, of which until its performance not even his truest ally was told more than the title and the unnamed characters that appear in it. Schiller had contracted a violent sciatica during a visit at the Castle. On the 31st we still learn from his wife that he is affected by the severe winter, "galled by the circumstances in which his friends are placed, and not yet quite comfortable again in his mental condition." It is true, Lotte herself was so out of humour, that she could see nothing to please her anywhere, and this heightened Schiller's depression. "My noisy family that every now and then disturbs me in my ideal fancies, the home of my feelings, does not always tend to make those fancies happy." This is what she confides to Fritz von Stein. The performance of *The Natural Daughter*, on April 2d, made a profound impression on Schiller. Finding himself still incapable of any dramatic composition, he set to work at translating French comedies. Then, also, favoured by the spring, he attempted something lyric again, among other things his *Rudolf von Habsburg*, which he finished on April 25th. Two days before, every one had been electrified by the first performance of the *Jungfrau*, on whose rehearsals he had bestowed uncommon care. As Cotta was passing through to Leipzig on the 26th, Schiller gave him a punch supper at the Town-hall, intending on his return to travel to Suabia with him. He felt so well that on the 30th he accepted an invitation from the officers at Erfurt, which had been occupied by Prussia from the year before. "It was great fun to me," he writes to Körner, "to be set down among such a lot of the military; there were about 100 officers together, of whom the old majors and colonels who had seen service interested me most."

Two French comedies were ready by May 7th; one, *The Nephew as Uncle*, was immediately studied, and by the 18th

the public were laughing over it. Goethe, before going to Jena on the 13th, had agreed with Schiller about managing the theatre in his absence. On Cotta's return both Schiller and Lotte were unwell, and gave up the thought of accompanying him to Suabia, but they held out hopes of their going in the course of the summer, when he would come as far as Heidelberg to meet them. For the moment Schiller threw himself with ardour into his Preface to *The Bride*, where he wished to utter his views on the use of the Chorus in Tragedy. In it he declared emphatically against the common view of the Natural, which would simply abolish and annihilate all poetry. It was not the public that lowered Art, but the artists; these should set the worthiest as a goal before them, should aim at an Ideal; let executive art then suit itself to the circumstances as it may. It was a manifesto against the Kotzebue tendency, whose productions even the Weimar stage could not exclude. Schiller finished for Cotta's Annual *The Feast of Victory*, which he had begun early in the preceding year. The second part of his *Poems* came out a little before, in which only two or three are new, the majority being of the youthful period, though some are altered and considerably shortened. The continued sale of these "wild products of youthful Dilettantism" he excuses by saying they had "become a prescriptive possession of the reader," and "even the faulty in them was at all events a step in the author's mental growth." How unjustly he had condemned the same proceeding in Bürger! At the beginning of June he was a good deal with Zelter, then staying at Goethe's, whose ballads and song-melodies, delivered by him expressively, simply, and touchingly, though in a somewhat broken voice, Schiller thought excellent. He gave him some of his poems to take with him, and commended him to Körner as a man of culture and solid grain and grit, such as are seldom to be found. He felt so well at that time that he even appeared at Court once, having got a uniform made for the occasion; till then he had only attended at the birthdays of the Duchess and the Hereditary Prince. All his thoughts were now turned upon *Tell*.

But Goethe drove him to Lauchstädt, where he had been so eagerly expected the year before, especially by the young

students. His stay at that cheerful and to him memorable watering-place, from the 2d to the 14th July, was as exciting as it was agreeable. His rooms there were on a ground-floor looking on to a garden. Students from Halle and Leipzig, drawn to Lauchstädt by the performance of his *Bride*, sang him a serenade, and in the morning greeted him with music. The representation of the play was disturbed, but its effect partly heightened, by a thunderstorm. On the 11th the *Jungfrau* was given. Previously, on the 6th, Schiller had written: "The sight of a new public has given me many new glimpses into theatrical matters, and I feel pretty sure that in future I shall write much more definitely and suitably for the theatre, without in the slightest sacrificing the poetry." He also gathered more confidence in his health, since he could feel so easy and happy amidst a great, bustling crowd. The Prince of Würtemberg, who was there, showed him great cordiality. But idleness could never please him for long, and he must needs be gone, though he first accepted for a day an invitation to Halle from Rektor Niemeyer.

The moving of the Ducal family into their new castle on August 1st threw all Weimar into commotion. Schiller could not keep out of the festivities, and had to present himself at the Court levee every Sunday. On the 6th he for once visited Jena, where his garden house had long ago been sold to Professor Thibaut. Alas! the University there was all on the decline, as the most eminent professors were tempted away by more brilliant offers. He on this occasion spoke to Paulus, who had likewise received a call, and found him not disinclined to remain if his salary were raised. Goethe did all in his power to remedy the evil, though he saw very well that with such limited resources little could be done. But when the news got about that even the *Literatur Zeitung*, so bound up with the University's life, was about to remove to Halle with Schütz, he resolved with all his might to save it for Jena; let them set up a new one at Halle if they pleased. In the first place he obtained a patent for a Company to be formed with that object. The man chosen for editor, Professor Eichstädt, handed him on the 27th a prospectus, on reading which Goethe

hurried off to Schiller's in the evening, to persuade him to co-operate. He there found Frau von Stein, Lieutenant-Colonel von Helvig and his young wife, the authoress of *The Lesbian Sisters*, seated at tea, but his business was so pressing that he could not join the company; he drew his friend into a side-room, where they stood and discussed the matter over a bottle of wine. Schiller in a sanguine mood promised his help, though he had begun his *Tell* two days before, in which he hoped to give the world an altogether unique national drama, in sympathy with all the liberal tendencies of the age. A few days later the King of Sweden, who was passing through, spoke to him at Court, thanked him for his *History of the Thirty Years' War*, in which he had shed such lustre on the Swedish names, and presented him with a costly ring set in brilliants.

Early in September arrived the tidings so momentous to Weimar of the happily-accomplished betrothal of the Hereditary Prince to the Russian Grand-Duchess. When Wolzogen informed him that the Empress had begged of him *The Bride of Messina*, Schiller answered that it would be a great spur to him, in doing *Tell*, to think that he could have it acted for the first time in the presence of the Prince and Grand-Duchess, whose advent was expected in the spring. All absorbed in his theme, which compelled him to get an accurate knowledge of the Swiss land and nation, he thus expressed himself to Körner: "If the gods grant me to put into shape what I have in my head, it shall be a thing of might, and shake the theatres of Germany." A representation of Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar* on October 1st had an inspiring effect. When Schiller was at Jena from the 2d to the 7th, he called on Voss, who took a great interest in him as a man, though he could not swallow his plays. The hours of delightful talk they then had with Schiller, were always remembered with peculiar pleasure by Ernestine Voss. While at Jena he allowed himself to be prejudiced against Goethe's new *Literatur Zeitung*: he even thought they had gone the wrong way to work, that nothing could come of it, and he did not want to have much to do with the paper. He cared more for the interests of the University. He writes: "I have not been altogether idle

about moving our ministry and the Duke to more decided steps, but there is an evil spirit haunts the house here, and thwarts every good measure." More ardent champions than Goethe and Voigt the University could not have, but the Duke had long been against it, because it had too small means and too many masters, and nobody would guarantee its future. Schiller himself had spoken to the Duke on behalf of Paulus, and had been authorised to offer him an additional 200 thalers and some other privileges; but he had not succeeded in keeping him either. Personally, Schiller was delighted to receive 620 thalers sent anonymously from Regensburg, which was Dalberg's response to the account he had sent him a few days before of his new play. It was clear to him now that his patron would not bind himself to anything definite, but would only assist him from time to time; he therefore made a point of keeping up his connection with him. At the same time he looked hopefully to the future Hereditary Princess, having to his great joy heard from Wolzogen that the Russian Empress and her daughter had listened with high approval to the reading of his dramas. *Tell*, it is true, made slow progress; not only did the subject demand the most minute acquaintance with a country and a people he had never seen, but the time of year was much against him. The cordial reception of his adaptation of *The Parasite* on the stage pleased him much, especially as he had obliged the Duke by it. Kotzebue by this time was gone from Berlin, but not until he had thrown off a sorry skit against Goethe, under the name of *Expectorations*, which, with his usual honesty, he afterwards disclaimed. Merkel carried on the *Freimüthige*, to which its founder still contributed largely; Schiller was now set by the side of Wieland, Klopstock, and Herder, against Goethe; the *Oberons* and *Messiads* were cried up, and the crusade against Goethe was continued with equal malice, flippancy, and infatuation.

When he, whose vigorous interposition on behalf of the *Literatur Zeitung* was making its prospects look more and more encouraging, went to Jena on the same business to stay some time, Schiller felt the more lonely, as his sister and brother-in-

law were also away. He seldom went to the Sunday levees at Court, and seldomer still accepted invitations from the Dowager-Duchess, though he prized her now as a "right noble woman." He was much in earnest about the education of his two boys. It was arranged that they should now be under Eisert five or six hours a day; Karl was to do geometry and natural history in addition to Latin, while Ernst, in whom Lotte then thought she could see a poetic bias, went on with his reading and writing.

When it was rumoured that Madame de Staël, on her way to Berlin, would pay a visit to the Court of the Muses at Weimar, Schiller thought that if only she understood German, they might well be a match for her; but it was too much to expect of them to expound to her in French phrases the faith that was in them, and hold their own against her French volubility. Goethe declared he could not get away from Jena, and begged Schiller to represent him. On December 14th came Necker's gifted daughter, about whom all minds were on the stretch; and the following day she dined at Court. In the evening Schiller and his wife came in to tea and supper. She was much surprised when the tall man in Court-dress was presented to her as Schiller; she would sooner have taken him for a general. They were soon involved in a warm philosophical debate, which Schiller could not battle out for want of fluency in French. He and Wieland called the next morning on the ready-witted lady, and met her the same evening at the Dowager-Duchess'. Schiller found her exactly what he had imagined her, without a spark of poetry or of ideality, and yet her clearness, decision, and nimble play of wit, did one a world of good, only her extraordinary glibness of tongue demanded the most unflagging attention. However, he gave not an inch of ground to the arrogating Frenchwoman, who fancied she possessed the only true taste. At last Goethe made up his mind to come to Weimar after all. He wrote from Jena inviting Madame de Staël and Schiller and his wife to dinner at his house on the 24th. He also, with all due politeness, adroitly managed to keep at a distance the Frenchwoman's exacting importunities; he went to see her the next

day, but after that he declared himself too unwell to receive strange visitors. All the more had Schiller to contribute to the entertainment of this inquisitive woman with her endless questions, whose presence was baneful enough to him at a time when he wished to work wholly at his *Tell*, yet whom he admired for her intellect and her rare eloquence. On January 7th, 1804, he was at a dinner given by Madame de Staël to the "Literary Men" of Weimar, among whom were Wieland and the fawning Böttiger, a worthy confederate of Kotzebue and Merkel. She had always the same way with her—that insatiable craving to display her wit, to amend the German want of taste, and to widen her knowledge and understanding of the world; and all the while, anything strange to her she quietly set aside as not to the purpose. An utter absence, too, of feminine reserve gave one a disagreeable shock. On the 12th she was at Schiller's, who, in spite of all hindrances and the care he had to bestow on rehearsals, was able on the 13th to send Goethe the first act of his *Tell*. His friend's approval gave him great comfort, of which he stood in special need "in the present suffocating air." Alas! Madame de Staël threatened to stay another three weeks. Directly after that Schiller had to keep his house for a couple of days, yet he was able to conduct the trial-reading for Bode's adaptation of Racine's *Mithridates*, which for want of something better was to be played on the Duchess's birthday. In spite of the more and more conspicuous "hollowness, halfness, woodenness" of the whole style, he had to carry it through somehow. Immediately after, he pleased Goethe amazingly with the second act of his *Tell*. Having promised Iffland the play for the end of February, he worked sturdily on, though the presence of Madame de Staël, who would keep on discussing all things with French superficiality, grew daily more oppressive.

It was a great joy to him to make the acquaintance of the historian of Switzerland, Johannes von Müller, who was travelling to Berlin, but who stayed at Weimar from January 22d to February 7th. About the same time Voss came to Weimar to promote the appointment of his son Heinrich aged

then twenty-four, to the Gymnasium. Toward this young man especially, who from the 10th stayed more than a week at Goethe's, a cordial attachment was formed by both the poets. On the 16th Schiller felt obliged to decline the invitation to a supper given by Goethe to Madame de Staël and her friend Benjamin Constant (who knew German well), because he had carefully to guard against everything that might dispel or darken the happy mood he needed at the last, and particularly against French friends. In two days more he sent Goethe the entire play, with a distribution of the parts, for the Weimar theatre; but the stress of work and the weather had so affected him that for a few days he had to keep at home. On the 20th he sent the concluding part of *Tell* to Iffland; the next day he mixed in society again, and the evening after supped at Madame de Staël's with Goethe and Constant. At last, on the 29th, this singular woman went on her way to Berlin. Schiller, writing to introduce her to Iffland, says: "Though we plain Germans are radically and hopelessly at variance with her French way of thinking, yet she judges more worthily of the German genius than any of her countrymen, and has an earnest, even passionate, striving towards the good and right."

The first reading-rehearsal of *Tell* was held at Goethe's house on March 1st, the next on the 6th; the first two acts were tried at the theatre on the 8th, the last three on the 9th. And the very next day Schiller resolved on a new drama, *Demetrius; or, The Bloody Bridal of Moscow*. He had once before, in *Warbeck*, selected a false Pretender for dramatic handling; but having lately, in view of the shortly-expected Grand-Duchess, looked about for a subject in Russian history, he had found it in the history of the false Demetrius, which now, on closer inspection, he thought extremely suitable for a grand play. On March 17th his *Tell* came on the stage, and produced even a greater effect than any of his former dramas. He felt, so he wrote to Körner, that he was gradually getting to be master of theatrical matters. Thus he struggled toward higher and higher perfection in art, while his rival, of whose *Hussites* the Weimar theatre had lately given a most finished

performance, only aimed at coarse effects, and at distancing all that had been done. The new play was repeated on the 19th and 24th with the same success. And yet Schiller found himself in a bitter mood. On the 20th he wrote to his brother-in-law Wolzogen, at Petersburg, that Weimar pleased



Schiller, from a drawing by F. Bolt, done in the year 1804.

him worse every day ; anywhere was better than there ; if his health allowed it, he would joyfully move to the north. He adds : “ My occupation is my dearest delight ; it makes me happy in myself and outwardly independent ; and if I can only reach my fiftieth year with mental powers unimpaired, I hope to save enough to make my children independent. This

year I get my house clear of debt, and look to have something over as well." A melancholy that sometimes seized him inspired these words, though he might fairly count upon the Grand-Duchess, who was expected soon, for an improvement in his circumstances ; and he stood on the most intimate footing with the three most eminent councillors of the Duke, with the Duke himself, and the Court. What oppressed him was, that he had not a free sphere of action, that he was little better than a pensioner ; his spirit longed for living activity, on a wider scene than Weimar, with its limited means, could be. His whole heart was fixed upon this, and on his art. The political world troubled him not ; what was there to be had from it, when in France, mighty France that ruled the world, and that had shattered the German Empire, an omnipotent despotic Imperialism was coming on !

CHAPTER IV.

FROM APRIL 1804 TO MAY 1805.

BUT few gleams of light brightened the brief remainder of life allotted to our poet. At Berlin he met with a brilliant reception, and had flattering offers made him ; at Weimar he was happy in the favour of the Grand-Duchess, who captivated all ; but a cold which he caught a little before Lotte's last confinement shook his long-enfeebled health to its foundations ; and he was never well again. At times, indeed, he roused himself up, but his love of life and the over-exertion increased his weakness and provoked ever-renewed attacks, which at last overpowered him.

In the early part of April, while his wife and children suffered from whooping-cough, he was tolerably well himself ; he could go to Court and to parties, and his *Demetrius* was well in train. When it became apparent that in August Lotte would present him with another child, he resolved to undertake no journey that year, but to work the more steadily, that he might the sooner begin to pay off by degrees the debt he owed to Körner. But when Pauli, secretary to the Berlin theatre, whom Iffland had sent to him about some needful alterations in *Tell*, opened to him the prospect of a call to the same theatre, Schiller, after sending his *Tell* to the Arch-Chancellor, with a couple of stanzas to guard against misconstruction of the play, set out on the 26th with Lotte and the boys for the Prussian capital. At Leipzig he passed two or three delightful days with Cotta and his wife ; the faithful old friend showed his kindness in ways that touched him. At noon of May 1st

they arrived at Berlin, and put up at the large *Hôtel de Russie*. Iffland, Hufeland, Zelter, the Von Hagen family, Unger, Fichte, and others, vied with one another to make his stay a pleasant one. He called on Henriette Herz, a friend of Frau von Wolzogen and of Humboldt. She thought the poet quite a man of the world, he was so particularly cautious in expressing opinions on persons. Though his pale complexion and reddish hair (she informs us) took away from the noble effect of his features, all that disappeared, when in lively conversation; a faint blush came into his cheeks, and enhanced the brilliance of his blue eyes. At the performance of his *Bride*, on the 4th, his entrance into the box was hailed again and again with shouts of joy. He supped the next day with the fiery German-hearted Prince Louis Ferdinand. For a time he was ill through over-excitement, but on the 12th he could dine at Hufeland's and was present the same evening at a splendid performance of his *Maid*. He had access to the Court also: on the 13th he was received by the Queen. The boys met the two eldest Princes, and the Crown Prince struck up a friendship with Karl, who was two years older. On the 14th Schiller saw *Wallenstein's Death*, and the following evening went to Zelter's singing-school. The splendour and rich resources of the Berlin stage strongly attracted the dramatic poet, and though the naturalism prevailing here, in contrast with Weimar, could not delight him, he was too wise to utter a single disagreeable word. This much is said to have been elicited from Lotte in an underhand way, that the player of *Thekla* was not to his taste. Iffland gave the poet delightful *fêtes* at his charming garden residence in the Thiergarten-strasse, but he had to leave for Hanover on the 16th, and he informed the Cabinet, Privy Councillor von Beyme at Potsdam that Schiller, hearing from Pauli that they would like to get him to Berlin, had remarked that in that case they must procure him admission at Potsdam, or some kind of opening. So upon this Iffland founded the question whether they could not install him as academician with a salary, that he might work for the national stage. Schiller was equally prepared (he said), in case Müller, who had been appointed historiographer and academician, did

not come, to instruct the Crown Prince in history. And he need not break off his connection with Weimar ; he might there obtain leave of a few years' residence at Berlin to secure a fortune for his children. On the morning of the 16th Schiller drove to Potsdam in company with Hofrath Greichen. He dined with Beyme, who confided to him that the King would like to draw him to Berlin, and put him in the position most favourable to his mental activity ; let him therefore state in writing the conditions on which he thought he could live there. In the evening he saw Kotzebue's *Fanchon* acted, and then visited the hot-blooded Colonel von Massenbach ; the next morning he left Potsdam. He was so ardent for Berlin, that he utterly disregarded his wife's objections to the dismal scenery, the (to her) disagreeable tone and social conditions of Berlin. "There is a large personal freedom there," he states to Körner, "and an unconstrainedness in the civic life ; music and theatre offer manifold enjoyment, though both are far from being worth what they cost. Besides, at Berlin I am more likely to find openings for my children ; and when once I am there, I can go on improving myself in many ways." Considering the higher scale of prices, and that in so large a city he must keep a carriage, he thought he could not make ends meet at Berlin with less than 600 friedrichsd'or ; he needed 1300 thalers at Weimar.

When he got back to Weimar on the 21st, all the advantages of the little familiar place came vividly before him, his obligations to the Duke, the high value of his intercourse with Goethe ; then again, his wife, who looked forward anxiously to her confinement, could not conceal her repugnance to a totally new position. Goethe, now restored to his old serenity, was deeply interested in the matter ; and urged Schiller to weigh calmly the conditions on both sides ; he only wished him to take no step until the approaching return of the Duke. Schiller also found at Weimar the genial young Voss, who had by this time been installed professor there, and who attached himself closely to him and to Goethe. On the 28th he had already made up his mind to remain at Weimar, in consideration of some substantial compensation. During a delightful

four days' visit from his sister Christophine with Reinwald, he made application to the Duke, who kindly begged him to suggest the means by which he could make his remaining at Weimar tolerable, and then at once consented to the desired doubling of his salary; nay, he even expressed a hope that his temporary stay at Berlin might lead to his receiving acceptable terms from there also. Not till June 18th did Schiller inform Beyme that he could not leave Weimar altogether, but was prepared to live at Berlin several months in the year, for the purpose of making progress in his art, and of having good influence upon the whole of the theatrical arrangements there, which a salary of 2000 thalers would enable him to do. To this letter Schiller *never received an answer*, although before the end of the month the Queen had seen his *Tell* at Lauchstädt, and praised it highly, and he himself had saluted the King at Court-parade in Weimar, while his new drama had been played at Berlin in July with such marked success that even the *Freimüthige* spoke rapturously of it. Meanwhile Dalberg, the Arch-Chancellor, had declined Schiller's dedication of it to himself with the words: "Let Schiller's lofty Muse do homage to Virtue, not to mortal man;" and had once more signified his goodwill by an anonymous remittance, this time of 1085 Viennese florins.

Dalberg was at that time an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, then risen to be Emperor, and whose foot was upon Germany's neck. Feeling well and contented, our poet set to work at his *Demetrius*, besides arranging for the issue of his poems in an *édition de luxe*, and for the printing of *Tell*. All that disquieted him now was Lotte's expected confinement. A week later he moved with his family to Niethammer's house in Jena, where they could be near Stark, the physician. And here Fate's hand was upon him. Being too thinly clad, he took cold after a drive at evening through the pleasant Dornburg valley. Attacks of colic came on, and so violent were they that more than once the doctor feared that his patient could not live through them. While Schiller thus lay suffering agonies in the room above, his wife below awaited her hour of trial. On the second day of his sickness, they

brought him the new-born daughter, to his great delight. The malady passed over, but his strength would not come back, and in that sultry weather such a seizure had been doubly weakening in its effect; he felt thoroughly broken up. His complexion had grown ash-coloured; his fire and vivacity were gone; he seemed far quieter and gentler, taking still a friendly part in all conversation, and showing more than ever his love and interest for the children. Besides his old and faithful friends at Jena, whose society gladdened him, he was especially pleased to meet good-humoured Voss and Count Geszler, who had come there solely on his account. The infant was baptized on the 7th of August, receiving the names Emilie Henriette Louise; and among the sponsors were the Princesses Rudolstadt and Sondershausen, Count Geszler, and Voss. Goethe arrived there to stay for a few days, and comfort his suffering friend. By the 19th Schiller had gone back to Weimar, whither in four days his wife followed him; both of them were still seriously out of health. But at length, on the 11th of October, Schiller felt better and could believe in his recovery.

"Inclination for work and power to do it have come back again," he tells Körner, "and this will help me to achieve my cure; for when I can employ myself, I always feel well." He still thought over his two dramatic themes, but without being able to reach any decision as to them. Despite the cold from which he suffered, he could not bear to remain in the house, but went to the Court Assemblies on Sundays, and showed himself in society and at the theatre. There, for the birthday of the Dowager-Duchess, they had mounted another Kotzebue effusion, his hideous *Johanna von Montfaucon*, which should rival Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*. Voss's friendship for the poet grew ever stronger. When it had to be decided whether he should join his parents at Würzburg, and he seemed willing enough to make this sacrifice for them, Schiller told him: "No; for your parents' sake, you ought stop on; for if your position at Würzburg failed to please you, your father will deeply rue having led you to take it."

Weimar was now eagerly expecting the Hereditary Princess, whose wealth, it was hoped, would bring on a golden age for

all. As Goethe felt in no mood for writing poetry, Schiller accepted his commission to compose a *Prologue* for the theatre. This he began on the 3d of November, and by the 8th, the day before the Princess' coming, he had finished his skilfully-conceived and skilfully-written *Homage to the Arts*. He was presented to the Hereditary Princess at Court, and thought her of remarkable charm; to the greatest kindness she joined much dignity, which kept down any attempt at familiarity, while, with all the merriment of youth, she had a character that was firm, and a mind that took interest in serious things, and in all that was right and true. She spoke German with difficulty, but she understood the language perfectly. "Heaven grant that she do something for the arts," he wrote, "which, here, especially music, are in a right bad way."

Wolzogen had brought Schiller a costly diamond ring from the Empress, to whom he had presented a copy of the *Don Carlos*. After a conversation with the Hereditary Princess, he tells Wolzogen how fascinated he is: "I could see her and hear her speak; everything that she says is full of mind and soul. And how fortunate that she understands German! For only in that tongue one can show one's self to her just as one is; and, with her, one wants to be thoroughly sincere." Next morning he sent her through Wolzogen the MS. of his *Prologue*, which in the evening she saw acted at the theatre; and when the words were spoken,

"Swift grow the links that form Affection's band;
Where thou shedd'st blessing, there's thy Fatherland."

the tears came into her eyes, as the audience thundered its applause. Schiller attended the Court-ball on the following night, where, in gay company, he felt so merry that, despite Lotte's entreaty, he stopped on until the small hours, returning at three in the morning amid the cheers of enthusiastic friends. Just six months later, at midnight, he was carried by Voss and all the flower of Weimar youth, sadly, silently, to his grave.

Instead of nursing the cold from which he suffered, Schiller went to the ball, the theatre, and the Court, until at length he was forced to stay in the house for three weeks. "My health, alas, is so feeble," he writes on December 10th,

"that every spell of enjoyment has at once to be paid for by weeks of suffering! And thus, despite the best of wills, my work is also brought to a halt!"

But he had shortened the *Tell*, leaving out the whole of the last act, as the Emperor's murder could not be mentioned before the Grand-Duchess, who on the very eve of Napoleon's coronation witnessed this splendid play, with its grand doctrines of freedom. Besides pushing forward the printing of the second portion of his *Poems* in another edition, he urged on the issue of a first volume of *Dramas*, that Cotta years ago desired to publish, and which was to open with the *Homage to the Arts*. No piece was forthcoming for the gala performance on the Duchess's birthday, and Schiller, feeling unfit for original work, determined to make an adaptation of Racine's *Phèdre*. On the 17th he began upon this, and in twenty-six days it was ready. Writing to Goethe on the 14th, who was kept at home by a cold, he says: "Alas! we are all unwell, and he's the best off who, perforce, has learned to put up with being sick." If not absolutely obliged to do so, he could never stop in doors. The *Demetrius* took up his thoughts, now, but if it did not succeed, he was going to turn to some work of a mechanical kind. It is true, on the 20th we hear that, with the thaw, his thinking powers have come back, but still he cannot make the effort to do any work; his cold still torments him, and wellnigh crushes out all vitality. Shortly before this, the news of Huber's death on Christmas Eve had so shaken him, that he dared not bring himself to think of it. He tells Körner that Huber "only lived for us, and he was bound up with times too beautiful in our life for us ever to think of him with indifference."

While Goethe was still kept at home by ill health, Schiller attended the theatre and directed the rehearsals. Wishing to gratify the Duke, he sent him his translation of *Phèdre*, and his Grace was pleased at being able to make some remarks upon it. The performance, owing to the careful and thorough rehearsals, proved in every way a triumph. But, alas! there was fresh trouble in the poet's home at this time, for his whole family had been taken ill with chicken-pox. He himself strove to keep up his strength, but on the 9th of February he

was prostrate with fever, which two days later again attacked him, and its effects were the more baneful on account of his weak and ailing state. Just before this Goethe lay seriously ill, and young Voss, their friend, watched alternately at the bedside of each of the poets. The painful nature of Goethe's malady may have helped to make him somewhat impatient, but Schiller was most calm, most gentle, always trying to hide his suffering, so that those about him, especially Lotte, might not be distressed; he even sought to cheer her by little humorous speeches, and by making all sorts of brilliant plans for the future. He was delighted that Voss liked his darling boys; true, they had not a spark of poetry in them; as he put it, they were regular Philistines by nature; still he loved them passionately for all that. By the 22d Goethe was able to write to him, and his touching letter revived in Schiller the hope that the old times might come back, though he had often despaired of this. Goethe now drove out; but he feared to visit his friend, as the meeting might agitate them both too highly. Yet in the first days of March Schiller could no longer restrain his longing for Goethe, to whom Voss was to announce his coming, so that the surprise might not prove harmful. And when the two sufferers met, they fell upon one another's neck and spoke, not of all their bygone pain, but "of sensible things," as each rejoiced to possess the other still. It was a great delight for Schiller when he was once more able to visit the theatre, for then he gained fresh hope that his life would be spared.

Goethe now suffered from periodical attacks of his disease, which brought him to death's door, while Schiller for the most part felt moderately well, and, as before, went out to the Court and the play. At this time a meeting with Mecheln, the engraver and art-collector, gave him pleasure. Mecheln was a native of Switzerland, and an engraving of some Swiss scenery set them both talking with zest of the beauties of that country. In the "worthy veteran's" album he wrote two distichs where Nature and Art are shown to be exhaustless, giving eternal youth to those who love them. He intended to make up now for the time lost during that winter, and was going to work with greater energy at the *Demetrius*, which should form a

contrast to the *Maid of Orleans*. But he never succeeded in doing this. On March 27th he tells Goethe, whom, owing to the bitter north winds, he had not seen for some considerable time, that at last he had buckled to his work in thorough earnest, and that he did not believe he would be easily led away from it. On the 2d of April he writes three letters to Rome, which are carried thither by a traveller going to Italy; one of these was to Humboldt, the last he ever sent. He confessed that in *Tell* and the *Maid of Orleans* he had perhaps conceded somewhat to the demands of the world and of the present epoch, and while making a sensation with his plays at all the German theatres, he had from these theatres also gained knowledge and experience. As he had made good contracts with Cotta and the managers, he could secure something for his children, and at fifty he would have got them that independence which in his own youth he had so grievously needed. In Weimar his relations were most agreeable, he said, and he had never for a moment regretted having chosen to stay on there instead of moving to Berlin. Whatever mortification he might have felt at Beyme's unwarrantable silence had now wholly passed; all that tormented him was his ruined health, and the deplorable state of German literature, for no new writer had stood forth in whom one could take pleasure or pride.

As Schiller put no great strain upon his physical powers, his health at this time was tolerable. He had still the delight of meeting Goethe, and Voss would visit him on afternoons, who, at Schiller's suggestion, was adapting *Othello* for the German stage. On those evenings when he did not go to the theatre, he used to work. Goethe had a most serious attack of his malady on the 10th; nevertheless, in two days he was out of danger. Schiller sent his *Homage* and the *Phèdre* translation to Dalberg, who meanwhile at Mainz had been showing all honour to the newly-crowned Napoleon. By the middle of the month Goethe, following the doctor's orders, took horse exercise, and thus he and Schiller missed driving out together. As long as Goethe rode every day he felt well, but so soon as he discontinued doing so, he became ill. The work that then occupied him was his *Winckelmann*

and the *Notes* to Diderot's *Neveu de Rameau*, and he was eagerly hoping to have news of Schiller's *Demetrius*.

At length, on the 25th, the elder of the friends visited the younger. Goethe now felt in a fair way to health, and he spoke of staying at Dresden in the summer, though Schiller knew that the doctor had doubts as to his complete recovery. Schiller was anxious, too, about his own state. Though the milder season should bring him fresh courage, he wrote to Körner, still traces would remain, he feared, of these last terrible attacks; if life and moderate health did but hold out until his fiftieth year, he would be content. Weakness and his long enforced idleness were causes to hinder any swift progress with the *Demetrius*. On the afternoon of the 28th, before Schiller attended the Sunday Court Assembly, Voss came in as usual, and helped him to dress, saying how well he looked in his green Court dress, which was now a more elaborate one. Goethe, who was feeling unwell, came next evening as Schiller was about to start for the theatre, where Spiesz's *Clara von Hoheneichen* was to be given. Before the front door the two friends parted; and they never met again. On this day, three years since, Schiller had moved into his house. At the end of the play, when Voss went into Schiller's box, he found him in a high fever, with chattering teeth. On reaching home they brewed some punch, which the poet used occasionally to take as a restorative. But this time it was of no avail; he never again sat up at his writing-table, where after his death they found the fair copy of *Marfa's Monologue*, the last thing, perhaps, that he ever wrote. We here give the facsimile of this.

Next day Voss found him lying strengthless upon a couch. "Here I lie again," was all he could say, in a faint, hollow voice; even to the caresses of his children he gave no response. He could take no nourishment, and his weakness increased so rapidly that a bed had to be brought into his study. Travelling through to Leipzig, Cotta visited the sick man, and left with sad forebodings. Violent attacks of spasms now came on, and during the sleepless nights Schiller lay troubled with bitter thoughts as to his suffering wife and the children. He would not allow Voss to watch at his bedside,

but only kept faithful Rudolf as his attendant. As ill luck would have it, Stark, his doctor, and Wolzogen were both of them away, having gone with the Court to Leipzig. On the afternoon of the 5th, after a herbal bath, he felt easier; once more hope of living revived in him, and he at once told Cotta and Wolzogen of his improved state. But that night his brain was again attacked; and after this he was mostly delirious. In quiet moments it was a pleasure for him to have his dear wife and her sister close at hand; but he never asked to see the children. During his delirium he repeated passages from the *Demetrius*, and once, before waking from sleep, he called out: "Is that your hell? Is that your heaven?" and then looked upwards with a calm smile. He had dreamt that they were plying him with religious exhortations. When in the night sharp pains seized him, he cried out with fervour: "O thou who art above, save me from suffering long!" When asked how he felt, he replied that it was all so serene, that it all seemed so fair to him. Thus to the weary one there came bright visions at his journey's close, and the present had no place in his thoughts. He never asked for Goethe, who was also at that time stretched upon a sick-bed. In the last days, he took Lotte's hand in his, and said affectionately, "Dear, good one;" then, with a rarely beautiful smile, he kissed her as she smoothed the pillows about his head. He had fallen into calm sleep, and Lotte, who, trusting to his good constitution, had again taken hope, was sitting in the side-room. Suddenly they called her, for a violent convulsion had seized the sufferer; his face was distorted and his hands cold. Then, lightning-quick, came a change over his features; the head fell back, and the noble heart had for ever ceased to beat. This was before six o'clock on the evening of the 9th of May, the month of blossoms, which that year had opened in wintry gloom. Schiller's spirit had battled fiercely with the shattered body that held it, until at last his vital power succumbed. Yet one might almost deem him fortunate to die thus, gone from earth without long and painful languishing, in the zenith of his powers, when, as dramatic poet, his genius had won its most glorious triumphs. In the short span of life allotted to him his heart had enjoyed the supremest pleasures of love and

of friendship, and, when at the summit of his fame, he was upborne by the consciousness that through his own energy and perseverance, undaunted by circumstance, and with never a stain upon his honour, he had reached a notable place in the



Schiller after death.

world, and had earned the love and gratitude of the German nation, which was to draw such benefit from the writings he had bequeathed to them, writings whose worth must ever increase, the more we learn to know ourselves, the more we learn to honour what is really excellent in poetry and in human life.

Ist sollte Sie aufpassen morgen unten heute
sichsthan, aber Sie sich haben, n. Lese. Taus
Tausen. Also folgt das Theatre des grecs
unbesetzung und Opium. Sie ist mein
Hübschke of a wüßte deutlich sein, a gute
Ist wollte ich einen nachgesehen haben
gesehen. Sollen Sie die Güte haben Sie
Sollen Sie frohlich sein und allen Freude
freue adieu! adieu!

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